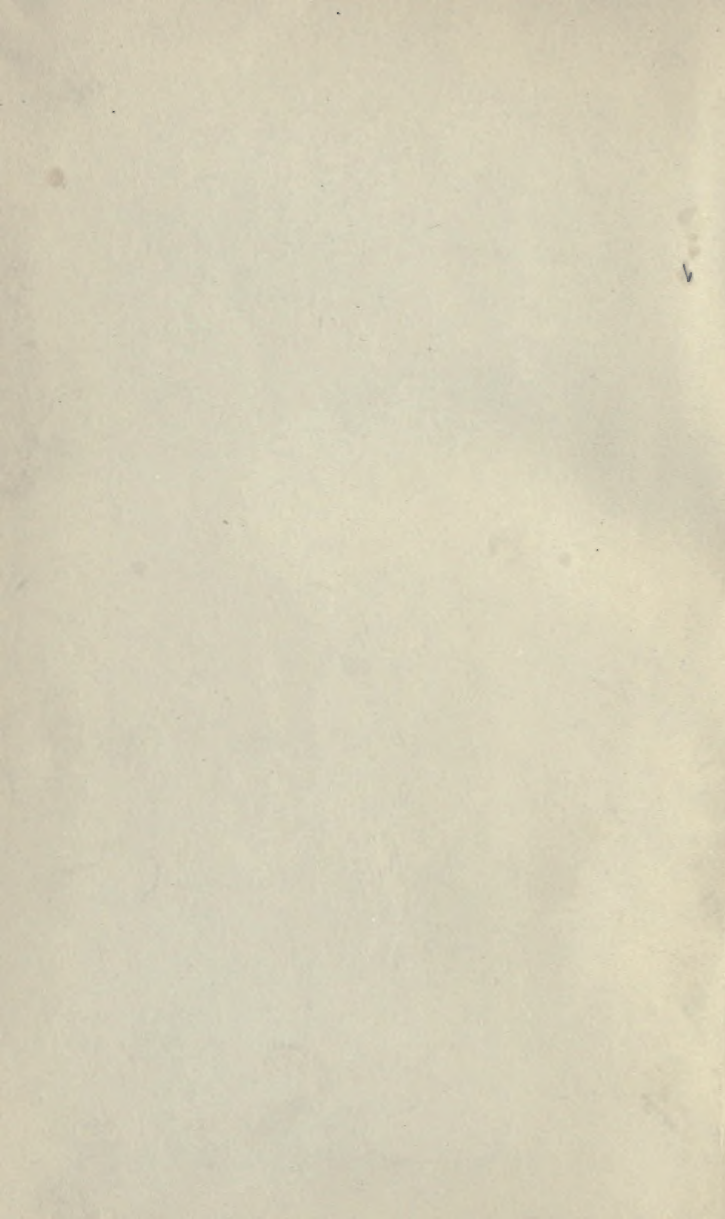


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# THE ILIAD OF HOMERUS

WITH A VERSE TRANSLATION.

BY

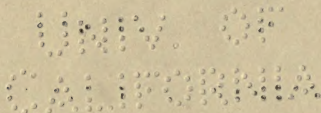
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## PREFACE.

A TRANSLATION needs little or no preface: it is itself, well or ill done, its own apology or condemnation. I would therefore have met my reader unprefaced, had I not wished to profess and briefly defend my old-fashioned faith in verse as better than prose for translation of poetry.

Prose or non-metrical translations of classical poets have of late found much favour. Carlyle has somewhere expressed his preference for them, saying 'we want what the ancients thought and said, and none of your silly poetry.' In spite of this, without wishing to disparage good prose translations, I still hold to metre.

Granting that we do want to know—and to know accurately—what the ancient poet thought and said, I yet contend we can know this better with metre than without. For we best know what an author thought and said, if we receive from the translation the same impression that an intelligent scholar receives from the original. Now two things make up this impression: first, the matter, or meaning of the words; second, the form or metre. Give up the latter entirely, and you give up much: how much, the advocates of prose do not sufficiently realize.

Those who would dispense with metre in translation of poets argue pretty much as follows :

(1) A non-metrical version may by poetic diction and rhythm read as poetry : our English Bible in the poetical parts of the Old Testament is a signal example.

(2) You cannot exactly reproduce the form or metre in another language : it is therefore better to give it up entirely.

(3) You must by metre lose in fidelity to the original.

Argument (1) rests chiefly on the one example given. But the Bible is an exceptional case : there were exceptional reasons for minute fidelity to the original. And yet really no metre has been given up. For in Hebrew poetry the place of metre is taken by a rhythm and parallelism of thoughts ; and of this rhythm and parallelism much has been preserved. With classical poets the case is different. Their lines are strictly metrical ; of certain lengths, framed after well-known rules of quantity, feet, and pauses. And they produce on the ear a certain pleasing impression in virtue of all this. Will a poetical prose rendering produce the same ? If extremely well done, no doubt it will please and be effective in grand and striking passages ; in such as have a beauty and dignity by thought and diction independent of metre, and would, however pulled to pieces, show '*disjecti membra poetæ*.' But even the best poets are not always at this level : indeed they would please less, and be wearisome in long poems, if they were so. There is much that charms mainly by metre, that is poetry mainly because it is verse. And here the prose translation must fail :—fail to satisfy the reader or hearer, and fail to reproduce the whole effect of the original.



Briefly : In a prose translation of a poet must be lost an additional charm in the grander parts, and probably half the charm of the lower or average passages.

As to argument (2) : A fairly equivalent English metre can surely be found, though it be not the identical metre : a metre, I mean, which suits the subject, which produces the same sort of pleasant impression as the original. All will not agree as to what particular English metre best represents this or that Greek one ; but we need not therefore despair and reject metre altogether.

Argument (3) for prose is probably deemed the strongest. To metre you must sacrifice meaning, more or less.

Need you sacrifice much ? Do the disadvantages here outweigh or even balance the advantages already mentioned ? In my judgment they do not. Of Greek poets certainly very close metrical translations are possible : there are worthy examples to prove it. Doubtless metre makes the task of translating more difficult ; rhymed metre probably so much so that we can hardly expect a minutely faithful rhymed version of a long poem : the necessities of rhyme will too often interfere with meaning. But blank verse is compatible with great closeness of rendering. And then there are, beside the sound, some positive advantages in metre. For though the translator bound by metre has more trouble, yet that very trouble leads him to choose words more forcible and poetic, words which otherwise he might not have been at the pains to seek, nor would they have been natural in prose. The result will then be an absolute gain in point of sense and meaning, and a greater terseness and vigour.

How close translation should be, is a question on

which opinions may differ: the ideal is 'The original, the whole original, and nothing but the original, and withal good readable English.' But this principle must be worked out differently for different authors. Of some the thoughts cannot be expressed in another language without great changes of idiom and remoulding of sentences. Others need little change. Of these last is Homer, whose translator need not depart much from the Greek in idiom and arrangement. While this makes his task apparently easier, he yet has to guard against being mean and poor while trying to be literal and simple. He has also to satisfy a larger number of competent critics than the translator of a more difficult and less popular author.

There is one positive objection to prose translations of poets which I am unwilling to omit; for, though specially a schoolmaster's objection, it appears to me real and well-grounded. Translations from the Greek have three classes of readers: 1. Englishmen who know not Greek, but wish to know what Greek writers have thought and said. 2. Scholars who like to re-peruse their favourite authors and see how they can be worthily presented in English. 3. Learners who thus help themselves to understand appreciate and render the classical originals. Now for the first two classes, in poetry, metrical translations are (I have contended) every way the best. Remains the third class, the learners. To these a close prose translation, though a help, is often a fallacious help; nay sometimes it proves a hindrance to sound learning. For such a translation is apt to be used merely to save trouble, to be read and learnt almost by rote while the original is not half understood: and this really rather lessens than increases the learner's

power of dealing with a Greek original. Accustomed to depend upon such helps he is powerless without them, and does not really improve either his Greek or his English. Of course good translators are not responsible for the abuse of their work by indolent students who will choose short cuts to knowledge (or rather ignorance): but as even for honest learners prose translations of poets are somewhat of a snare, one may be pardoned for wishing them fewer, and preferring verse, which, while a sufficient help, is plainly not liable to the same abuses.

A few words now on two points in my own translation.

First, as to increase in number of lines—inevitable when hexameters are rendered into ten-syllabled verse. I am longer than some of my predecessors. This comes partly from a more scrupulous retention of the recurring epithets to names, patronymic titles, etc.; partly because I have preferred a closer reproduction of Homer's pauses at the end of lines. I hope however not to be judged needlessly diffuse, having aimed at enlarging (where a syllable or two more was necessary) on what seemed to invite enlargement to bring out the full force of the original.

Next, as to proper names. Absolute consistency seems only possible by such a strict transliteration of Greek words as would bring upon us a host of outlandish names intolerable to English eyes and ears. Generally I have contented myself with familiar Latin terminations and forms (e.g. Phoebus, Patroclus, Alexander, Olympus). Some well-known English forms have been used (Helen, Troy, Priam). I must indeed apologize for one transgression of my own rule in the case of Achilles. Homer has indifferently *Achilleus* and *Achileus*: for con-



venience I allowed myself the same choice, retaining the Greek termination. I had some compunction about it, but words of the Achilles length and quantity are, especially with an epithet, hard to manage. But to please all in this matter of names is impossible. And should each critic change the names to his own favourite spelling, few lines would be thereby vitiated.

I now leave my attempt to the mercy of my readers. The Greek text is placed opposite the English—a novelty in a complete English version of Homer, and a bold measure, as facilitating and challenging criticism. But it will, I hope, make the volume more handy for scholarly readers, who, when tired of the translator, will always have as a companion Homer himself.

W. C. G.

RUGBY,

*Nov.* 1883.



## ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Α.

Δοιμὸς καὶ Μῆνις.

Μῆνιν ᾄειδε, θεά, Πηληιάδεω Ἀχιλῆος  
οὐλομένην, ἣ μυρὶ Ἀχαιοῖς ἄλγε' ἔθηκεν,  
πολλὰς δ' ἰφθίμους ψυχὰς Ἀϊδι προΐαψεν  
ἡρώων, αὐτοὺς δὲ ἐλώρια τεῦχε κύνεσσιν  
οἶωνοῖσί τε πᾶσι· Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή,  
ἔξ οὔ δὴ τὰ πρῶτα διαστήτην ἐρίσαντε  
Ἀτρεΐδης τε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν καὶ δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.

τίς τ' ἄρ σφωε θεῶν ἔριδι ξυνέηκε μάχεσθαι;  
Λητοῦς καὶ Διὸς υἱός· ὃ γὰρ βασιλῆι χολωθείς  
νοῦσον ἀνὰ στρατὸν ὥρσε κακὴν, ὀλέκοντο δὲ λαοί,  
οὔνεκα τὸν Χρῦσῃν ἠτίμησ' ἀρητῆρα  
Ἀτρεΐδης. ὃ γὰρ ἦλθε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν  
λυσόμενός τε θύγατρα φέρων τ' ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα,  
στέμματ' ἔχων ἐν χερσὶ ἐκηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος  
χρυσέῳ ἀνὰ σκήπτρῳ, καὶ λίσσετο πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς,  
Ἀτρεΐδα δὲ μάλιστα δύω, κοσμήτορε λαῶν.  
“Ἀτρεΐδα τε καὶ ἄλλοι εὐκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί,  
ὕμῃν μὲν θεοὶ δοῖεν Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες  
ἐκπέρσαι Πριάμοιο πόλιν εὖ δ' οἴκαδ' ἰκέσθαι·  
παῖδα δ' ἐμοὶ λῦσαί τε φίλην τά τ' ἄποινα δέχεσθαι  
ἄζόμενοι Διὸς νῖα ἐκηβόλον Ἀπόλλωνα.”



## ILIAD I.

*The pestilence and the wrath of Achilleus.*

SING, goddess Muse, the wrath of Peleus' son,  
The wrath of Achileus with ruin fraught,  
That to Achaïans brought unnumbered woes,  
And many mighty souls of heroes hurled  
To Hades' home, but gave themselves a prey  
To dogs and every fowl. For thus its end  
The will of Zeus worked out, since at the first  
Parted in strife those twain, the king of men  
Atrides and the godlike Achileus.

And who of gods set these in strife to fight?  
The son of Zeus and Leto. He in wrath  
Against the king had stirred throughout the host  
Fell plague, whereby the troops lay perishing :  
Because Atrides shamed his holy priest  
Chryses, who sought the swift Achaïan ships  
To free his daughter, bearing ransom large.  
Archer Apollo's wreaths in hand he held  
Upon a golden staff, and prayed to all  
Achaïa's chiefs, but chiefly to the twain  
The sons of Atreus, marshals of the host :  
"Atridae and well-greaved Achaïans all,  
O may the gods who hold Olympian halls  
Vouchsafe you grace to spoil king Priam's town  
And home return in peace! But set ye free  
My daughter dear, and this my ransom take,  
In reverence for the Archer son of Zeus."

ἐνθ' ἄλλοι μὲν πάντες ἐπευφήμησαν Ἀχαιοί  
 αἰδεῖσθαι θ' ἱερῆα καὶ ἀγλαὰ δέχθαι ἄποινα·  
 ἀλλ' οὐκ Ἀτρεΐδῃ Ἀγαμέμνονι ἥνδανε θυμῷ,  
 ἀλλὰ κακῶς ἀφίη, κρατερὸν δ' ἐπὶ μῦθον ἔτελλεν·  
 “μὴ σε, γέρον, κοίλῃσιν ἐγὼ παρὰ νηυσὶ κιχέω  
 ἢ νῦν δηθύνοντ' ἢ ὕστερον αὖτις ἰόντα,  
 μὴ νύ τοι οὐ χραίσμῃ σκῆπτρον καὶ στέμμα θεοῖο.  
 τὴν δ' ἐγὼ οὐ λύσω· πρίν μιν καὶ γῆρας ἔπεισιν  
 ἡμετέρῳ ἐνὶ οἴκῳ, ἐν Ἀργεῖ, τηλόθι πάτρης,  
 ἰστὸν ἐποιχομένην καὶ ἐμὸν λέχος ἀντιόωσαν.  
 ἀλλ' ἴθι, μὴ μ' ἐρέθιζε, σαώτερος ὥς κε νέηαι.”

ὥς ἔφατ', ἔδδεισεν δ' ὁ γέρων καὶ ἐπείθετο μύθῳ,  
 βῆ δ' ἀκέων παρὰ θίνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης.  
 πολλὰ δ' ἔπειτ' ἀπάνευθε κιὼν ἡρᾶθ' ὁ γεραίός  
 Ἀπόλλωνι ἀνακτὶ, τὸν ἡῤυκόμος τέκε' Ἀητῷ.  
 “κλυθὶ μέν, ἀργυρότοξ', ὃς Χρύσην ἀμφιβέβηκας  
 Κίλλαν τε ζαθέην, Τενέδοιό τε Ἴφι ἀνάσσεις,  
 Σμινθεῦ. εἴ ποτέ τοι χαρίεντ' ἐπὶ νηὸν ἔρεψα,  
 ἢ εἰ δὴ ποτέ τοι κατὰ πῖονα μηρί' ἔκηα  
 ταύρων ἢ δ' αἰγῶν, τόδε μοι κρήνην ἐέλδωρ·  
 τίσειαν Δαναοὶ ἐμὰ δάκρυα σοῖσι βέλεσσιν.”

ὥς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, τοῦ δὲ κλυῖ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,  
 βῆ δὲ κατ' Οὐλύμποιο καρηνῶν χῳόμενος κῆρ,  
 τόξ' ὁμοισιν ἔχων ἀμφηρεφέα τε φάρετρήν·  
 ἐκλαγξάν δ' ἄρ' οἴστρι ἐπ' ὤμων χῳομένοιο  
 αὐτοῦ κινηθέντος· ὃ δ' ἦε νυκτὶ τοικῶς·  
 ἔζετ' ἔπειτ' ἀπάνευθε μέων, μετὰ δ' ἰὼν ἔηκεν·  
 δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένητ' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο.  
 οὐρῆας μὲν πρῶτον ἐπ' ὤχετο καὶ κυνας ἀργούς,  
 αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' αὐτοῖσι βέλος ἐχεπευκές ἐφίεις  
 βάλλ'· αἰεὶ δὲ πυραὶ νεκῶν καίοντο θαμεῖαι.

Thereto while éach Achaian cried consent—  
 The priest to reverence, the rich ransom take—  
 It liked not Agamemnon Atreus' son,  
 But stern he drave him forth and fiercely spake :  
 "Thee, greybeard, let me by our hollow ships  
 Nor lingering now nor e'er returning find ;  
 Lest staff and wreaths of god avail thee nought.  
 Her I free not : old age shall find her first,  
 Far from her country in my Argive home,  
 Plying the loom and partner of my bed.  
 Go, chafe me not ; so wilt thou safer go."

He spake : the greybeard trembled and obeyed  
 The monarch's word, and silent passed along  
 The sandy margin of the sounding sea.  
 Then turned he far apart, and much he prayed  
 To king Apollo fair-haired Leto's son.  
 "O hear me, Silver-bow, who standest round  
 Chrysa and holy Cilla, mighty king  
 Of Tenedos, thou Sminthian god : if e'er  
 For thee I roofed a temple fair to view,  
 Or burned to thee fat thighs of bulls and goats,  
 Fulfil thou this my wish ! let now thy shafts  
 Upon the Danaan host avenge my tears."

He spake in prayer. Phoebus Apollo heard,  
 And from Olympus' heights in wrath down sped :  
 His bow and quiver closed his shoulders bore,  
 Whereon the arrows rattled, as in wrath  
 He moved. Like night he went : then sate apart  
 Far from the ships, whereat he loosed a shaft,  
 And loud and fearful sang the silver bow.  
 And first he smote the mules and nimble dogs ;  
 Then at the men themselves his pointed shaft  
 He aimed, and shot, and ever shot again,  
 That ceaseless burned the pyres of frequent dead.

ἐννήμαρ μὲν ἀνὰ στρατὸν ὥχετο κῆλα θεοῖο,  
 τῇ δεκάτῃ δ' ἀγορήνδε καλέσσατο λαὸν Ἀχιλλεύς·  
 τῷ γὰρ ἐπὶ φρεσὶ θῆκε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη· 55  
 κήδετο γὰρ Δαναῶν, ὅτι ῥα θνήσκοντας ὀράτο.  
 οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν ἤγερθεν ὀμηγερέες τε γέγοντο,  
 τοῖσι δ' ἀνιστάμενος μετέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·  
 “Ἀτρεΐδη, νῦν ἄμμε πάλιν πλαγχθέντας ὅτω  
 ἄψ ἀπονοστήσειν, εἴ κεν θάνατόν γε φύγοιμεν, 60  
 εἰ δὴ ὁμοῦ πόλεμός τε δαμᾶ καὶ λοιμὸς Ἀχαιούς.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ τινα μάντιν ἐρέομεν ἢ ἱερῆα  
 ἢ καὶ ὄνειροπόλον (καὶ γάρ τ' ὄναρ ἐκ Διὸς ἐστίν),  
 ὃς εἶπῃ ὅτι τόσσον ἐχώσατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,  
 ἢ τ' ἄρ' ὃ γ' εὐχολῆς ἐπιμέμφεται ἢ θ' ἐκατόμβης, 65  
 αἷ κέν πως ἀρνῶν κνίσσης αἰγῶν τε τελείων  
 βούλεται ἀντιάσας ἡμῖν ἀπὸ λοιγὸν ἀμῦναι.”  
 ἦ τοι ὃ γ' ὥς εἰπὼν κατ' ἄρ' ἔξετο τοῖσι δ' ἀνέστη  
 Κάλχας Θεστορίδης, οἰωνοπόλων ὄχ' ἄριστος,  
 ὃς ἤδη τά τ' ἐόντα τά τ' ἐσσόμενα πρό τ' ἐόντα, 70  
 καὶ νήεσσ' ἠγήσατ' Ἀχαιῶν Ἴλιον εἶσω  
 ἦν διὰ μαντοσύνην, τήν οἱ πόρε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων.  
 ὃ σφιν εὐφρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν  
 “ὦ Ἀχιλεῦ, κέλεαί με, δίφιλε, μνθήσασθαι  
 μῆνιν Ἀπόλλωνος ἐκατηβελέταο ἀνακτος. 75  
 τοιγὰρ ἐγὼ ἐρέω· σὺ δὲ σύνθεο, καὶ μοι ὄμοσον  
 ἦ μὲν μοι πρόφρων ἔπεις καὶ χερσὶν ἀρήξῃν.  
 ἦ γὰρ οὔτομαι ἄνδρα χολωσέμεν ὃς μέγα πάντων  
 Ἀργείων κρατεεὶ καὶ οἱ πείθονται Ἀχαιοί.  
 κρείσσων γὰρ βασιλεύς, ὅτε χώσεται ἀνδρὶ χέρη· 80  
 εἴ περ γάρ τε χόλον γε καὶ αὐτῆμαρ καταπέψῃ,  
 ἀλλὰ τε καὶ μετόπισθεν ἔχει κότον, ὄφρα τελέσῃ,  
 ἐν στήθεσσι ἐοῖσι. σὺ δὲ φράσαι ἦ με σαώσεις.”



And now nine days throughout the host had gone  
The arrows of the god ; but on the tenth  
Achilleus to assembly called the host :

For so had white-armed Heré prompted him,  
Who grieved at heart to see the Danaans die.  
But when they mustered were and gathered all,  
Then up and spake Achilleus fleet of foot :

“Atrides, now may we turn back, I ween,  
And hie us home, if haply death we scape,  
Since war and plague at once destroy the host.  
Go to, some prophet ask we, or some priest,  
Or dream-expounder (dreams too are of Zeus),  
To say what moves Apollo’s heavy wrath :  
If vow he blames or hecatomb unpaid.

So may he, gifted with the fat of lambs  
And goats unblemished, ward from us our bane.”

He spake and sate him down. To them straightway  
Rose Calchas son of Thestor, best by far  
Of augurs he ; who knew what was, and is,  
And is to come, and by his prophet-craft,  
Phoebus Apollo’s gift, Achaia’s ships  
Had guided to the shores of Ilion.

He now right wisely mid their council spake :  
“Achilleus, dear to Zeus, thou bidst me tell  
Wherefore Apollo, archer-king, is wroth.  
Speak then I will : but covenant thou and swear  
To help me readily by word and hand.  
For I shall anger one, I trow, great lord  
Of Argos, whom the Achaians all obey.  
And stronger is a king, when wroth with one  
Of lesser mark ; for, if to-day his ire  
He smother, yet at heart he nurses rage  
For future wreaking. Think, wilt hold me safe?”

τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·  
 “θαρσήςσας μάλα εἰπὲ θεοπρόπιον ὅτι οἴσθα· 85  
 οὐ μὰ γὰρ Ἀπόλλωνα διίφιλον, ᾧ τε σὺ Κάλχαν  
 εὐχόμενος Δαναοῖσι θεοπροπίας ἀναφαίνεις,  
 οὐ τις ἐμεῦ ζώντος καὶ ἐπὶ χθονὶ δερκομένοιο  
 σοὶ κοίλῃς παρὰ νηυσὶ βαρείας χεῖρας ἐποίσει  
 συμπάντων Δαναῶν, οὐδ' ἦν Ἀγαμέμνονα εἵπης, 90  
 ὃς νῦν πολλὸν ἄριστος Ἀχαιῶν εὐχεται εἶναι.”

καὶ τότε δὴ θάρσησε καὶ ἤυδα μάντις ἀμύμων·  
 “οὔτ' ἄρ' ὃ γ' εὐχολῆς ἐπιμέμφεται οὔθ' ἐκατόμβης,  
 ἀλλ' ἔνεκ' ἀρητῆρος, ὃν ἠτίμησ' Ἀγαμέμνων  
 οὐδ' ἀπέλυσε θύγατρα καὶ οὐκ ἀπεδέξατ' ἄποινα, 95  
 τούνεκ' ἄρ' ἄλγε' ἔδωκε ἐκηβόλος ἡδ' ἔτι δώσει.  
 οὐδ' ὃ γε πρὶν λοιμοῖο βαρείας χεῖρας ἀφέξει,  
 πρὶν γ' ἀπὸ πατρὶ φίλῳ δόμεναι ἐλικώπιδα κούρην  
 ἀπριάτην ἀνάποινον, ἄγειν θ' ἱερὴν ἐκατόμβην  
 ἐς Χρύσην· τότε κέν μιν ἱλασσάμενοι πεπίθοιμεν.” 100

ἦ τοι ὃ γ' ὥς εἰπὼν κατ' ἄρ' ἔξετο, τοῖσι δ' ἀνέστη  
 ἥρως Ἀτρεΐδης εὐρυκρεῖων Ἀγαμέμνων  
 ἀχνύμενος· μένεος δὲ μέγα φρένες ἀμφιμέλαιναι  
 πῖμπλαντ', ὅσσε δέ οἱ πυρὶ λαμπετόωντι εἴκτην.  
 Κάλχαντα πρῶτιστα κάκ' ὀσσόμενος προσέειπεν· 105  
 “μάντι κακῶν, οὐ πῶ ποτέ μοι τὸ κρήγυον εἶπας.  
 αἰεὶ τοι τὰ κάκ' ἐστὶ φίλα φρεσὶ μαντεύεσθαι,  
 ἐσθλὸν δ' οὔτε τί πω εἶπας ἔπος οὔτε τέλεσσας·  
 καὶ νῦν ἐν Δαναοῖσι θεοπροπέων ἀγορεύεις  
 ὥς δὴ τοῦδ' ἔνεκά σφι ἐκηβόλος ἄλγεα τεύχει, 110  
 οὔνεκ' ἐγὼ κούρης Χρυσηίδος ἀγλὰ ἄποινα  
 οὐκ ἔθελον δέξασθαι· ἐπεὶ πολὺν βούλομαι αὐτὴν  
 οἴκοι ἔχειν. καὶ γὰρ ῥα Κλυταιμνήστρης προβέβουλα,  
 κουριδῆς ἀλόχου, ἐπεὶ οὐ ἔθέν ἐστι χερεῖων,

Him answered then Achilleus fleet of foot :

“Be bold, and speak what god-given lore thou know’st.  
For—by Apollo loved of Zeus I swear,  
From whom by prayer thou hast those prophecies  
That to our chiefs thou show’st—none, Calchas, none,  
While I yet live on earth and see the light,  
Beside our hollow ships shall lay on thee  
A heavy hand ; of all the Danaans none,  
Not even should’st thou Agamemnon name,  
Who in our host claims far the foremost place.”

Then took he heart and spake, that noble seer :

“Nor vow nor hecatomb unpaid he blames :  
But for the priest (whom Agamemnon shamed,  
Nor freed his daughter nor the ransom took),  
For this the Archer wounds, and yet will wound,  
Nor stay from pestilence his heavy hands,  
Till to her sire the bright-eyed maid be given  
Unpriced unransomed, and a hecatomb  
To Chrysa sent : then soothed he may be won.”

/ He spake and sate him down. To them arose  
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, Atreus’ son,  
In grievous wrath. High swelled his darkening heart  
With fury : flamed, as blazing fire, his eyes.

To Calchas first with evil look he spake :

“Prophet of ills, ne’er spak’st thou good, I ween :

Thy heart loves ever evil to forebode,

Good word thou never spak’st nor brought’st to pass. /

And now thy god-given lore to Danaans tells  
How for this cause forsooth the Archer wounds,  
That I for fair Chryseis would not take  
The ransom rich. No, her I fain would hold  
At home, to Clytemnestra’s self preferred  
My first-wed wife ; for she is well her peer

οὐ δέμας οὐδὲ φυήν, οὔτ' ἄρ φρένας οὔτε τι ἔργα· 115  
 ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς ἐθέλω δόμεναι πάλιν, εἰ τό γ' ἄμεινον·  
 βούλομ' ἐγὼ λαὸν σόον ἔμμεναι ἢ ἀπολέσθαι.

αὐτὰρ ἐμοὶ γέρας αὐτίχ' ἐτοιμάσατ', ὄφρα μὴ οἶος  
 Ἄργείων ἀγέραςτος ἔω, ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ ἔοικεν·  
 λεύσσετε γὰρ τό γε πάντες, ὃ μοι γέρας ἔρχεται ἄλλη." 120

τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·  
 "Ἀτρεΐδῃ κύδιστε, φίλοκτεανώτατε πάντων,  
 πῶς γάρ τοι δώσουσι γέρας μεγάθυμοι Ἀχαιοί;  
 οὐδέ τί πω ἴδμεν ξυνήϊα κείμενα πολλά,  
 ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν πολίων ἐξεπράθομεν, τὰ δέδασται, 125  
 λαοὺς δ' οὐκ ἐπέοικε παλίλλογα ταῦτ' ἐπαγείρειν.  
 ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν τήνδε θεῷ πρόες, αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοί  
 τριπλῇ τετραπλῇ τ' ἀποτίσομεν, αἳ κέ ποθι Ζεὺς  
 δῶσι πόλιν Τροίην εὐτείχεον ἐξαλαπάξαι."

τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων· 130  
 "μήδ' οὔτως, ἀγαθός περ ἐών, θεοεΐκελ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,  
 κλέπτε νόω, ἐπεὶ οὐ παρελεύσεαι οὐδέ με πείσεις.  
 ἢ ἐθέλεις ὄφρ' αὐτὸς ἔχῃς γέρας, αὐτὰρ ἔμ' αὐτως  
 ἦσθαι δευόμενον, κέλειαι δέ με τήνδ' ἀποδοῦναι;  
 ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν δώσουσι γέρας μεγάθυμοι Ἀχαιοί, 135  
 ἄρσαντες κατὰ θυμόν, ὅπως ἀντάξιον ἔσται·  
 εἰ δέ κε μὴ δώωσιν, ἐγὼ δέ κεν αὐτὸς ἔλωμαι  
 ἢ τεὸν ἢ Αἴαντος ἰὼν γέρας ἢ Ὀδυσῆος  
 ἄξω ἐλών· ὃ δέ κεν κεχολώσεται, ὅν κεν ἴκωμαι.  
 ἀλλ' ἢ τοι μὲν ταῦτα μεταφρασόμεσθα καὶ αὐτίς, 140  
 νῦν δ' ἄγε νῆα μέλαιναν ἐρύσσομεν εἰς ἄλα διαν,  
 ἐς δ' ἐρέτας ἐπίτηδες ἀγείρομεν, ἐς δ' ἐκατόμβην  
 θείομεν, ἂν δ' αὐτὴν Χρυσήϊδα καλλιπάρηον  
 βήσομεν. εἰς δέ τις ἀρχὸς ἀνὴρ βουληφόρος ἔστω,  
 ἢ Αἴας ἢ Ἰδομενεὺς ἢ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς, 145



In form and feature, mind and handiwork.  
 Yet will I give her back, if need be so;  
 I will my people should not die but live.  
 But find me straight a prize, lest I alone  
 Of Argives prizeless go, which were not meet.  
 For witness all, my prize is reft away."

Answered divine Achilleus strong of foot:  
 "Most noble son of Atreus, passing all  
 In love of plunder, how, I pray thee say,  
 Shall the great-souled Achaians give thee prize?  
 We know not yet of store of common wealth.  
 What from spoiled towns was won, that have we shared.  
 It were unmeet to gather this again  
 From all the host. Nay yield thou to the god  
 This handmaid now: and we Achaians all  
 Threefold and fourfold will repay, if Zeus  
 Grant us to sack the well-walled town of Troy."

Whom answering sovereign Agamemnon spake:  
 "Godlike Achilleus, gallant tho' thou be,  
 Think not to trick me thus: for well I ween  
 Thou wilt not overreach me nor persuade.  
 Would'st have me tamely, while thou hold'st a prize,  
 Sit down deprived? bid'st me restore the maid?  
 Nay, if the proud Achaians give a prize,  
 One to my mind, well worthy what I lose,  
 So be it: if not, myself will choose, and prize  
 From thee or Ajax or Odysseus take:  
 And he may rage his fill to whom I come.  
 But truly this hereafter we'll resolve.  
 Now come, a black ship to the sea divine  
 Drag we, fit oarsmen gathering; be her freight  
 A hecatomb; Chryseis fair-cheeked dame  
 Embark we then; and let some counsellor  
 Be captain; Ajax, or Idomeneus,  
 Godlike Odysseus, or, Pelides, thou,

ἥ ἐ σὺ Πηλεΐδῃ, πάντων ἐκπαυγλότατ' ἀνδρῶν,  
ὄφρ' ἡμῖν ἐκάεργον ἰλάσσεαι ἱερὰ ῥέξας."

τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·  
"ὦ μοι, ἀναιδείην ἐπιειμένε, κερδαλεόφρον,  
πῶς τίς τοι πρόφρων ἔπεσιν πείθεται Ἀχαιῶν 150  
ἢ ὁδὸν ἐλθέμεναι ἢ ἀνδράσι ἱφι μάχεσθαι;  
οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ Τρώων ἔνεκ' ἥλυθον αἰχμητάων  
δεῦρο μαχησόμενος· ἐπεὶ οὐ τί μοι αἵτιοι εἰσίν.  
οὐ γὰρ πῶ ποτ' ἐμὰς βοῦς ἤλασαν, οὐδὲ μὲν ἵππους,  
οὐδέ ποτ' ἐν Φθίῃ ἐριβόλακι βωτιανείρῃ 155  
καρπὸν ἐδηλήσαντ', ἐπεὶ ἡ μάλα πολλὰ μεταξὺ  
οὔρεά τε σκιόεντα θάλασσά τε ἠχήεσσα·  
ἀλλὰ σοί, ὦ μέγ' ἀναιδές, ἅμ' ἐσπόμεθ', ὄφρα σὺ χαίρης,  
τιμὴν ἀρνύμενοι Μενελάῳ σοί τε, κυνῶπα,  
πρὸς Τρώων. τῶν οὐ τι μετατρέπη οὐδ' ἀλεγίζεις 160  
καὶ δὴ μοι γέρας αὐτὸς ἀφαιρήσεσθαι ἀπειλεῖς,  
ὦ ἔπι πόλλ' ἐμόγησα, δόταν δέ μοι υἱὲς Ἀχαιῶν.  
οὐ μὴν σοί ποτε ἴσον ἔχω γέρας, ὅππότε Ἀχαιοί  
Τρώων ἐκπέρσωσ' εὐ ναιόμενον πτολίεθρον·  
ἀλλὰ τὸ μὲν πλεῖον πολυαῖκος πολέμοιο 165  
χεῖρες ἐμαὶ διέπουσ', ἀτὰρ ἦν ποτε δασμὸς ἵκηται,  
σοὶ τὸ γέρας πολὺ μείζον, ἐγὼ δ' ὀλίγον τε φίλον τε  
ἔρχομ' ἔχων ἐπὶ νῆας, ἐπεὶ κε κάμω πολεμίζων.  
νῦν δ' εἵμι Φθίηνδ', ἐπεὶ ἡ πολὺ φέρτερον ἐστίν  
οἴκαδ' ἵμεν ξὺν νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν, οὐδὲ σ' οἶω 170  
ἐνθάδ' ἄτιμος ἐὼν ἄφενος καὶ πλοῦτον ἀφύξειν."

τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·  
"φεῦγε μάλ', εἴ τοι θυμὸς ἐπέσσεται. οὐδέ σ' ἐγὼ γε  
λίσσομαι εἵνεκ' ἐμεῖο μένειν· παρ' ἐμοί γε καὶ ἄλλοι  
οἳ κέ με τιμήσουσι, μάλιστα δὲ μητίετα Ζεὺς. 175  
ἔχθιστος δέ μοί ἐσσι διοτρεφέων βασιλῆων·

Most terrible of men, that thou for us  
May'st soothe by sacrifice the Archer-king."

Then scowling fierce spake fleet-foot Achileus:  
"O clothed in shamelessness, thou covetous soul!  
How shall Achaïans heed with zeal thy word,  
Beset the way, or stoutly fight the foe?  
Not for the Trojan spearmen's sake came I  
Hither to fight: they never did me wrong.  
They ne'er drave off my oxen or my steeds,  
Nor in thick-clodded Phthia, nurse of men,  
Marred they my fruits: for wide between us lie  
The shadowed mountains and the sounding sea.  
But thee we followed, O most shameless king,  
To gain thee pleasure: striving here to win  
For Menelaus and for thee, bold hound,  
Due satisfaction from the sons of Troy.  
Of this thou reckest naught, nor dost regard.  
And now thou threatenest for thyself to take  
My prize—a prize well earned by many a toil,  
And freely given me by Achaïa's sons.  
Prize like to thine I never have, whene'er  
The Achaïans sack some well-built Trojan hold.  
Yet the main work of never-resting war  
My hands perform; but, if a sharing come,  
Thine the large prize; mine lesser far yet loved,  
War's labour done, I carry to my ships.  
But now to Phthia will I go; for thus  
'Tis better far homeward with beakèd ships  
To turn: nor purpose I dishonoured here  
With streams of wealth and pelf to pamper thee."

Him answered Agamemnon king of men:

"Fly, if thy mind thereto is set. To stay  
I beg thee not for me. There are with me  
Others beside, to give me honour due,  
And chief of all is Zeus the counsellor.  
Hateful above Zeus-nurtured kings art thou,

αἰεὶ γάρ τοι ἔρις τε φίλη πόλεμοί τε μάχαι τε.  
 εἰ μάλα καρτερός ἐσσι, θεός που σοὶ τό γ' ἔδωκεν.  
 οἴκαδ' ἰὼν ξὺν νηυσὶ τε σῆς καὶ σοῖς ἐτάροισιν  
 Μυρμιδόνεσσι ἄνασσε. σέθεν δ' ἐγὼ οὐκ ἀλεγίζω, 180  
 οὐδ' ὄθουμαι κοτέοντος· ἀπειλήσω δέ τοι ὦδε.  
 ὥς ἔμ' ἀφαιρεῖται Χρυσηίδα Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,  
 τὴν μὲν ἐγὼ σὺν νηὶ τ' ἐμῇ καὶ ἐμοῖς ἐτάροισιν  
 πέμψω, ἐγὼ δέ κ' ἄγω Βρισηίδα καλλιπάρηον  
 αὐτὸς ἰὼν κλισίηνδε, τὸ σὸν γέρας, ὅφρ' εὖ εἰδῆς 185  
 ὅσσον φέρτερός εἰμι σέθεν, στυγέη δέ καὶ ἄλλος  
 ἴσον ἐμοὶ φάσθαι καὶ ὁμοιωθήμεναι ἄντην."

ὥς φάτο· Πηλεΐωνι δ' ἄχος γέμετ', ἐν δέ οἱ ἦτορ  
 στήθεσιν λασίοισι διάνδιχα μερμήριξεν,  
 ἦ ὅ γε φάσγανον ὀξὺ ἐρυσσάμενος παρὰ μηροῦ 190  
 τοὺς μὲν ἀναστήσειεν, ὃ δ' Ἀτρεΐδην ἐναρίζοι,  
 ἦε χόλον παύσειεν ἐρητύσειέ τε θυμόν.  
 εἶος ὃ ταῦθ' ὥρμαινε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν,  
 ἔλκετο δ' ἐκ κολεοῖο μέγα ξίφος, ἦλθε δ' Ἀθήνη  
 οὐρανόθεν· πρὸ γὰρ ἦκε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη, 195  
 ἄμφω ὁμῶς θυμῷ φιλέουσά τε κηδομένη τε.  
 στῆ δ' ὀπιθεν, ξανθῆς δὲ κόμης ἔλε Πηλεΐωνα,  
 οἶψ φαινομένη· τῶν δ' ἄλλων οὐ τις ὀράτο.  
 θάμβησεν δ' Ἀχιλεὺς, μετὰ δὲ τράπετ', αὐτίκα δ' ἔγνω  
 Παλλὰδ' Ἀθηναίην· δεινῶ δέ οἱ ὅσσε φάανθεν. 200  
 καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·  
 "τίπτ' αὖτ', αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς τέκος, εἰλήλουθας;  
 ἦ ἵνα ὕβριν ἴδῃς Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρεΐδαο;  
 ἀλλ' ἔκ τοι ἐρέω, τὸ δὲ καὶ τελέεσθαι ὁῖω·  
 ἦς ὑπεροπλήσῃσι τάχ' ἂν ποτε θυμὸν ὀλέσση." 205  
 τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·  
 "ἦλθον ἐγὼ παύσουσα τὸ σὸν μένος, αἶ κε πίθαι,



Who lovest ever strife and wars and fights.  
 If strong thou art, Heaven gave thee this, I ween.  
 Home with thy ships returning and thy crews  
 King it o'er Myrmidons. I heed thee not,  
 Nor reck I of thy wrath. And furthermore  
 Thus will I threaten thee: whereas from me  
 Phœbus Apollo now Chryseis claims,  
 Her with my ship and with my rowers I  
 Will send, but will fair-cheeked Briseis take  
 Myself from out thy tent—thy prize—that thou  
 May'st know me thy liege lord, and each may dread  
 To match with me or claim to be my peer."

He spake. Stung was Pelides; and his heart  
 Within his shaggy breast divided swayed:  
 Should he, his keen blade drawing from his thigh,  
 Scattering the throng between, Atrides slay;  
 Or choke his ire and curb his raging mood.  
 While thus he pondered in his heart and soul,  
 Baring the while his mighty blade, from heaven  
 Athené came, by white-armed Heré sent  
 Who loved at heart and cared alike for both.  
 Behind Pelides now she stood, and grasped  
 His yellow hair, to him alone revealed,  
 By none else seen. Achilleus in amaze  
 Turned him around: Pallas Athené straight  
 He knew, and fearful seemed her shining eyes.  
 Then her with wingèd words he thus bespake:  
 "Wherefore, thou child of aegis-bearing Zeus,  
 Again art come? Is it belike to see  
 The outrage wrought on me by Atreus' son  
 King Agamemnon? Nay, but I will speak  
 What, as I deem, will even now be done:  
 His arrogance will lose him soon his life."

Athené, stern-eyed goddess, made reply:  
 "I came to check thy rage, if thou'lt obey,

οὐρανόθεν· πρὸ δέ μ' ἦκε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,  
 ἄμφω ὁμῶς θυμῷ φιλέουσά τε κηδομένη τε.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε λήγ' ἔριδος, μηδὲ ξίφος ἔλκεο χειρί·  
 ἀλλ' ἣ τοι ἔπεσιν μὲν ὀνειδισον, ὥς ἔσεται περ.  
 ὧδε γὰρ ἐξερέω, τὸ δὲ καὶ τετελεσμένον ἔσται·  
 καί ποτέ τοι τρὶς τόσσα παρέσσεται ἀγλαὸ δῶρα  
 ὕβριος εἵνεκα τῆσδε. σὺ δ' ἴσχεο, πείθεο δ' ἡμῖν."

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τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·  
 "χρὴ μὴν σφωίτερόν γε, θεά, ἔπος εἰρύσασθαι,  
 καὶ μάλα περ θυμῷ κεχολωμένον· ὥς γὰρ ἄμεινον.  
 ὅς κε θεοῖς ἐπιπείθεται, μάλα τ' ἔκλυον αὐτοῦ."

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ἦ, καὶ ἐπ' ἀργυρέῃ κώπῃ σχέθε χεῖρα βαρεῖαν,  
 ἄψ δ' ἐς κουλεὸν ὥσε μέγα ξίφος, οὐδ' ἀπίθησεν  
 μύθῳ Ἀθηναίης. ἦ δ' Οὐλυμπόνδε βεβήκει  
 δώματ' ἐς αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς μετὰ δαίμονας ἄλλους.

Πηλεΐδης δ' ἐξαυτὶς ἀταρτηροῖς ἐπέεσσιν  
 Ἀτρεΐδην προσέειπε, καὶ οὐ πω λῆγε χόλοιο·  
 "οἶνοβαρές, κυνὸς ὄμματ' ἔχων, κραδίην δ' ἐλάφοιο,  
 οὔτε ποτ' ἐς πόλεμον ἅμα λαῷ θωρηχθῆναι,  
 οὔτε λόχονδ' ἵεναι σὺν ἀριστήεσσιν Ἀχαιῶν  
 τέτληκας θυμῷ· τὸ δέ τοι κῆρ εἴδεται εἶναι.  
 ἦ πολὺν λῳιὸν ἐστι κατὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺν Ἀχαιῶν  
 δῶρ' ἀποαιρεῖσθαι, ὅς τις σέθεν ἀντία εἴπῃ.  
 δημοβόρος βασιλεύς, ἐπεὶ οὐτιδανοῖσι ἀνάσσεις·  
 ἦ γὰρ ἄν, Ἀτρεΐδη, νῦν ὕστατα λωβήσαιο.  
 ἀλλ' ἔκ τοι ἐρέω, καὶ ἐπὶ μέγαν ὄρκον ὁμοῦμαι·  
 ναὶ μὰ τόδε σκῆπτρον, τὸ μὲν οὐ ποτε φύλλα καὶ ὄζους  
 φύσει, ἐπεὶ δὴ πρῶτα τομὴν ἐν ὄρεσσι λέλοιπεν,  
 οὐδ' ἀναθηλήσει· περὶ γάρ ῥά ἐ χαλκὸς ἔλεψεν  
 φύλλα τε καὶ φλοιόν· νῦν αὐτέ μιν νῖες Ἀχαιῶν  
 ἐν παλάμῃς φορέουσι δικασπόλοι, οἳ τε θέμιστας

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From heaven by white-armed Heré hither sent,  
 Who loves at heart and cares alike for both.  
 Come, cease from strife, nor finger thus thy sword:  
 But chide in words, as well I know thou wilt.  
 For thus I say, and so it shall be done;  
 Hereafter for this outrage shall be thine  
 Rich gifts three-fold. Obey us then, be stayed."

In answer spake Achilleus fleet of foot:  
 "Goddess, your double hest I must revere,  
 Tho' sorely wroth at heart. 'Tis better so.  
 Who heeds the gods, him too they surely hear."

He spake, laid heavy hand on silver hilt,  
 And in the sheath drove back his mighty blade,  
 Not disobedient to Athené's word.  
 She to Olympus sped, to join the gods  
 In the high halls of aegis-bearing Zeus.

Then Peleus' son again with furious words  
 Addressed Atrides, bating not his ire.  
 "Wine-laden, hound in eye, in heart a deer,  
 Nor for the war to arm thee with the host,  
 Nor to seek ambush with Achaian chiefs  
 Hast thou the hardihood. Such work to thee  
 Seems nothing less than death. Doubtless thou deem'st  
 'Tis better far throughout our ample host  
 To rob of gifts whoe'er may gainsay thee;  
 Who eatest up thy people, tho' their king,  
 A people nothing worth: else of a truth  
 This insult, son of Atreus, were thy last.  
 But out I speak, and swear a mighty oath,  
 Yea, by this sceptre—never more to bear  
 Or leaf or branch since first the mountain stem  
 Sever'd it left, never to sprout again,  
 For axe hath stripped its leaves and peeled its bark;  
 And now 'tis borne in hand, a sceptre smooth,  
 Such as Achaia's sons are wont to wield,  
 Who under Zeus are ministers of law

πρὸς Διὸς εἰρύαται· ὃ δέ τοι μέγας ἔσσεται ὄρκος·  
 ἢ ποτ' Ἀχιλλῆος ποθὴ ἵξεται νῆας Ἀχαιῶν 240  
 ξύμπαντας· τότε δ' οὐ τι δυνήσεται ἀχνύμενός περ  
 χραισμεῖν, εὐτ' ἂν πολλοὶ ὑφ' Ἑκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο  
 θνήσκοντες πίπτωσι· σὺ δ' ἔνδοθι θυμὸν ἀμύξεις  
 χωόμενος ὃ τ' ἄριστον Ἀχαιῶν οὐδὲν ἔτισας·"

ὥς φάτο Πηλεΐδης, ποτὶ δὲ σκῆπτρον βάλε γαίῃ 245  
 χρυσείοις ἥλοισι πεπαρμένον, ἔξετο δ' αὐτός.

Ἀτρεΐδης δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐμήνιε· τοῖσι δὲ Νέστωρ  
 ἡδυεπὴς ἀνόρουσε, λιγὺς Πυλίων ἀγορητῆς,  
 τοῦ καὶ ἀπὸ γλώσσης μέλιτος γλυκίων ῥέεν αὐδῇ.  
 τῷ δ' ἤδη δύο μὲν γενεαὶ μερόπων ἀνθρώπων 250  
 ἐφθίαθ', οἳ οἳ πρόσθεν ἅμα τράφεν ἡδὲ γένοντο  
 ἐν Πύλῳ ἡγαθέη, μετὰ δὲ τριτάτοισι ἄνασσαν.

ὃ σφιν εὐφρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν·  
 "ὦ πόποι, ἦ μέγα πένθος Ἀχαιίδα γαῖαν ἰκάνει.  
 ἦ κεν γηθήσαι Πρίαμος Πριάμοιό τε παῖδες, 255  
 ἄλλοι τε Τρῶες μέγα κεν κεχαροίατο θυμῷ,  
 εἰ σφῶιν τάδε πάντα πυθοίατο μαρναμένοιιν,  
 οἳ περὶ μὲν βουλὴν Δαναῶν περὶ δ' ἐστὲ μάχεσθαι.  
 ἀλλὰ πίθεσθ'· ἄμφω δὲ νεωτέρω ἐστὸν ἐμεῖο.

ἦδη γάρ ποτ' ἐγὼ καὶ ἀρείοσιν ἡέ περ ὑμῖν 260  
 ἀνδράσιν ὤμιλησα, καὶ οὐ ποτέ μ' οἷ γ' ἀθέριζον.  
 οὐ γάρ πω τοίους ἴδον ἀνέρας, οὐδὲ ἴδωμαι,  
 οἷον Πειρίθοόν τε Δρίαντά τε ποιμένα λαῶν  
 Καινέα τ' Ἐξάδιόν τε καὶ ἀντίθεον Πολύφημον  
 Θησέα τ' Αἰγείδην, ἐπιείκελον ἀθανάτοισιν. 265

κάρτιστοι δὴ κεῖνοι ἐπιχθονίων τράφεν ἀνδρῶν·  
 κάρτιστοι μὲν ἔσαν καὶ καρτίστοισι μάχοντο,  
 Φηρσὶν ὀρεσκῶοισι, καὶ ἐκπάγλως ἀπόλεσαν.  
 καὶ μὴν τοῖσιν ἐγὼ μεθομίλεον ἐκ Πύλου ἐλθὼν,



And guard the right:—By this dread pledge I swear,  
Time surely shall be when Achaïans all  
Shall wish Achilleus back; nor, though distrest,  
Wilt thou avail to help, when thousands fall  
Laid low in death by Hector's slaughtering hand.  
Then thou with grief shalt rend thy heart within,  
And rue the best Achaïan foully wronged."

Pelides spake, and dashing to the ground  
His golden-studded sceptre sate him down.  
Against him raged Atrides. Then up sprang  
Sweet-worded Nestor, Pylian speaker clear,  
Whose tongue with tones sweeter than honey flowed.  
Two generations of speech-gifted men  
Had passed, who with him had been born and lived  
In noble Pylos; in the third reigned he.  
He now right wisely mid their council spake:  
"O shame! what mighty grief approaches now  
Achaïa's land! Full surely they will joy—  
Priam, and Priam's sons, and Trojans all  
With gladdened heart—if all that now is done  
They once shall learn, the quarrel of you twain,  
Great Danaan chiefs in council as in fight.  
Obey me: ye are younger both than I.  
For I ere now with braver did consort  
Than ye, and yet they never slighted me.  
Such men ne'er saw I, nor shall see, as these:  
Pirithoüs, Dryas (shepherd of his folk),  
Caeneus, Exadius, godlike Polypheme,  
Theseus the son of Ægeus, peer of gods.  
Strongest they lived of men that walked the earth;  
Strongest they were, and with the strongest fought,  
The mountain-roaming Centaurs, whom they quelled  
In rout terrific. I from Pylos came

τηλόθεν ἐξ Ἀπίης γαίης (καλέσαντο γὰρ αὐτοί), 270  
 καὶ μαχόμεν κατ' ἔμ' αὐτὸν ἐγὼ· κείνοισι δ' ἂν οὐ τις  
 τῶν οἱ νῦν βροτοὶ εἰσιν ἐπιχθόνιοι μαχέοιτο.  
 καὶ μὴν μεν βουλέων ξύνειεν πείθοντό τε μύθῳ.  
 ἀλλὰ πίθεσθε καὶ ὕμμες, ἐπεὶ πείθεσθαι ἄμεινον.  
 μήτε σὺ τόνδ' ἀγαθὸς περ ἐὼν ἀποαίρεο κούρην, 275  
 ἀλλ' ἔα ὥς οἱ πρῶτα δόσαν γέρας νῆες Ἀχαιῶν·  
 μήτε σὺ Πηλεΐδῃ ἔθειλ' ἐριζέμεναι βασιλῆϊ  
 ἀντιβίην, ἐπεὶ οὐ ποθ' ὁμοίης ἔμμορε τιμῆς  
 σκηπτοῦχος βασιλεύς, ᾧ τε Ζεὺς κῦδος ἔδωκεν.  
 εἰ δὲ σὺ καρτερός ἐσσι, θεὰ δέ σε γείνατο μήτηρ, 280  
 ἀλλ' ὅδε φέρτερός ἐστιν, ἐπεὶ πλεόνεσσι ἀνάσσει.  
 Ἀτρεΐδῃ, σὺ δὲ παῦε τεδὸν μένος· αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ γε  
 λίσσομ' Ἀχιλλῆϊ μεθέμεν χόλον, ὅς μέγα πᾶσιν  
 ἔρκος Ἀχαιοῖσιν πέλεται πολέμοιο κακοῖο."

τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων 285  
 "ναὶ δὴ ταῦτά, γε πάντα, γέρον, κατὰ μοῖραν ἔειπες.  
 ἀλλ' ὅδ' ἀνὴρ ἐθέλει περὶ πάντων ἔμμεναι ἄλλων,  
 πάντων μὲν κρατέειν ἐθέλει, πάντεσσι ἀνάσσειν,  
 πᾶσι δὲ σημαίνειν, ἃ τιν' οὐ πείσεσθαι ὁτῷ.  
 εἰ δέ μιν αἰχμητὴν ἔθεσαν θεοὶ αἰὲν ἔντες, 290  
 τούνεκά οἱ προθέωσιν ὀνειδέα μυθήσασθαι;"

τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑποβλήδην ἡμείβετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·  
 "ἦ γάρ κεν δειλὸς τε καὶ οὐτιδανὸς καλεοίμην,  
 εἰ δὴ σοὶ πᾶν ἔργον ὑπέιξομαι, ὅττι κε εἵπης.  
 ἄλλοισιν δὴ ταῦτ' ἐπιτέλλεο· μὴ γὰρ ἐμοί γε 295  
 σήμαιν'· οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ γ' ἔτι σοὶ πείσεσθαι ὁτῷ.  
 ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω, σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῆσιν.  
 χερσὶ μὲν οὐ τοι ἐγὼ γε μαχήσομαι εἵνεκα κούρης,  
 οὔτε σοι οὔτε τῷ ἄλλῳ, ἐπεὶ μ' ἀφέλεσθέ γε δόντες·  
 τῶν δ' ἄλλων ἅ μοι ἔστι θυῇ παρὰ νηὶ μελαίνῃ, 300

And bore them company, from Apia's land  
 My distant home—theirselfes did summon me.  
 And by myself I fought. Against them none  
 Of mortals now on earth could stand in fight.  
 They heard my counsel and obeyed my word :  
 Wherefore obey ye ; to obey were best.  
 Nor thou, though great, thus rob him of the maid,  
 But leave the prize Achaia's sons have given :  
 Nor thou, Pelides, strive against a king  
 Opposing ; more than equal honour claims  
 The sceptred king whose title is of Zeus.  
 If strong thou art, of goddess-mother born,  
 Yet higher he, for more men own his sway.  
 Then, son of Atreus, check thy rage ; 'tis I  
 Beseech thee 'gainst Achilleus slack this wrath,  
 Who to our whole Achaian host doth stand  
 A mighty bulwark of disastrous war.”

Him answering sovereign Agamemnon spake :  
 “Yea, father, all thou say'st is fitly said.  
 But he would fain above all others be,  
 Would all control, of all be king, to all  
 Dictate. And here I mean not to obey.  
 Though warrior by the gods immortal made,  
 What ! hath he therefore liberty to rail ?”

Then godlike Achileus brake in and cried :  
 “Coward and worthless were I rightly called,  
 Should I to thee in all thou biddest yield.  
 Nay, order others thus, but not to me  
 Dictate, who mean no longer to obey.  
 This too I tell thee—lay it well to heart :  
 I raise no violent hand to keep the maid  
 'Gainst thee or other, since ye take who gave.  
 But of all else beside my swift black ship

τῶν οὐκ ἂν τι φέροις ἀνελὼν ἀέκοντος ἐμεῖο.

εἰ δ' ἄγε μῆν, πείρησαι, ἵνα γινώωσι καὶ οἶδε·  
αἰψά τοι αἶμα κελαινὸν ἐρώήσει περὶ δουρί.”

ὥς τῷ γ' ἀντιβίοισι μαχησαμένῳ ἐπέεσσιν  
ἀνστήτην, λῦσαν δ' ἀγορὴν παρὰ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν. 305

Πηλεΐδης μὲν ἐπὶ κλισίας καὶ νῆας εἵσας

ἦιε σύν τε Μενoitιάδῃ καὶ οἷς ἐτάροισιν,

Ἀτρεΐδης δ' ἄρα νῆα θοὴν ἄλαδε προέρυσσεν,

ἐς δ' ἐρέτας ἔκρινεν ἐείκοσιν, ἐς δ' ἐκατόμβην

βῆσε θεῶ, ἀνὰ δὲ Χρυσηίδα καλλιπάρῃον 310

εἶσεν ἄγων· ἐν δ' ἀρχὸς ἔβη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς.

οἱ μὲν ἔπειτ' ἀναβάντες ἐπέπλεον ὕγρὰ κέλευθα,  
λαοὺς δ' Ἀτρεΐδης ἀπολυμαίνεσθαι ἄνωγεν.

οἱ δ' ἀπελυμαίνοντο καὶ εἰς ἅλα λύματ' ἔβαλλον,

ἔρδον δ' Ἀπόλλωνι τεληέσσας ἐκατόμβας 315

ταύρων ἡδ' αἰγῶν παρὰ θῖν' ἁλὸς ἀτρυγέτοιο·

κνίσῃ δ' οὐρανὸν ἴκε ἐλισσομένη περὶ καπνῷ.

ὥς οἱ μὲν τὰ πένοντο κατὰ στρατόν· οὐδ' Ἀγαμέμνων  
λῆγ' ἔριδος τὴν πρῶτον ἐπηπείλησ' Ἀχιλλῇ,

ἀλλ' ὅ γε Ταλθύβιον τε καὶ Εὐρυβάτην προσέειπεν, 320

τῷ οἱ ἔσαν κήρυκε καὶ ὀτρηρῷ θεράποντε.

“ἔρχεσθον κλισίην Πηληιάδew Ἀχιλλῆος,

χειρὸς ἐλόντ' ἀγέμεν Βρισηίδα καλλιπάρῃον.

εἰ δέ κε μὴ δώῃσιν, ἐγὼ δέ κεν αὐτὸς ἔλωμαι

ἐλθὼν ξὺν πλεόνεσσι· τό οἱ καὶ ῥίγιον ἔσται.” 325

ὥς εἰπὼν προΐη, κρατερὸν δ' ἐπὶ μῦθον ἔτελλεν.

τῷ δ' ἀέκοντε βάτην παρὰ θῖν' ἁλὸς ἀτρυγέτοιο,

Μυρμιδόνων δ' ἐπὶ τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας ἰκέσθην.

τὸν δ' εὖρον παρά τε κλισίῃ καὶ νηὶ μελαίνῃ

ἤμενον· οὐδ' ἄρα τῷ γε ἰδὼν γήθησεν Ἀχιλλεύς. 330

τῷ μὲν ταρβήσαντε καὶ αἰδομένῳ βασιλῆα



Nought shalt thou seize and bear against my will.  
 Or if thou wilt, come try, that these may see :  
 Full soon thy dark blood round my spear shall flow.”

Thus strove the twain in wordy war, then rose :  
 Loosed was the council by the Achaian ships.  
 His tents and balanced ships Pelides sought  
 With all his comrades and Menoetius' son.  
 Atrides on the sea a swift barque launched  
 With twenty oarsmen picked, a hecatomb  
 Due to the god its freight : then led on board  
 Fair-cheeked Chryseis. Chiefest in command  
 Odysseus went, the many-counselled man.

These all embarked and sailed the watery way.  
 Then bade Atrides all the host be cleansed :  
 And cleansed they were and sea-wards cast their stains ;  
 And to Apollo slew full hecatombs  
 Of bulls and goats along the shore that bounds  
 The salt sea's fruitless plains : and to high heaven  
 Wreathed in the smoke therefrom the savour rose.

Thus toiled they through the host. Nor yet the strife  
 Did Agamemnon quit, as at the first  
 He threatened 'gainst Achilles, but addressed  
 Talthylus and Eurybates, the twain  
 Who were his heralds and his active squires.  
 “Go seek ye out the tent of Peleus' son :  
 Thence lead fair-cheeked Briseis by the hand.  
 And if he give her not, myself will come  
 With more, and take her ; which will fret him-worse.”

He spake, and sent them forth, with stern command.  
 Unwilling went they by the shore that bounds  
 The salt sea's fruitless plain, and reached anon  
 The tents and vessels of the Myrmidons.  
 Achilles by his tent and black-hulled ship  
 Sitting they found ; nor joyed he at their sight.  
 And they, in dread and reverence for the king,

στήτην, οὐδέ τί μιν προσεφώνεον οὐδ' ἐρέοντο·  
 αὐτὰρ ὃ ἔγνω ἧσιν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ, φώνησέν τε·  
 “χαίρετε, κήρυκες, Διὸς ἄγγελοι ἡδὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν.  
 ἄσπον ἴτ' οὐ τί μοι ὑμμες ἐπαίτιοι, ἀλλ' Ἀγαμέμνων, 335  
 ὃ σφῶι προΐη Βρισηίδος εἵνεκα κούρης.

ἀλλ' ἄγε, διογενὲς Πατρόκλεες, ἔξαγε κούρην  
 καὶ σφωιν δὸς ἄγειν. τῷ δ' αὐτῷ μάρτυροι ἔστων  
 πρὸς τε θεῶν μακάρων πρὸς τε θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων  
 καὶ πρὸς τοῦ βασιλῆος ἀπηνέος· εἴ ποτε δ' αὖτε 340  
 χρεῖῳ ἐμεῖο γένηται ἀεικέα λαιγὸν ἀμῦναι  
 τοῖς ἄλλοις. ἦ γὰρ ὃ γ' ὀλοῖῃσιν φρεσὶ θύει,  
 οὐδέ τι οἶδε νοῆσαι ἅμα πρόσσω καὶ ὀπίσσω,  
 ὅππως οἱ παρὰ νηυσὶ σόοι μαχέονται Ἀχαιοί.”

ὥς φάτο, Πάτροκλος δὲ φίλῳ ἐπεπείθεθ' ἐταίρῳ, 345  
 ἐκ δ' ἄγαγεν κλισίης Βρισηίδα καλλιπάρηον,  
 δῶκε δ' ἄγειν. τῷ δ' αὖτις ἵτην παρὰ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,  
 ἣ δ' ἀέκουσ' ἅμα τοῖσι γυνὴ κίεν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεύς  
 δακρύσας ἐτάρων ἄφαρ ἔξετο· νόσφι λιασθεῖς,  
 θῖν' ἔφ' ἀλὸς πολιῆς, ὀρόων ἐπὶ οἶνοπα πόντον· 350  
 πολλὰ δὲ μητρὶ φίλῃ ἠρήσατο χεῖρας ὀρεγνύς.  
 “μῆτερ, ἐπεὶ μ' ἔτεκές γε μινυνθάδιόν περ ἑόντα,  
 τιμὴν πέρ μοι ὄφελλεν Ὀλύμπιος ἐγγυαλίζαι  
 Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης· νῦν δ' οὐδέ με τυτθὸν ἔτισεν.  
 ἦ γάρ μ' Ἀτρεΐδης εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων 355  
 ἠτίμησεν· ἐλάν γὰρ ἔχει γέρας αὐτὸς ἀπούρας.”

ὥς φάτο δάκρυ χέων, τοῦ δὲ κλύε πότνια μήτηρ  
 ἡμένη ἐν βένθεσσιν ἀλὸς παρὰ πατρὶ γέροντι.  
 καρπαλίμως δ' ἀνέδυστο πολιῆς ἀλὸς ἡνύτ' ὀμίχλη,  
 καὶ ῥα πάροιθ' αὐτοῖο καθέζετο δάκρυ χέοντος, 360  
 χειρὶ τέ μιν κατέρεξε, ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν.  
 “τέκνον, τί κλαίεις; τί δέ σε φρένας ἵκετο πένθος;

Stood, nor a word addressed, nor question asked.  
But quick his mind knew all ; and out he spake :  
“Hail ! heralds : messengers of Zeus and men,  
Draw near. Not ye, but Agamemnon's self,  
Who sent you for Briseis, bears the blame.  
Ho there ! Zeus-born Patroclus, lead thou out  
And to their escort give the maid. Themselves  
Be witnesses before the blessed gods  
And mortal men, aye, and this churlish king !  
Haply in time the rest will need my hand  
To ward foul bane. For he with ruinous rage  
Is all distraught, nor knows to look with care  
Before and after, that Achaia's host  
Beside the sheltering ships may fight secure.”

He spake. Patroclus straight obeyed his friend,  
And led fair-cheeked Briseis from the tent  
And to their escort gave. Then back again  
They gat them to the Achaian ships, with whom  
Unwilling went the woman. But her lord  
Achilleus wept, and from his comrades turned,  
And on the margin of the hoary sea  
He sate him down apart ; and, as he gazed  
Over the wine-hued main, right earnestly  
With outstretched hands he prayed his mother dear.  
“Mother, since short the span of life whereto  
Thou barest me, honour at least to grant  
High-thundering Zeus, Olympian lord, was bound :  
But now no whit of honour hath he given,  
For sovereign Agamemnon Atreus' son  
Dishonours, robs me, claims and holds my prize.”

He spake in tears. Whom his queen-mother heard,  
Throned in the depths beside her aged sire.  
Swift rose she, mist-like, from the hoary sea,  
And sate before him as he wept, and stroked  
With loving hand, and thus bespake her son.  
“Why weep'st thou, child ? what grief hath touched thy heart ?

ἐξαύδα, μὴ κεῦθε νόω, ἵνα εἶδομεν ἄμφω.”

τὴν δὲ βαρὺ στενάχων προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·  
 “οἶσθα· τίη τοι ταῦτα ἰδυίῃ πάντ’ ἀγορεύω; 365

ὥχόμεθ’ ἐς Θήβην, ἱερὴν πόλιν Ἡετίωνος,  
 τὴν δὲ διεπράθομέν τε καὶ ἤγομεν ἐνθάδε πάντα.

καὶ τὰ μὲν εὖ δάσσαντο μετὰ σφίσιν υἱες Ἀχαιῶν,  
 ἐκ δ’ ἔλον Ἀτρεΐδῃ Χρυσήϊδα καλλιπάρηον.

Χρύσης δ’ αἰῖθ’ ἱερεὺς ἐκατηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος 370

ἦλθε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων  
 λυσόμενός τε θύγατρα φέρων τ’ ἀπερείσι’ ἄποινα,

στέμματ’ ἔχων ἐν χερσὶ ἐκηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος  
 χρυσέῳ ἀνὰ σκήπτρῳ, καὶ λίσσεται πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς,

Ἀτρεΐδα δὲ μάλιστα δύω, κοσμήτορε λαῶν. 375

ἐνθ’ ἄλλοι μὲν πάντες ἐπενφήμησαν Ἀχαιοὶ  
 αἰδεῖσθαι θ’ ἱερῆα καὶ ἀγλαὰ δέχθαι ἄποινα·

ἀλλ’ οὐκ Ἀτρεΐδῃ Ἀγαμέμνονι ἦνδανε θυμῷ,  
 ἀλλὰ κακῶς ἀφίη, κρατερὸν δ’ ἐπὶ μῦθον ἔτελλεν.

χωόμενος δ’ ὁ γέρων πάλιν ὄχετο. τοῖο δ’ Ἀπόλλων 380  
 εὐξαμένου ἤκουσεν, ἐπεὶ μάλα οἱ φίλος ἦεν,

ἦκε δ’ ἐπ’ Ἀργείοισι κακὸν βέλος· οἱ δέ νυ λαοὶ  
 θνήσκον ἐπασσύτεροι, τὰ δ’ ἐπώχετο κῆλα θεοῖο

πάντῃ ἀνὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺν Ἀχαιῶν. ἄμμι δὲ μάντις  
 εὖ εἰδὼς ἀγόρευε θεοπροπίας ἐκάτοιο.

αὐτίκ’ ἐγὼ πρῶτος κελόμην θεὸν ἰλάσκεσθαι· 385

Ἀτρεΐωνα δ’ ἔπειτα χόλος λάβεν, αἰψα δ’ ἀναστὰς  
 ἠπείλησεν μῦθον ὃ δὴ τετελεσμένος ἐστίν.

τὴν μὲν γὰρ σὺν νηὶ θοῇ ἐλίκωπες Ἀχαιοὶ  
 ἐς Χρυσήν πέμπουσιν, ἄγουσι δὲ δῶρα ἄνακτι· 390

τὴν δὲ νέον κλισίῃθεν ἔβαν κήρυκες ἄγοντες  
 κούρην Βρισηῖος, τὴν μοι δόσαν υἱες Ἀχαιῶν.

ἀλλὰ σύ, εἰ δύνασαι γε, περισχέο παιδὸς ἐῆος·



Speak: hide it not: that so we both may know."

To whom deep groaning fleet-foot Achileus:

"Thou know'st: to thee who knowest, why tell all?

Thebé, Eetion's sacred town, we sought,

Sacked it, and hither brought back all the spoil.

All else was duly shared: for Atreus' son

Chryseis fair the Achaians had reserved.

But Chryses soon, priest of the Archer god,

Came to the mailed Achaians' vessels swift

To free his daughter, bearing ransom large.

Archer Apollo's wreaths in hand he bore

Upon his golden staff, and prayed to all

Achaia's sons, but chiefly to the twain,

The sons of Atreus, marshals of the host.

Thereto while each Achaian cried consent—

The priest to reverence, the rich ransom take—

It liked not Agamemnon Atreus' son,

But stern he drave him forth, and fiercely spake.

In wrath the greybeard gat him back: whose prayer

Apollo heard, for that he held him dear,

And at the Argives launched his deathful shaft.

Dead piled on dead fell thick; the god's darts flew

Throughout the Achaian host. Then did our seer

Declare what well he knew, the Archer's will.

At once the first I bade appease the god:

Whereat Atrides wroth uprose in haste

And spake the threat which now in deed is done.

For Chryses' daughter now to Chrysa's town

Bright-eyed Achaians in swift vessel send,

And bear the king his gifts: the other maid

Forth from my tent but now have heralds led,

Daughter of Briseus, whom the Achaians gave.

But guard thou, if thou canst, thy noble son.

ἐλθοῦς' Οὐλυμπόνδε Δία λίσαι, εἴ ποτε δὴ τι  
 ἦ ἔπει ὤνησας κραδίην Διὸς ἠέ τι ἔργω. 395  
 πολλάκι γάρ σεο πατρὸς ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἄκουσα  
 εὐχομένης, ὅτ' ἔφησθα κελαινεφέϊ Κρονίωνι  
 οἷη ἐν ἀθανάτοισιν ἀεικέα λοιγὸν ἀμῦναι,  
 ὁππότε μιν ξυνδῆσαι Ὀλύμπιοι ἠθελον ἄλλοι,  
 Ἥρη τ' ἠδὲ Ποσειδάων καὶ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη. 400  
 ἀλλὰ σὺ τὸν γ' ἐλθοῦσα, θεά, ὑπελύσας δεσμῶν,  
 ὦχ' ἐκατόγχειρον καλέσας' ἐς μακρὸν Ὀλυμπον,  
 ὃν Βριάρεων καλέουσι θεοί, ἄνδρες δέ τε πάντες  
 Αἰγαίων· ὃ γὰρ αὐτε βίῃ οὐ πατρὸς ὁμείνων  
 ὅς ῥα παρὰ Κρονίωνι καθέζετο κύδεϊ γαίων. 405  
 τὸν καὶ ὑπέδδεισαν μάκαρες θεοί, οὐδέ τ' ἔδησαν.  
 τῶν νῦν μιν μνήσασα παρέζεο καὶ λαβὲ γούνων,  
 αἳ κέν πως ἐθέλῃσιν ἐπὶ Τρώεσσιν ἀρήξαι,  
 τοὺς δὲ κατὰ πρύμνας τε καὶ ἀμφ' ἄλα ἔλσαι Ἀχαιοὺς  
 κτεινομένους, ἵνα πάντες ἐπαύρωνται βασιλῆος, 410  
 γνῶ δὲ καὶ Ἀτρεΐδης εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων  
 ἦν ἄτην, ὅτ' ἄριστον Ἀχαιῶν οὐδὲν ἔτισεν."

τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα Θέτις κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσα·  
 "ὦ μοι, τέκνον ἐμόν, τί νύ σε τρέφον αἰνὰ τεκοῦσα;  
 εἴθ' ὄφελες παρὰ νηυσὶν ἀδάκρυτος καὶ ἀπῆμων 415  
 ἦσθαι, ἐπεὶ νύ τοι αἴσα μίνυνθά περ, οὐ τι μάλα δῆν.  
 νῦν δ' ἅμα τ' ὠκύμορος καὶ οὔζυρος περὶ πάντων  
 ἔπλεο. τῷ σε κακῇ αἴσῃ τέκον ἐν μεγάροισιν.  
 τοῦτο δέ τοι ἐρέουσα ἔπος Διὶ τερπικεραύνῳ  
 εἰμ' αὐτὴ πρὸς Ὀλυμπον ἀγάννιφον, αἳ κε πίθηται. 420

Go to Olympus, and make suit to Zeus,  
 If ever yet thou hast by word or deed  
 Gladdened his heart. For oft I heard thee tell  
 The boastful story in thy father's halls,  
 How cloud-enwrapt Cronion thou didst save  
 From foul destruction, thou alone his friend  
 Among immortals, when Olympians all—  
 Heré, Poseidon, Pallas,—fain would bind  
 Their sire in chains. But, goddess, thou didst go  
 And rescue him from bonds, calling straightway  
 The hundred-handed to Olympus high,  
 Briareus by gods, by men Aegaeon named,  
 For he in strength was mightier than his sire.  
 He by Cronion's side then sate him down  
 Glorying in pride of power; at whom the gods  
 Shrank terrified, nor dared to bind their king.  
 Of this remind him now, and sitting near  
 Clasp thou his knees; if haply he may will  
 To lend the Trojans aid, but by the sea  
 And stranded sterns to pen Achaia's sons  
 In slaughter falling fast: that all may reap  
 What this their king has sown, and ev'n himself,  
 Wide-ruling Agamemnon Atreus' son,  
 His blind infatuate folly learn to rue,  
 When he the best Achaian foully wronged."

Him answered Thetis, while her tears fell fast:  
 "Ah me! my child! ah! wherefore bare I thee,  
 A hapless mother? O that by the ships  
 Thou'dst sit, away from tears, away from woe!  
 Since short thy fated span, nor long thy days:  
 But now swift doom and grief at once are thine,  
 Beyond all others' lot. Wherefore indeed  
 In evil day my chamber saw thee born.  
 Yet will I seek Olympus' snow-capt height  
 And bear this suit to lightning-loving Zeus,  
 If he will hear. But sit thou still the while

ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν νηυσὶ παρήμενος ὠκυπόροισιν  
 μήνι' Ἀχαιοῖσιν, πολέμου δ' ἀποπαύεο πάμπαν·  
 Ζεὺς γὰρ ἐς Ὀκεανὸν μετ' ἀμύμονας Αἰθιοπῆας  
 χθιζὸς ἔβη κατὰ δαῖτα, θεοὶ δ' ἅμα πάντες ἔποντο·  
 δωδεκάτῃ δέ τοι αὐτὶς ἐλεύσεται Οὐλυμπόνδε,  
 καὶ τότε' ἔπειτά τοι εἶμι Διὸς ποτὶ χαλκοβατὲς δῶ,  
 καὶ μιν γουνάσομαι, καὶ μιν πείσεσθαι οἴω."

425

ὥς ἄρα φωνήσας' ἀπεβήσετο, τὸν δ' ἔλιπ' αὐτοῦ  
 χωόμενον κατὰ θυμὸν εὐζώνοιο γυναικός,  
 τὴν ῥα βίῃ ἀέκοντος ἀπηύρων. αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσεύς  
 ἐς Χρύσην ἵκανεν ἄγων ἱερὴν ἐκατόμβην.  
 οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ λιμένος πολυβενθέος ἐντὸς ἵκοντο,  
 ἰστία μὲν στείλαντο, θέσαν δ' ἐν νηὶ μελαίνῃ,  
 ἰστὸν δ' ἰστοδόκῃ πέλασαν προτόνοισιν ὑφέντες  
 καρπαλίμως, τὴν δ' εἰς ὄρμον προέρεσσαν ἐρετμοῖς.  
 ἐκ δ' εὐνὰς ἔβαλον, κατὰ δὲ πρυμνήσι' ἔδησαν·  
 ἐκ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ βαῖνον ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνι θαλάσσης,  
 ἐκ δ' ἐκατόμβην βῆσαν ἐκηβόλῳ Ἀπόλλωνι·  
 ἐκ δὲ Χρυσῆϊς νηὸς βῆ ποντοπόροιο.

430

435

τὴν μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐπὶ βωμὸν ἄγων πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς  
 πατρὶ φίλῳ ἐν χερσὶ τίθη, καὶ μιν προσέειπεν  
 "ὦ Χρύση, πρό μ' ἔπεμψε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων  
 παῖδά τε σοὶ ἀγέμεν, Φοίβῳ·θ' ἱερὴν ἐκατόμβην  
 ῥέξαι ὑπὲρ Δαναῶν, ὅφρ' ἱλασόμεσθα ἄνακτα,  
 ὅς νῦν Ἀργείοισι πολύστονα κῆδε' ἐφῆκεν."

445

ὥς εἰπὼν ἐν χερσὶ τίθη, ὃ δὲ δέξατο χαίρων  
 παῖδα φίλην. τοὶ δ' ὦκα θεῷ ἱερὴν ἐκατόμβην  
 ἐξείης ἔστησαν εὐδμητον περὶ βωμόν,  
 χερνίψαντο δ' ἔπειτα καὶ οὐλοχύτας ἀνέλοντο.  
 τοῖσιν δὲ Χρύσης μεγάλ' εὐχετο, χεῖρας ἀνασχών·  
 "κλῦθί μεν, ἄργυρότοξ', ὅς Χρύσην ἀμφιβέβηκας

450



By the swift-sailing ships, and, though thou rage  
Against the Achaians, stir thee not in war.  
Zeus to the noble Ethiops yesterday  
Sped ocean-wards, to feast ; with whom the gods  
All followed : on the twelfth day he will come  
Back to Olympus. Then will I repair  
Unto the palace brazen-floored of Zeus  
And clasp his knees ; and he, I trust, will hear."

So spake she and was gone ; but left him there  
Wrathful at heart for the fair-girdled maid  
Whom they perforce had seized against his will.  
Meanwhile Odysseus on to Chrysa sped  
Bearing his freight the sacred hecatomb.  
But when within the haven deep they came,  
The sails they furled and in the black ship stowed,  
And quickly by the mainstays to its bed  
Lowered the mast ; then urged the ship by oars  
On to her moorings, where from out the prow  
Anchors they dropped, and made stern cables fast.  
Out stepped themselves upon the beach, and out  
Archer Apollo's hecatomb they took :  
Out stepped Chryseis from the sea-borne ship,  
Whom then Odysseus, many-counselled sage,  
Led to the altar and delivered o'er  
To her dear father's hands, as thus he spake :  
"Chryses, from Agamemnon king of men  
I come : to thee thy daughter, to the god  
An offering for the Danaans' sake I bear,  
A sacred hecatomb, to appease the king  
Who smites the Argives now with grievous woes."  
He spake and gave her. Chryses took with joy  
His daughter dear. The god's rich hecatomb  
They swiftly round the well-built altar range,  
Then wash their hands, and raise the barley meal,  
While loud with hands uplifted Chryses prayed :  
"O hear me, Silver-bow, who standest round

Κίλλαν τε ζαθέην, Τενέδοιό τε Ἴφι ἀνάσσεις.  
 ἤμην δὴ ποτ' ἐμεῦ πάρος ἔκλυες εὖξαμένοιο,  
 τίμησας μὲν ἐμέ, μέγα δ' ἵψαο λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν  
 ἥδ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν μοι τόδ' ἐπικρήνηον ἐέλδωρ 455  
 ἥδη νῦν Δαναοῖσιν ἀεικέα λοιγὸν ἄμυνον."

ὥς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, τοῦ δὲ κλύε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ῥ' εὖξαντο καὶ οὐλοχύτας προβάλλοντο,  
 ἀνέρυσαν μὲν πρῶτα καὶ ἔσφαξαν καὶ ἔδειραν,  
 μηρούς τ' ἐξέταμον κατὰ τε κνίσῃ ἐκάλυσαν 460  
 δίπτυχα ποιήσαντες, ἐπ' αὐτῶν δ' ὠμοθέτησαν,  
 καίε δ' ἐπὶ σχίψεως ὁ γέρον, ἐπὶ δ' αἶθοπα οἶνον  
 λείβε· νέοι δὲ παρ' αὐτὸν ἔχον πεμπώβολα χερσίν.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατὰ μῆρα κάη καὶ σπλάγχνα πάσαντο,  
 μίστυλλον τ' ἄρα τᾶλλα καὶ ἄμφ' ὀβελοῖσιν ἔπειραν, 465  
 ὥπτησάν τε περιφραδέως, ἐρύσαντό τε πάντα.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ παύσαντο πόνου τετύκοντό τε δαῖτα,  
 δαίνυντ', οἷδέ τι θυμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὸς εἴσης.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἔρον ἔντο,  
 κοῦροι μὲν κρητῆρας ἐπεστέψαντο ποτοῖο, 470  
 νώμησαν δ' ἄρα πᾶσιν ἐπαρξάμενοι δεπάεσσιν·  
 οἳ δὲ πανημέριοι μολπῇ θεὸν ἱλάσκοντο,  
 καλὸν αἰείδοντες παιήονα, κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν,  
 μέλποντες Ἑκάεργον· ὃ δὲ φρένα τέρπετ' ἀκούων.  
 ἦμος δ' ἡἷλιος κατέδυ καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἦλθεν, 475  
 δὴ τότε κοιμήσαντο παρὰ πρυμνήσια νηός.  
 ἦμος δ' ἡριγένεια φάνη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἥως,  
 καὶ τότε ἔπειτ' ἀνάγοντο μετὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺν Ἀχαιῶν·  
 τοῖσιν δ' ἔκμενον οὖρον ἦν Ἑκάεργος Ἀπόλλων.  
 οἳ δ' ἰστὸν στήσαντ', ἀνά θ' ἰστία λευκὰ πέτασσαν 480  
 ἐν δ' ἄνεμος πρῆσεν μέσον ἰστίον, ἀμφὶ δὲ κύμα  
 στείρῃ πορφύρεον μέγα ἴαχε νηὸς ἰούσης·

Chrysa and holy Cilla, mighty king  
Of Tenedos! my former prayer thou heard'st,  
And honouring me didst heavily oppress  
Achaia's host. Now grant my further wish,  
And save at once the Danaans from foul bane."

He spake in prayer: Phoebus Apollo heard.  
But, prayers now done, and barley duly strewn,  
First they drew back and gashed the victims' throats,  
Then flayed them, and cut out the thighs, on which  
Enwrapped in double fat raw meats they placed.  
These on cleft wood the old priest burned, and poured  
Dark wine thereon: by him the young men stood,  
And in their hands the five-pronged forks they held.  
Then, when the thighs were burnt, and tasted now  
The inner parts, the rest they cut up small,  
Speared on the spits, and roasted all with care,  
And drew therefrom. But when their toil was done  
And ready was the meal, then feasted they,  
Nor stinted was their soul of well-shared cheer.  
And when desire of meat and drink was stayed,  
The youths crowned high with wine the brimming bowls,  
Poured offering due, and served the cups to all.  
So these all day appeased the god with song,  
The Achaian youth in choral paean sweet  
Hymning the Archer, who with gladness heard.  
But when the sun was set and darkness come,  
Beside the stern-ropes of their ship they slept.  
But when the dawn, rose-fingered, early-born,  
Shone forth, then straight they loosed them from the land,  
To seek again the wide Achaian host.  
Archer Apollo sent a following gale.  
Up went the mast, out fluttered the white sails,  
The middle canvas bellying with the wind,  
The dark wave roaring round the cleaving keel,  
As still the vessel sped: she running swift

ἥ δ' ἔθεεν κατὰ κῦμα διαπρήσσουσα κέλευθον.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ῥ' ἴκοντο κατὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺν Ἀχαιῶν,  
 νῆα μὲν οἷ γε μέλαιναν ἐπ' ἠπείροιο ἔρυσσαν 485  
 ὑψοῦ ἐπὶ ψαμάθοις, ἱπὸ δ' ἔρματα μακρὰ τάνυσσαν,  
 αὐτοὶ δὲ σκίδναντο κατὰ κλισίας τε νέας τε.

αὐτὰρ ὃ μῆνιε νηυσὶ παρήμενος ὠκυπόροισιν,  
 διογενὴς Πηληῖος υἱός, πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς.  
 οὔτε ποτ' εἰς ἀγορὴν πωλέσκετο κυδιάνειραν 490  
 οὔτε ποτ' ἐς πόλεμον, ἀλλὰ φθινύθεσκε φίλον κῆρ  
 αὐθι μένων, ποθέεσκε δ' αὐτὴν τε πτόλεμόν τε.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἐκ τοῖο δυωδεκάτῃ γένητ' ἡώς,  
 καὶ τότε δὴ πρὸς Ὀλυμπον ἴσαν θεοὶ αἰὲν ἔόντες  
 πάντες ἅμα, Ζεὺς δ' ἦρχε. Θέτις δ' οὐ λήθεται ἐφετμέων 495  
 παιδὸς ἐοῦ, ἀλλ' ἥ γ' ἀνεδύσεται κῦμα θαλάσσης,  
 ἡερίῃ δ' ἀνέβη μέγαν οὐρανὸν Οὐλύμπόν τε.  
 εὔρεν δ' εὐρύοπα Κρονίδην ἄτερ ἡμενον ἄλλων  
 ἀκροτάτῃ κορυφῇ πολυδειράδος Οὐλύμποιο,  
 καὶ ῥα πάροιθ' αὐτοῖο καθέζετο, καὶ λάβε γούνων 500  
 σκαιῇ δεξιτερῇ δ' ἄρ' ὑπ' ἀνθρεῶνος ἐλούσα  
 λισσομένη προσέειπε Δία Κρονίωνα ἄνακτα·  
 “Ζεῦ πάτερ, εἴ ποτε δὴ σε μετ' ἀθανάτοισιν ὄνησα  
 ἣ ἔπει ἣ ἔργῳ, τόδε μοι κρήνην ἐέλδωρ.  
 τίμησόν μοι υἱόν· ὃς ὠκυμορώτατος ἄλλων 505  
 ἔπλετ', ἀτὰρ μιν νῦν γε ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων  
 ἠτίμησεν. ἐλὼν γὰρ ἔχει γέρας, αὐτὸς ἀπούρας.  
 ἀλλὰ σύ πέρ μιν τίσον, Ὀλύμπιε μητιέτα Ζεῦ,  
 τόφρα δ' ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι τίθει κράτος ὕφρ' ἂν Ἀχαιοί  
 υἱὸν ἐμὸν τίσωσιν, ὀφέλλωσιν τέ εἰ τιμῇ.” 510

ὥς φάτο· τὴν δ' οὐ τι προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς,  
 ἀλλ' ἀκέων δὴν ἦστο. Θέτις δ' ὥς ἠψατο γούνων,  
 ὥς ἔχετ' ἐμπεφυυῖα, καὶ εἴρετο δεύτερον αὐτίς·



O'er fav'ring wave held on her steady way.  
 But when they reached the wide Achaian host,  
 Upon the land the black-hulled ship they drew  
 High on the sands, and shored her with long props ;  
 Then gat them to their several tents and ships.

In wrath the while sat Zeus-born Peleus' son,  
 Achilleus fleet of foot, by the swift ships :

Nor e'er to council, where men win renown,  
 Repaired he, nor to fight : yet pined at heart  
 There biding, while he yearned for shout, and fray.

But when the twelfth day dawned, then led by Zeus  
 The everliving gods Olympus sought

All in full host : nor Thetis then forgot

Her son's behest. Up from the wave she sprang,  
 And in the morning scaled the heights of heaven.

Where loud-voiced Cronides apart from all

On many-ridged Olympus' topmost peak

Sitting she found. Before him then she sate,

And suppliant with her left hand clasped his knees,

While touched her right his chin, and thus to Zeus

The sovereign son of Cronos made her suit :/

"O Father Zeus, if mid immortals I

By word or deed e'er helped thee, grant my wish :

Honour my son. Swift-doomed indeed is he

Above all other ; but dishonoured now

To boot by Agamemnon king of men,

Who for himself hath seized and holds his prize.

But thou, Olympian Zeus the counsellor,

Avenge his wrong, and grant awhile to Troy

The vict'ry, till Achaians to my son

Due recompense and ample honour pay."

She spake : cloud-gathering Zeus no word replied,

But sat in silence long. Thetis his knees,

Once clasped, held clinging ; and again she asked :

“νημερτές μὲν δὴ μοι ὑπόσχεο καὶ κατάνευσον,  
ἣ ἀπόειπ’, ἐπεὶ οὐ τοι ἔπι δέος, ὄφρ’ εὖ εἰδῶ  
ὅσσον ἐγὼ μετὰ πᾶσιν ἀτιμοτάτη θεὸς εἰμι.” 515

τὴν δὲ μέγ’ ὀχθήσας προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς·  
‘ἦ δὴ λοίγια ἔργ’, ὅτε μ’ ἐχθοδοπήσαι ἐφήσεις  
Ἥρη, ὅτ’ ἂν μ’ ἐρέθῃσιν ὄνειδείοις ἐπέεσσιν.  
ἦ δὲ καὶ αὐτως μ’ αἰὲν ἐν ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν 520  
νικεῖ, καὶ τέ μέ φησι μάχῃ Τρώεσσιν ἀρήγειν.  
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν αὖτις ἀπόστιχε, μή τι νοήσῃ  
Ἥρη· ἐμοὶ δέ κε ταῦτα μελήσεται ὄφρα τελέσω.  
εἰ δ’ ἄγε τοι κεφαλῇ κατανέυσομαι, ὄφρα πεποιίθῃς·  
τοῦτο γὰρ ἐξ ἐμέθεν γε μετ’ ἀθανάτοισι μέγιστον 525  
τέκμων· οὐ γὰρ ἐμὸν παλινάγρετον οὐδ’ ἀπατηλόν  
οὐδ’ ἀτελεύτητον, ὅτι κεν κεφαλῇ κατανέυσω.”

ἦ, καὶ κυανέῃσιν ἐπ’ ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων·  
ἀμβρόσιαι δ’ ἄρα χαῖται ἐπερράσαντο ἄνακτος  
κρατὸς ἀπ’ ἀθανάτοιο, μέγαν δ’ ἐλέλιξεν Ὀλύμπου. 530

τῷ γ’ ὥς βουλεύσαντε διέτμαγεν· ἦ μὲν ἔπειτα  
εἰς ἅλα ἄλτο βαθεῖαν ἀπ’ αἰγλήεντος Ὀλύμπου,  
Ζεὺς δὲ ἐὼν πρὸς δῶμα. θεοὶ δ’ ἅμα πάντες ἀνέστησαν  
ἐξ ἐδρέων, σφοῦ πατρὸς ἐναντίον· οὐδέ τις ἔτλη  
μεῖναι ἐπερχόμενον, ἀλλ’ ἀντίοι ἔσταν ἅπαντες. 535  
ὥς ὁ μὲν ἔνθα καθέζετ’ ἐπὶ θρόνον· οὐδέ μιν Ἥρη  
ἡγνοίησε ἰδοῦσ’ ὅτι οἱ συμφράσσατο βουλὰς  
ἀργυρόπεζα Θέτις, θυγάτηρ ἁλίοιο γέροντος.  
αὐτίκα κερτομίοισι Δία Κρονίωνα προσηύδα·  
“τίς δ’ αὖ τοι, δολομῆτα, θεῶν ξυμφράσσατο βουλὰς; 540  
αἰεὶ τοι φίλον ἐστὶν ἐμεῦ ἀπονόσφιν ἐόντα  
κρυπτάδια φρονέοντα δικαζέμεν· οὐδέ τί πώ μοι  
πρόφρων τέτληκας εἰπεῖν ἔπος ὅττι νοήσῃς.”

τὴν δ’ ἡμείβετ’ ἔπειτα πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε·

"Give me unfailing promise and thy nod,  
Or say me nay : since fear thou canst not feel.  
So shall I know for sure how far of all  
The gods in heaven dishonoured most am I."

To whom indignant spake cloud-gathering Zeus :  
"Disastrous works indeed : if urged by thee  
I break with Heré, when with galling words  
She goad me. Who indeed with causeless spite  
Doth ever chide among immortal gods,  
And saith I aid the Trojans in the fight.  
But now, lest Heré see thee, get thee gone,  
Return : be mine the care to work this end.  
Or stay : my head shall nod, that thou may'st trust.  
For with immortals this is still from me  
The greatest pledge : my word recall nor guile  
Nor failure knows, if once I plight my nod."

The son of Cronos spake : and with black brows  
He nodded : from the king's immortal head  
Down drooping waved the rich ambrosial locks,  
And huge Olympus to his centre shook.

Thus counselled they and parted. In the deep  
She plunged her from Olympus' radiant height ;  
Zeus sought his palace. From their seats the gods  
Rose one and all before their father : none  
Dared bide his coming : all before him stood.  
And in their midst upon his throne he sate.  
But Heré, when she saw him, knew full well  
That Thetis with her lord had counsels joined,  
The aged sea-god's silver-footed child :  
And with keen words Cronion straight she chid :  
"What god again, my wily-witted lord,  
Hath joined thy counsels ? Thus thou alway lov'st  
Apart from me in secrecy of thought  
To give thy judgment. Never yet hast dared  
Frankly to tell me what thy mind conceives."

To whom replied the sire of gods and men :

“Ἡρῃ, μὴ δὴ πάντας ἔμοῦς ἐπιέλπεο μύθους  
 εἰδῆσειν· χάλεποί τοι ἔσονται ἀλόχῳ περ εὔσῃ.  
 ἀλλ’ ὃν μὲν κ’ ἐπιεικὲς ἀκούμεν, οὗ τις ἔπειτα  
 οὔτε θεῶν πρότερος τὸν εἴσεται οὔτ’ ἀνθρώπων·  
 ὃν δέ κ’ ἐγὼν ἀπάνευθε θεῶν ἐθέλωμι νοῆσαι,  
 μὴ τι σὺ ταῦτα ἕκαστα διεῖρεο μηδὲ μετάλλα.” 545

τὸν δ’ ἡμείβετ’ ἔπειτα βοῶπις πότνια “Ἡρῇ  
 “αἰνότατε Κρονίδῃ, ποῖον τὸν μῦθον ἔειπες;  
 καὶ λῖν σε πάρος γ’ οὔτ’ εἶρομαι οὔτε μεταλλῶ,  
 ἀλλὰ μάλ’ εὖκῆλος τὰ φράζειαι ἅσ’ ἐθέλησθα.  
 νῦν δ’ αἰνῶς δαίδοικα κατὰ φρένα μὴ σε παρείπῃ 555  
 ἀργυρόπεζα Θέτις, θυγάτηρ Ἀλίοιο γέροντος·  
 ἡερίῃ γὰρ σοί γε παρέζετο καὶ λάβε γούνων.  
 τῇ σ’ ὁῦω κατανεῦσαι ἐτήτυμον ὥς Ἀχιλῆα  
 τιμήσῃς, ὀλέσῃς δὲ πολέας ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν.”

τὴν δ’ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς· 560  
 “δαιμονίῃ, αἰεὶ μὲν ὅτεαι, οὐδέ σε λήθω,  
 πρῆξαι δ’ ἔμπης οὗ τι δυνήσῃαι, ἀλλ’ ἀπὸ θυμοῦ  
 μᾶλλον ἐμοὶ ἔσσαι· τὸ δέ τοι καὶ ῥίγιον ἔσται.  
 εἰ δ’ οὔτω τοῦτ’ ἐστίν, ἐμοὶ μέλλει φίλον εἶναι.  
 ἀλλ’ ἀκέουσα κάθησο, ἐμῷ δ’ ἐπιπείθεο μύθῳ, 565  
 μὴ νύ τοι οὐ χραίσμωσιν ὅσοι θεοὶ εἰς ἓν Ὀλύμπῳ  
 ἄσσον ἰόνθ’, ὅτε κέν τοι ἀάπτους χεῖρας ἐφείω.”

ὥς ἔφατ’, ἔδδισεν δὲ βοῶπις πότνια “Ἡρῃ,  
 καὶ ῥ’ ἀκέουσα καθῆστο, ἐπιγνάμψασα φίλον κῆρ·  
 ὥχθησαν δ’ ἀνὰ δῶμα Διὸς θεοὶ Οὐρανίῳνες. 570  
 τοῖσιν δ’ Ἡφαιστος κλυτοτέχνης ἦρχ’ ἀγορεύειν,  
 μητρὶ φίλῃ ἐπὶ ἦρα φέρων, λευκωλένῳ “Ἡρῇ  
 “ἦ δὴ λοίγια ἔργα τάδ’ ἔσσεται, οὐδ’ ἔτ’ ἀνεκτά,

"Hope thou not, Heré, all my words to know.  
Hard will they be for thee, although my wife.  
What may be fitly heard, that none shall know  
Of gods or men before 'tis told to thee:  
What separate from the gods I will to plan,  
Question not thou of this, nor curious pry."

To him made answer Heré, large-eyed queen:  
"Dread Cronides, what words of thine are these?  
Surely of old I have not questioned thee  
Nor curious sought to pry. All undisturbed  
Thou framest what thou wilt. Yet now at heart  
I sorely fear Thetis hath cozened thee,  
The aged sea-god's silver-footed child,  
Who by thee sate this morn and clasped thy knees.  
To her now, as I guess, thy nod is pledged,  
To grant Achilles honour, and to doom  
The fall of thousands at the Achaian ships."

To her in answer spake cloud-gathering Zeus:  
"Thou guessest ever, wondrous consort mine,  
Nor am I hid. Yet nothing canst thou do:  
And from my heart wilt be the more estranged,  
The which belike will work thee greater woe.  
If this be so, 'tis I will have it so.  
But sit thou silent, and obey my word,  
Lest all the gods whom great Olympus holds  
Avail thee nought against me, if in wrath  
I come and on thee lay resistless hands."

He spake. Then trembled Heré large-eyed queen,  
And silent sate, curbing her soul perforce.  
And grieved were all throughout the halls of heaven.  
Whom then Hephaestus, far-famed smith, addressed,  
His mother white-armed Heré bent to soothe:  
"Disastrous works indeed will now be here,  
No longer to be borne! if thus ye twain



εἰ δὴ σφὼ ἔνεκα θνητῶν ἐριδαίνετον ὦδε,  
 ἐν δὲ θεοῖσι κολῶν ἐλαίνετον· οὐδέ τι δαιτὸς 575  
 ἐσθλῆς ἔσται ἡδος, ἐπεὶ τὰ χερεῖονα νικᾷ.

μητρὶ δ' ἐγὼ παράφημι, καὶ αὐτῇ περ νοεούσῃ,  
 πατρὶ φίλῳ ἐπὶ ἡρα φέρειν Δίι, ὅφρα μὴ αὐτε  
 ρεικείησι πατήρ, σὺν δ' ἡμιν δαῖτα ταραΐξῃ.  
 εἴ περ γάρ κ' ἐθέλῃσιν Ὀλύμπιος ἀστεροπητῆς 580  
 ἐξ ἐδρέων στυφελίξαι· ὃ γὰρ πολὺ φέρτατος ἐστίν.  
 ἀλλὰ σὺ τὸν ἐπέεσσι καθάπτεσθαι μαλακοῖσιν  
 αὐτίκ' ἔπειθ' ἵλαος Ὀλύμπιος ἔσσεται ἡμιν."

ὥς ἄρ' ἔφη, καὶ ἀναΐξας δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον  
 μητρὶ φίλῃ ἐν χειρὶ τίθη, καὶ μιν προσέειπεν 585  
 "τέτλαθι, μήτηρ ἐμή, καὶ ἀνάσχεο κηδομένη περ,  
 μή σε φίλην περ εἴουσιν ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσι ἰδῶμαι  
 θεινομένην. τότε δ' οὐ τι δυιήσομαι ἀχνύμενός περ  
 χραισμεῖν· ἀργαλέος γὰρ Ὀλύμπιος ἀντιφέρεσθαι.  
 ἦδη γάρ με καὶ ἄλλοτ' ἀλεξέμεναι μεμαῶτα 590  
 ῥίψε, ποδὸς τεταγών, ἀπὸ βηλοῦ θεσπεσίῳ.  
 πᾶν δ' ἡμαρ φερόμην, ἥμα δ' ἡελίῳ καταδύντι  
 κάππεσον ἐν Λήμνῳ, ὀλίγος δ' ἔτι θυμὸς ἐνῆεν  
 ἔνθα με Σίντιες ἄνδρες ἄφαρ κομίσαντο πεσόντα."

ὥς φάτο, μείδησεν δὲ θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη, 595  
 μειδήσασα δὲ παιδὸς ἐδέξατο χειρὶ κύπελλον.  
 αὐτὰρ ὃ τοῖς ἄλλοισι θεοῖς ἐνδέξια πᾶσιν  
 οἶνοχόει, γλυκὲν νέκταρ ἀπὸ κρητῆρος ἀφύσσων.  
 ἄσβεστος δ' ἄρ' ἐνῶρτο γέλως μακάρεσσι θεοῖσιν,  
 ὥς ἴδον Ἥφαιστον διὰ δώματα ποιπνύοντα. 600

ὥς τότε μὲν πρόπαν ἡμαρ ἐς ἡέλιον καταδύντα  
 δαίνυντ', οὐδέ τι θυμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὸς ἔϊσης,  
 οὐ μὴν φόρμιγγος περικαλλέος, ἣν ἔχ' Ἀπόλλων,  
 μουσάων θ', αἱ δαῖδον ἀμειβόμεναι ὀπὶ καλῇ.

For sake of mortal men in quarrel strive  
And stir such wrangling mid the gods. The feast  
Will lose its savour, since the worse prevails.  
My mother now I counsel, tho' herself  
Be wise, to soothe our Father Zeus, that he  
Chide not again and roughly mar our feast.  
For if the Olympian Lightener will it so  
To hurl us from our seats, he is indeed  
By far the mightiest. Wherefore with soft words  
See thou accost him: so the Olympian king  
Forthwith to us shall graciously incline."

So spake he: then upleaping from his seat  
In his dear mother's hand he placed a cup  
Of double lip, and thus he spake to her:  
"Be patient, mother mine, and bear thy load,  
Tho' grieved thou be: lest thee, whom well I love,  
Mine eyes may see sore smitten. Nought shall I  
Avail to help thee then, howe'er I grieve;  
For hard to cope with is Olympus' king.  
Me once of old, when I to shield thee strove,  
Seized by the foot he from heaven's threshold hurled.  
All day I fell, and with the setting sun,  
In Lemnos lit, scant life within me left;  
Whom then the Sintians rescued as I lay."

He spake. The white-armed goddess Heré smiled;  
And smiling took the beaker from her son.  
Then he, from left to right, to all the gods  
Drew out and bare sweet nectar from the bowl.  
And quenchless laughter stirred the blessed gods  
Who saw Hephaestus panting through the hall.

Thus they through livelong day to set of sun  
Made feast, nor lacked their soul the well-shared cheer:  
Nor failed the bright lyre, which Apollo held,  
Nor answering strains that voiceful Muses sang.

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατέδυν λαμπρὸν φάος ἡέλιοιο, 605  
 οἳ μὲν κακκείοντες ἔβαν οἰκόνδε ἕκαστος,  
 ἦχι ἐκάστω δῶμα περικλυτὸς ἀμφιγυήεις  
 Ἥφαιστος ποίησε ἰδυίησι πραπίδεςσιν,  
 Ζεὺς δὲ πρὸς ὃν λέχος ἦι Ὀλύμπιος ἀστεροπητής,  
 ἔνθα πάρος κοιμᾶθ' ὅτε μιν γλυκὺς ὕπνος ἰκάνοι. 610  
 ἔνθα καθεῦδ' ἀναβάς, παρὰ δὲ χρυσόθρονος Ἥρη.

But when the sun's refulgent light was set,  
To lay them down they went, each to his home,  
Where lame Hephaestus, smith renowned, had built  
For each his several room with cunning skill.  
And Zeus the Olympian Lightener sought his bed,  
Wherein of old he still was wont to lie  
Whene'er sweet sleep came o'er him: there clomb he  
And slept, and gold-throned Heré by his side.

## ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Β.

\*Ονειρος, ἀγορή, νεῶν ἀριθμός.

Ἄλλοι μὲν ῥα θεοὶ τε καὶ ἄνδρες ἵπποκορυσταί  
 εὔδον παννύχιοι, Δία δ' οὐκ ἔχε νήδυμος ὕπνος,  
 ἀλλ' ὅ γε μερμήριζε κατὰ φρένα ὡς Ἀχιλλῆα  
 τιμήσει, ὀλέσαι δὲ πολέας ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν.  
 ἦδε δέ οἱ κατὰ θυμὸν ἀρίστη φαίνεται βουλή, 5  
 πέμψαι ἐπ' Ἀτρεΐδῃ Ἀγαμέμνονι οὔλον ὄνειρον.  
 καὶ μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·  
 “βάσκ' ἴθι, οὔτε ὄνειρε, θεὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν  
 ἔλθων ἐς κλισίην Ἀγαμέμνωνος Ἀτρεΐδαιο  
 πάντα μάλ' ἀτρεκέως ἀγορευέμεν ὡς ἐπιτέλλω. 10  
 θωρήξαι ἔκλειψε κάρη κομόωντας Ἀχαιοὺς  
 πασσυδίῃ· νῦν γάρ κεν ἔλοι πόλιν εὐρύαγυιαν  
 Τρώων· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἀμφὶς Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες  
 ἀθάνατοι φράζονται· ἐπέγναμψεν γὰρ ἅπαντας  
 Ἥρη λισσομένη, Τρώεσσι δὲ κῆδε' ἐφήπται.” 15  
 ὥς φάτο, βῆ δ' ἄρ' ὄνειρος, ἐπεὶ τὸν μῦθον ἄκουσεν.  
 καρπαλίμως δ' ἔκανε θεὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,  
 βῆ δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' Ἀτρεΐδην Ἀγαμέμνονα· τὸν δὲ κίχανεν  
 εὔδοντ' ἐν κλισίῃ, περὶ δ' ἀμβρόσιος κέχυθ' ὕπνος.  
 στῇ δ' ἄρ' ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς Νηληϊῶ υἱὲ ἰοικώς, 20  
 Νέστορι, τὸν ῥα μάλιστα γερόντων τί' Ἀγαμέμνων.  
 τῷ μιν εἰσάμενος προσεφώνεε θεῖος ὄνειρος·



## ILIAD II.

*The dream, the gathering, the tale of ships.*

Now other gods and heroes chariot-borne  
Slept all night long; but Zeus no deep sleep held;  
But much in heart he pondered, by what way  
To grant Achilleus honour and to doom  
The death of many by the Achaian ships.  
And to his mind this counsel seemed the best,  
To send to Agamemnon Atreus' son  
The baneful Dream-god. Him he summoned straight,  
And thus in wingèd words he spake his will:  
"Go, hie thee to the swift Achaian ships  
Thou baneful Dream-god: there seek out the tent  
Of Agamemnon Atreus' son, and speak  
From point to point exact as I command.  
Bid him the flowing-haired Achaians arm  
In hottest haste: for ample-streeted Troy  
He now may take: no more two minds divide  
The immortal holders of Olympian halls:  
For Heré by her prayers hath bent them all,  
And sorrows overhang the sons of Troy."

He spake: the Dream-god heard the word, and went:  
And quickly reached the swift Achaian ships.  
Then sought he Agamemnon. Him he found  
Lapped in ambrosial slumber in his tent.  
And o'er his head he stood, in semblance like  
To Nestor Neleus' son, of greybeards most  
By Agamemnon prized. His outward form  
The Dream-god wore, and thus bespake the king:

“ εὔδεις, Ἀτρέος υἱὲ δαΐφρονος ἵπποδάμοιο·  
 οὐ χρὴ παννύχιον εἶδεν βουληφόρον ἄνδρα,  
 ᾧ λαοὶ τ’ ἐπιτετράφεται καὶ τόσσα μέμηλεν. 25  
 νῦν δ’ ἐμέθεν ξύνες ᾧκα· Διὸς δέ τοι ἄγγελος εἰμί,  
 ὅς σευ ἄνευθεν ἐὼν μέγα κήδεται ἥδ’ ἐλεαίρει.  
 θωρήξαι σ’ ἐκέλευε κάρη κομόωντας Ἀχαιούς  
 πασσυδίῃ· ἱὺν γάρ κεν ἔλοις πόλιν εὐρυάγυιαν  
 Τρώων· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ’ ἀμφὶς Ὀλύμπια δώματ’ ἔχοντες 30  
 ἀθάνατοι φράζονται· ἐπέγναμψεν γὰρ ἅπαντας  
 Ἥρη λισσομένη, Τρώεσσι δὲ κήδε’ ἐφήπται  
 ἐκ Διός. ἀλλὰ σὺ σῆσιν ἔχε φρεσί, μηδέ σε λήθη  
 αἰρείτω, εὖτ’ ἂν σε μελίφρων ὕπνος ἀνήῃ.”

ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπεβήσετο, τὸν δ’ ἔλιπ’ αὐτοῦ 35  
 τὰ φρονέοντ’ ἀνὰ θυμὸν ἃ ῥ’ οὐ τελέεσθαι ἔμελλον.  
 φῆ γὰρ ὅ γ’ αἰρήσειν Πριάμου πόλιν ἥματι κείνῳ,  
 νήπιος, οὐδὲ τὰ ἥδη, ἃ ῥα Ζεὺς μήδετο ἔργα·  
 θήσειν γὰρ ἔτ’ ἔμελλεν ἐπ’ ἄλγεά τε στοναχάς τε  
 Τρωσί τε καὶ Δαναοῖσι διὰ κρατερὰς ὕσμινας. 40  
 ἔγρετο δ’ ἐξ ὕπνου, θείῃ δέ μιν ἀμφέχυτ’ ὀμφή.  
 ἔξετο δ’ ὀρθωθείς, μαλακὸν δ’ ἔνδυσε χιτῶνα  
 καλὸν νηγάτεον, περὶ δὲ μέγα βάλλετο φᾶρος,  
 ποσσὶ δ’ ὑπὸ λιπαροῖσιν ἐδήσατο καλὰ πέδιλα,  
 ἀμφὶ δ’ ἄρ’ ὥμοισιν βάλετο ξίφος ἀργυρόηλον, 45  
 εἵλετο δὲ σκῆπτρον πατρώιον, ἄφθιτον αἰεὶ.  
 σὺν τῷ ἔβη κατὰ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτῶνων.

Ἦὼς μὲν ῥα θεὰ προσεβήσετο μακρὸν Ὀλυμπον  
 Ζηνὶ φόως ἐρέουσα καὶ ἄλλοις ἀθανάτοισιν·  
 αὐτὰρ ὃ κηρύκεσσι λιγυφθόγγοισι κέλευσεν 50  
 κηρύσσειν ἀγορήνδε κάρη κομόωντας Ἀχαιούς.  
 οἳ μὲν ἐκήρυsson, τοὶ δ’ ἠγείροντο μάλ’ ᾧκα.  
 βουλὴ δὲ πρῶτον μεγαθύμων ἴζε γερόντων

“Ho! sleep’st thou, son of Atreus valiant knight?  
 To sleep all night fits not the counsellor,  
 Who holds such hosts in charge, such various care.  
 Now mark me quickly: sent I am of Zeus  
 Who from afar guards well and pities thee.  
 The flowing-haired Achaïans he bids arm,  
 In hottest haste: for ample-streeted Troy  
 Now mayst thou take: no more two minds divide  
 The immortal holders of Olympian halls:  
 For Heré by her prayers hath bent them all,  
 And sorrows overhang the sons of Troy  
 From Zeus. Lay this to heart, nor let it fade  
 Forgot when honeyed sleep have set thee free.”

So spake he and was gone; but left him there  
 Thinking in heart what yet was not to be.  
 For Priam’s city in that day to take  
 He hoped, poor fool! nor knew the mind of Zeus;  
 Who purposed yet to vex with woes and groans  
 Trojans and Danaans in the stubborn fight.  
 He woke from sleep: around him floated yet  
 The voice divine. Upright he sate: then donn’d  
 His tunic, soft of texture, fair to view,  
 New wrought: and o’er it threw an ample cloak,  
 And ’neath his bright feet bound his sandals fair.  
 Around his shoulders then his sword he slung,  
 Sword silver-studded; and his sceptre took,  
 Handed from sire to son, imperishable:  
 Then sought the vessels of the mail-clad host.

Now goddess Morn ’gan climb Olympus high,  
 To Zeus and all the immortal host of heaven  
 The harbinger of light, when Atreus’ son  
 Bade shrill-voiced heralds to the assembly call  
 The flowing-haired Achaïans. Loud and clear  
 The heralds cried; the people gathered fast.

But first the council summoned he to sit,

Νεστορέῃ παρὰ νηὶ Πυλοιογενέος βασιλῆος.

τοὺς ὃ γε συγκαλέσας πυκινὴν ἡρτύνετο βουλὴν·

55

“ κλῦτε, φίλοι. θεῖός μοι ἐνύπνιον ἦλθεν ὄνειρος  
ἀμβροσίην διὰ νύκτα, μάλιστα δὲ Νέστορι δῖω  
εἰδός τε μέγεθός τε φυὴν τ' ἄγχιστα ἑώκει.

στῇ δ' ἄρ' ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς, καί με πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

‘ εὔδεις, Ἀτρέος υἱὲ δαΐφρονος ἵπποδάμοιο·

60

οὐ χρὴ παννύχιον εὔδειν βουληφόρον ἄνδρα,

ὃ λαοὶ τ' ἐπιτετράφεται καὶ τόσσα μέμηλεν.

νῦν δ' ἐμέθεν ξύνες ὦκα· Διὸς δέ τοι ἄγγελος εἰμί,

ὅς σευ ἀνευθεν ἔων μέγα κήδεται ἠδ' ἐλεαίρει.

θωρήξαί σ' ἐκέλευε κάρη κομόωντας Ἀχαιοὺς

65

πασσυνδίῃ· νῦν γάρ κεν ἔλοις πόλιν εὐρύαγυιαν

Τρώων· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἀμφὶς Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες

ἀθάνατοι φράζονται· ἐπέγναμψεν γὰρ ἅπαντας

Ἥρη λισσομένη, Τρώεσσι δὲ κήδε' ἐφήπται

ἐκ Διός. ἀλλὰ σὺ σῆσιν ἔχε φρεσίν· ὥς ὃ γε εἰπὼν 70

ᾤχετ' ἀποπτάμενός, ἐμὲ δὲ γλυκὺς ὕπνος ἀνῆκεν.

ἀλλ' ἄγετ', αἶ κέν πως θωρήξομεν νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.

πρῶτα δ' ἐγὼ ἔπεσιν πειρήσομαι, ἣ θέμις ἐστίν,

καὶ φεύγειν ξὺν νηυσὶ πολυκλήσι κελεύσω·

ὑμεῖς δ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος ἐρητύειν ἐπέεσσιν.”

75

ἣ τοι ὃ γ' ὥς εἰπὼν κατ' ἄρ' ἔξετο, τοῖσι δ' ἀνέστη

Νέστωρ, ὅς ῥα Πύλοιο ἀναξ ἦν ἡμαθόεντος·

ὃ σφιν εὐφρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν·

“ ὦ φίλοι Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες,

εἰ μὲν τις τὸν ὄνειρον Ἀχαιῶν ἄλλος ἐνισπεν,

80

ψευδός κεν φαῖμεν καὶ νοσφίζομεθα μᾶλλον·

νῦν δὲ ἴδ' ὅς μέγ' ἄριστος Ἀχαιῶν εὐχεται εἶναι.

ἀλλ' ἄγετ', εἴ κέν πως θωρήξομεν νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.”

ὥς ἄρα φωνήσας βουλῆς ἐξ ἤρχε νέεσθαι,

Beside the ship of Nestor Pylian king,  
 Council of high-souled elders; and to these  
 When met he opened thus his counsel shrewd:  
 "Hear me, my friends. In night's ambrosial calm  
 But now the Dream-god sought me as I slept.  
 The guise of godlike Nestor he did wear  
 Exact to view, in stature, form, and face:  
 And o'er my head he stood, and thus he spake:  
 'Ho! sleep'st thou, son of Atreus valiant knight?  
 To sleep all night fits not the counsellor,  
 Who holds such hosts in charge, such various care.  
 Now mark me quickly: sent I am of Zeus,  
 Who from afar guards well and pities thee.  
 The flowing-haired Achaians he bids arm,  
 In hottest haste: for ample-streeted Troy  
 Now mayst thou take: no more two minds divide  
 The immortal holders of Olympian halls;  
 For Heré by her prayers hath bent them all,  
 And sorrows overhang the sons of Troy  
 From Zeus. Lay this to heart.' These words he spake;  
 Took wing, was gone: and sweet sleep set me free.  
 Come, arm we, if we may, Achaia's sons.  
 But first will I make trial of their mood  
 By words (as well I may), and bid them fly  
 With many-benchèd ships: then follow ye,  
 One here one there, and speak to stay their haste."

He spake and sate him down. To them arose  
 Nestor, of sandy Pylos he the king,  
 Who now right wisely mid their council spake:  
 "Friends, kings and captains of our Argive host,  
 This dream had other of the Achaians told,  
 False might we deem it, and hold back the more.  
 But now the seer of the dream is he  
 Who claims among our host the chiefest place.  
 Then arm we, if we may, Achaia's sons."

He spake, and from the council led the way.



οἷ δ' ἐπανεστήσαν πείθοντό τε ποιμένι λαῶν 85  
σκηπτοῦχοι βασιλῆες. ἐπεσσεύοντο δὲ λαοί.

ἤνυτε ἔθνεα εἰσι μέλισσάων ἀδινάων  
πέτρης ἐκ γλαφυρῆς αἰεὶ νέον ἐρχομενάων  
βοτρυδὸν δὲ πέτονται ἐπ' ἄνθεσι εἰαρινοῖσιν  
αἰ μὲν τ' ἔνθα ἄλις πεποτήγεται, αἰ δέ τε ἔνθα 90  
ὥς τῶν ἔθνεα πολλὰ νεῶν ἄπο καὶ κλισιάων  
ἠϊόνος προπάροιθε βαθείης ἐστιχώωντο  
ἰλαδὸν εἰς ἀγορήν. μετὰ δέ σφισι ὅσσα δεδήκει  
ὀτρύνουσ' ἰέναι, Διὸς ἄγγελός· οἷ δ' ἀγέροντο.  
τετρήχει δ' ἀγορή, ὑπὸ δὲ στεναχίζετο γαῖα 95  
λαῶν ἰζόντων, ὅμαδος δ' ἦν. ἐννέα δὲ σφεας  
κῆρυκες βοῶντες ἐρήτυον, εἴ ποτ' αὐτῆς  
σχοίατ', ἀκούσειαν δὲ διοτρεφέων βασιλῆων.

σπουδῇ δ' ἔξετο λαός, ἐρήτυθεν δὲ καθ' ἑδρας  
παυσάμενοι κλαγγῆς. ἀνὰ δὲ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων 100  
ἔστη σκῆπτρον ἔχων· τὸ μὲν Ἥφαιστος κάμε τεύχων.  
Ἥφαιστος μὲν ἔδωκε Διὶ Κρονίῳνι ἄνακτι,  
αὐτὰρ ἄρα Ζεὺς δῶκε διακτόρῳ ἀργεῖφόντῃ  
Ἑρμείας δὲ ἄναξ δῶκεν Πέλοπι πληξίππῳ,  
αὐτὰρ ὃ αὐτε Πέλοψ δῶκ' Ἀτρεΐ ποιμένι λαῶν 105  
Ἀτρεὺς δὲ θνήσκων ἔλιπεν πολύαρνι Θυέστῃ,  
αὐτὰρ ὃ αὐτε Θυέστ' Ἀγαμέμνονι λείπε φορῆναι,  
πολλῇσιν νήσοισι καὶ Ἀργεῖ παντὶ ἀνάσσειν.  
τῇ δ' γ' ἐρεισάμενος ἔπε' Ἀργείοισι μετηύδα·  
“ ἂ φίλοι ἥρωες Δαναοί, θεράποντες Ἀρης, 110  
Ζεὺς με μέγα Κρονίδης ἄτῃ ἐνέδησε βαρεῖη,  
σχέτλιος, ὃς πρὶν μὲν μοι ὑπέσχετο καὶ κατένευσεν  
Ἴλιον ἐκπέρσαντ' εὐτείχεον ἀπονέεσθαι,  
νῦν δὲ κακὴν ἀπάτην βουλευσάτο, καί με κελεύει  
δυσκλέα Ἀργος ἰκέσθαι, ἐπεὶ πολλὴν ὤλεσα λαόν. 115

Rose after him, obedient to their lord  
The people's shepherd, all the sceptred kings;  
While all around the troops were thronging fast.

As swarm the nations of the honey-bees  
From hollow rock forth-pouring ever new,  
And fly grape-clustered round the flowers of spring,  
Wide-spread in flight but numerous everywhere;  
So from the ships and tents their nations poured  
A countless swarm along the sandy beach,  
As troop on troop toward the assembly filed.  
Among them Rumour blazed and urged them on,  
The messenger of Zeus; they mustered still  
With mingled uproar. Groaned the earth beneath,  
As down their thousands sate; and great the din.  
And these nine heralds shouting strove to stay  
That they at length should cease their clamorous noise  
And lend to Zeus-born kings attentive ear.

With much ado they sate, and in their seats  
Were stayed, all clamour hushed. And now uprose  
King Agamemnon: in his hand he grasped  
A sceptre by the smith Hephaestus wrought:  
Who gave it to Zeus Cronides the king,  
He to the Argus-slaying courier god,  
King Hermes to steed-lashing Pelops next,  
Pelops to Atreus shepherd of his folk,  
He dying to Thyestes rich in flocks;  
Who left it last to Agamemnon's hand,  
Lord of all Argos and of many isles.  
On this he leant, and mid the Argives spake:  
"Friends, Danaan heroes, Ares' henchmen ye,  
Zeus Cronides hath bound me, cruel god,  
Fast to a heavy fate; whose nod once pledged  
The sack of well-walled Troy and safe return.  
Yet meant he but to lure me to my bane:  
And now—the strength of all my armies gone—  
Inglorious bids to Argos take my way.

οὕτω που Διὶ μέλλει ὑπερμενέϊ φίλον εἶναι,  
 ὃς δὴ πολλάων πολίων κατέλυσε κάρηνα  
 ἦδ' ἔτι καὶ λύσει· τοῦ γὰρ κράτος ἐστὶ μέγιστον.  
 αἰσχροὺν γὰρ τόδε γ' ἐστὶ καὶ ἐσσομένοισι πυθέσθαι,  
 μὰψ οὕτω τοιόνδε τοσόνδε τε λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν 120  
 ἄπρηκτον πόλεμον πολεμιζέμεν ἠδὲ μάχεσθαι  
 ἀνδράσι παυροτέροισι, τέλος δ' οὐ πῶ τι πέφανται.  
 εἴ περ γὰρ κ' ἐθέλοιμεν Ἀχαιοὶ τε Τρῶές τε,  
 ὄρκια πιστὰ ταμόντες, ἀριθμηθήμεναι ἄμφω,  
 Τρῶες μὲν λέξασθαι ἐφέστιοι ὅσσοι ἔασιν, 125  
 ἡμεῖς δ' ἐς δεκάδας διακοσμηθεῖμεν Ἀχαιοί,  
 Τρώων δ' ἄνδρα ἕκαστοι ἐλοίμεθα οἰνοχοεῦειν,  
 πολλαὶ κεν δεκάδες δευοίατο οἰνοχόοιο.  
 τόσσον ἐγὼ φημι πλέας ἔμμεναι υἱᾶς Ἀχαιῶν  
 Τρώων, οἳ ναίουσι κατὰ πτόλιν. ἀλλ' ἐπίκουροι 130  
 πολλέων ἐκ πολίων ἐγχέσπαλοι ἄνδρες ἔνεισιν,  
 οἳ με μέγα πλάζουσι καὶ οὐκ εἰῶσ' ἐθέλοντα  
 Ἴλιον ἐκπέρσαι, εὖ ναιόμενον πτολιέθρον.  
 ἐννέα δὴ βεβάασι Διὸς μεγάλου ἐνιαυτοί,  
 καὶ δὴ δοῦρα σέσηπε νεῶν καὶ σπάρτα λέλυνται, 135  
 αἳ δέ που ἡμέτεραί τ' ἄλοχοι καὶ νήπια τέκνα  
 εἶατ' ἐνὶ μεγάροις ποτιδέγμεναι· ἄμμι δὲ ἔργον  
 αὐτῶς ἀκράαντον, οὐ εἵνεκ' αὖτε δεῦρ' ἰκόμεσθα.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγεθ', ὥς ἂν ἐγὼ εἴπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες.  
 φεύγωμεν ξὺν νηυσὶ φίλῃν ἐς πατρίδα γαίαν· 140  
 οὐ γὰρ ἔτι Τροίην αἰρήσομεν εὐρυνάγυιαν."

ὥς φάτο, τοῖσι δὲ θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι νῆριεν  
 πᾶσι μετὰ πληθύν, ὅσοι οὐ βουλῆς ἐπάκουσαν.  
 κινήθη δ' ἀγορὴ ὥς κύματα μακρὰ θαλάσσης,  
 πόντου Ἰκαρίοιο, τὰ μὲν τ' Εὐρὸς τε Νότος τε 145  
 ὥρορ' ἐπαΐξας πατρὸς Διὸς ἐκ νεφελῶν·

So Zeus, methinks, will have it, Zeus the strong,  
 Who many cities' heads ere now hath bowed,  
 And yet will bow, whose might is over all.  
 Else sure 'twere shame for younger times to learn,  
 How this Achaian host so great, so fair,  
 In vain warred bootless war, fought fruitless fight,  
 With fewer foes; and yet no end is seen.  
 Fewer—for should we, oath and compact made,  
 Both Trojans and Achaians count our tale  
 (Those Trojans only told whose home is Troy),  
 And we Achaians ranged in troops of ten  
 One Trojan choose for each to bear the wine,  
 'Tis many tens would lack a cupbearer.  
 So many fold I say Achaia's sons  
 Are of the Trojans true who dwell in Troy.  
 But then allies there are from many a town,  
 Spear-wielding men, who thwart and baulk my will  
 To sack the well-built hold of Ilion.  
 And now nine years of mighty Zeus are gone;  
 Ships' timbers now have rotted, ropes are slack;  
 While yet our wives, methinks, and little ones  
 Sit in our halls and wait us: but the work  
 Lags unperformed for which we hither came.  
 Then come, obey we all, e'en as I say;  
 Take ship and fly to our dear fatherland:  
 For never shall we take wide-streeted Troy."

He spake, and stirred the soul of all the host  
 Who had not heard what he in council spake.  
 Then heaved the assembly, as with long sea waves  
 The Icarian main, by east or south wind stirred  
 Down sweeping from the clouds of Father Zeus.

ὥς δ' ὅτε κινήσῃ Ζέφυρος βαθὺ λήιον ἐλθὼν  
 λάβρος ἐπαιγίζων, ἐπὶ τ' ἡμῖν ἀσταχύνουσιν,  
 ὥς τῶν πᾶσ' ἀγορὴ κινήθη. τοὶ δ' ἀλαλητῶ  
 νῆας ἐπ' ἐσσεύοντο, ποδῶν δ' ὑπένερθε κονίη  
 ἴστατ' ἀειρομένη. τοὶ δ' ἀλλήλοισι κέλευον  
 ἄπτεσθαι νηῶν ἡδ' ἐλκέμεν εἰς ἅλα δῖαν,  
 οὐρούς τ' ἐξεκάθαιρον· αὕτῃ δ' οὐρανὸν ἴκεν  
 οἴκαδε ἰεμένων· ὑπὸ δ' ἥρεον ἔρματα νηῶν.

ἔνθα κεν Ἀργείοισιν ὑπέρμορα νόστος ἐτύχθη,  
 εἰ μὴ Ἀθηναίην Ἥρη πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·  
 “ὦ πόποι, αἰγινόχοιο Διὸς τέκος, ἀτρυτώνη,  
 οὔτω δὴ οἰκόνδε, φίλῃν ἐς πατρίδα γαίαν,  
 Ἀργεῖοι φεύξονται ἐπ' εὐρέα νῶτα θαλάσσης,  
 καὶ δέ κεν εὐχολὴν Πριάμφῳ καὶ Τρωσὶ λίποιεν  
 Ἀργεῖν· Ἑλένην, ἧς εἵνεκα πολλοὶ Ἀχαιῶν  
 ἐν Τροίῃ ἀπόλοντο, φίλης ἀπὸ πατρίδος αἷης.  
 ἀλλ' ἴθι νῦν κατὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων·  
 σοῖς ἀγανοῖς ἐπέεσσιν ἐρήτυε φῶτα ἕκαστον,  
 μηδέ τ' ἔα νῆας ἅλαδ' ἐλκέμεν ἀμφιελίσσας.”

ὥς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθῃσε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη,  
 βῆ δέ κατ' Οὐλύμποιο καρήνων ἀΐξασα,  
 καρπαλίμως δ' ἵκανε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.  
 εὗρεν ἔπειτ' Ὀδυσῆα Διὶ μῆτιν ἀτάλαντον  
 ἑσταότ'· οὐδ' ὅ γε νηὸς ἐϋσσέλμοιο μελαίνης  
 ἦπτετ', ἐπεὶ μιν ἄχος κραδίην καὶ θυμὸν ἵκανε.  
 ἀγχοῦ δ' ἴσταμένη προσέφη γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·  
 “διογενὲς Λαερτιάδη, πολυμήχαν' Ὀδυσσεῦ,  
 οὔτω δὴ οἰκόνδε, φίλῃν ἐς πατρίδα γαίαν,  
 φεύξεσθ' ἐν νῆεσσι πολυκλήισι πεσόντες,  
 καὶ δέ κεν εὐχολὴν Πριάμφῳ καὶ Τρωσὶ λίποιτε  
 Ἀργεῖν· Ἑλένην, ἧς εἵνεκα πολλοὶ Ἀχαιῶν



And as the tall corn heaves by west wind caught  
Gusty and fierce, and bends with all its ears,  
So heaved their whole assembly. They with shout  
Pressed to the ships; upraised beneath their feet  
The dust-cloud hung. Now bid they each his mate  
To seize the ships and drag them to the sea:  
Now clear they out the launching-grooves, with cries  
That reach the welkin in their zeal for home:  
Now from beneath the ships the props they knock.

And there the Argives in despite of fate  
Had turned them homewards, but for Heré's word  
Who to Athené thus her mind outspake.  
"O shame! Thou child of aegis-bearing Zeus,  
Thou Tameless maid, shall then the Argive host  
Thus homeward fly to their dear fatherland  
Across the sea's broad ridges? Will they leave—  
A boast to Priam and their Trojan foes—  
The Argive Helen, for whose sake at Troy  
Achaïans many far from home have died?  
Nay, hie thee through the mailed Achaïan host,  
And with thy winning words each man restrain,  
Nor let them seawards drag their rolling barks."

She spake. Stern-eyed Athené to the word  
Not disobedient from Olympus' brow  
Plunged darting down, and soon in hurrying course  
To the swift vessels of Achaïa came.  
Odysseus then, in counsel peer of Zeus,  
She found, where by his dark-hulled benchèd ship  
Standing he touched it not for grief of soul.  
Stern-eyed Athené near him stood and spake:  
"Zeus-born Laertes' son, of many wiles,  
Fly ye thus homeward to your fatherland  
Rushing on board your many-benchèd ships?  
And leave—to Priam's and the Trojans' boast—  
The Argive Helen, for whose sake at Troy

ἐν Τροίῃ ἀπόλουντο, φίλης ἀπὸ πατρίδος αἷης.  
 ἀλλ' ἴθι νῦν κατὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν, μηδέ τ' ἐρώει,  
 σοῖς δ' ἀγανοῖς ἐπέεσσιν ἐρήτυε φῶτα ἕκαστον, 180  
 μηδέ τ' ἔα νῆας ἅλαδ' ἐλκέμεν ἀμφιελίσσας."

ὥς φάθ', ὃ δὲ ξυνέηκε θεᾶς ὅπα φωνησάσης,  
 βῆ δὲ θέειν, ἀπὸ δὲ χλαῖναν βάλε· τὴν δὲ κόμισσεν  
 κῆρυξ Εὐρυβάτης Ἰθακήσιος, ὅς οἱ ὀπήδει.  
 αὐτὸς δ' Ἀτρεΐδew Ἀγαμέμνονος ἀντίος ἐλθὼν 185  
 δέξατό οἱ σκῆπτρον πατρώιον, ἄφθιτον αἰεὶ  
 σὺν τῷ ἔβη κατὰ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων.

ὅν τινα μὲν βασιλῆα καὶ ἔξοχον ἄνδρα κιχείη,  
 τὸν δ' ἀγανοῖς ἐπέεσσιν ἐρητύσασκε παραστάς.  
 "δαιμόνι', οὐ σὲ ἔοικε κακὸν ὥς δειδίσσεσθαι, 190  
 ἀλλ' αὐτὸς τε κάθησθ' οἰος νόος Ἀτρεΐωνος·  
 νῦν μὲν πειράται, τάχα δ' ἵψεται νῆας Ἀχαιῶν·  
 ἐν βουλῇ δ' οὐ πάντες ἀκούσαμεν οἷον ἔειπεν.  
 μή τι χολωσάμενος ῥέξῃ κακὸν νῆας Ἀχαιῶν. 195  
 ἔθυμὸς δὲ μέγας ἐστὶ διοτρεφέος βασιλῆος,  
 τιμὴ δ' ἐκ Διὸς ἐστι, φιλεῖ δέ ἐ μητιέτα Ζεὺς."

ὃν δ' αὖ δῆμου ἄνδρα ἴδοι βοόωντά τ' ἐφεύροι,  
 τὸν σκῆπτρῳ ἐλάσασκεν ὁμοκλήσασκέ τε μύθῳ·  
 "δαιμόνι', ἀτρέμας ἦσο καὶ ἄλλων μῦθον ἄκουε, 200  
 οἵ σεο φέρτεροι εἰσὶ· σὺ δ' ἀπτόλεμος καὶ ἀναλκις,  
 οὔτε ποτ' ἐν πολέμῳ ἐναρίθμιος οὔτ' ἐνὶ βουλῇ.  
 οὐ μὲν πως πάντες βασιλεύσομεν ἐνθάδ' Ἀχαιοί.  
 οὐκ ἀγαθὸν πολυκοιρανίη· εἰς κοίρανος ἔστω,  
 εἰς βασιλεύς, ᾧ ἔδωκε Κρόνου πάϊς ἀγκυλομήτεω 205  
 σκῆπτρόν τ' ἠδὲ θέμιστας, ἵνα σφίσιν ἐμβασιλεύῃ."

ὥς ὃ γε κοιρανέων δίεπε στρατόν· οἳ δ' ἀγορήνδε  
 αὐτίς ἐπεσσεύοντο νεῶν ἀπο καὶ κλισιάων

Achaïans many far from home have died?  
Nay hie, thee through the host and tarry not,  
And with thy winning words each man restrain,  
Nor let them seawards drag their rolling barks."

She spake. He knew the goddess by her voice;  
Started to run, and from him cast his cloak:  
And this Eurybates of Ithaca  
Received, a herald and his follower.

But he to Agamemnon's presence came,  
And from the hand of Atreus' son received  
The sceptre, deathless heirloom of the house;  
And with it sought the mailed Achaïans' ships.

What king soe'er he met or man of mark,  
Him stood he near, and stayed with winning words:  
"Dear friend, it is not seemly thee with threats  
To quell, as some mean coward. Yet thyself  
Sit down, and bid the other troops be set.  
Thou know'st not truly yet Atrides' mind.  
He tries you now, but soon will punish sore  
Achaïa's sons. What he in council said  
We heard not all. Then heed we, lest enraged  
He work the Achaïans woe. Great is the wrath  
Of Zeus-born kings: whose right divine from Zeus  
Doth spring, and Zeus all-wise doth love his own."

But saw he common man or clamorous found,  
With sceptre smote he such, and roundly chid:  
"Friend, sit thou still, and hear while others speak,  
Thy betters: thou, a weak unwarlike wight,  
Art reckoned nought in council as in fray.  
All we Achaïans cannot here be kings.  
Not good divided sovereignty—Let one  
Be sovereign, one be king, on whom the son  
Of crooked-counselled Cronos hath bestowed  
Sceptre and laws, amid his folk to reign."

Thus ordered he the host with kingly care:  
Who toward the assembly from the ships and tents

ἤχῃ, ὥς ὅτε κύμα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης  
αἰγιαλῷ μεγάλῳ βρέμεται, σμαραγεῖ δέ τε πόντος. 210

ἄλλοι μὲν ῥ' ἔζοντο, ἐρήτυθεν δὲ καθ' ἔδρας·  
Θερσίτης δ' ἔτι μῦνος ἀμετροεπῆς ἐκολῶα,  
ὃς ἔπεα φρεσὶ ῥῆσιν ἄκοσμά τε πολλά τε ἤδη,  
μὰ ψ' ἀτὰρ οὐ κατὰ κόσμον ἐριζέμεναι βασιλεῦσιν,  
ἀλλ' ὅτι οἱ εἴσαιτο γελοῖον Ἀργείοισιν 215

ἔμμεναι. αἴσχιστος δὲ ἀνὴρ ὑπὸ Ἴλιον ἦλθεν.  
φορκὸς ἔην, χωλὸς δ' ἕτερον πόδα· τῷ δέ οἱ ὤμω  
κυρτῷ, ἐπὶ στῆθος συνοχωκότ'· αὐτὰρ ὕπερθεν  
φοξὸς ἔην κεφαλῇ, ψεδνὴ δ' ἐπενήνοθε λάχνη.  
ἔχθιστος δ' Ἀχιλῇι μάλιστ' ἦν ἡδ' Ὀδυσῇ· 220

τῷ γὰρ νεικείεσκε. τότε αὐτ' Ἀγαμέμνονι δῖω  
ὀξέα κεκληγὼς λέγ' ὀνειδέα. τῷ δ' ἄρ' Ἀχαιοί  
ἐκπάγλως κοτέοντο, νεμέσσηθέν τ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ.

αὐτὰρ ὁ μακρὰ βοῶν Ἀγαμέμνονα νείκεε μύθῳ·  
“Ἀτρεΐδῃ, τέο δ' αὐτ' ἐπιμέμφεαι ἡδὲ χατίζεις; 225

πλεῖαί τοι χαλκοῦ κλισίαι, πολλαὶ δὲ γυναῖκες  
εἰσὶν ἐνὶ κλισίῃς ἐξαίρετοι, ἄς τοι Ἀχαιοί  
πρωτίστῳ δίδομεν, εὖτ' ἂν πτολίεθρον ἔλωμεν.

ἦ ἔτι καὶ χρυσοῦ ἐπιδεύεαι, ὃν κέ τις οἴσει  
Τρώων ἵπποδάμων ἐξ Ἰλίου, υἱὸς ἄποινα, 230

ὃν κεν ἐγὼ δήσας ἀγάγω ἢ ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν;  
ἡὲ γυναῖκα νέην, ἵνα μίσγεται ἐν φιλότῃ,

ἦν τ' αὐτὸς ἀπονόσφι κατίσχει; οὐ μὲν ἔοικεν  
ἀρχὸν ἐόντα κακῶν ἐπιβασκέμεν υἱᾶς Ἀχαιῶν.

ὦ πέποινες, κάκ' ἐλέγχε', Ἀχαιῖδες, οὐκέτ' Ἀχαιοί, 235

Rushed back, with noise, as when the sounding sea  
Upon a mighty beach the billow hurls  
With crash of many waters echoing round.

Then sate the rest, and in their seats were stayed.

But still Thersites clamoured, only he,  
Unruly-tongued. Unseemly words in store  
He knew, to rail at kings in random wise  
Disorderly, still uttering what he deemed  
Among the Argives like to raise a laugh.

Uncomeliest he of all to Ilion came.

Bandy his legs, lame of one foot was he:  
His shoulders humped bent inwards toward his breast:  
Above his head rose peakèd, and thereon  
Bristled a scanty crop of stubbly hair.

He to Achilles and Odysseus most  
Was hateful, whom he aye abused: but now  
At godlike Agamemnon shrieked he out  
Sharp-toned reproach. With whom indignant chafed  
The Achaïans wroth at heart; but he his voice  
Raised high, and Agamemnon thus he chid:

"What now, Atrides, blamest thou or lack'st?  
With brass thy tents are stored, and women-slaves  
Full many are therein, a chosen spoil,  
Whom we the Achaïan host to thee have given  
Before all others from each captured town.

Or art thou further covetous for gold,  
That some steed-taming Trojan wight may bear  
From Ilion, to redeem a son, whom I  
Or some Achaïan else have captive bound?  
Or seek'st thou damsel fair to share thy bed,  
Whom thou apart and for thyself wilt hold?

It fits thee not, a ruler as thou art,  
In evil thus to plunge Achaïa's sons.  
Soft fools! disgrace! Achaïan women sure,



οἴκαδ' ἐπερ σὺν νηυσὶ νεώμεθα, τόνδε δ' ἐώμεν  
 αὐτοῦ ἐνὶ Τροίῃ γέρα πεσσέμεν, ὄφρα ἴδῃται  
 ἢ ῥά τί οἱ χήμεις προσαμύνομεν ἦε καὶ οὐκί.  
 ὃς καὶ νῦν Ἀχιλῆα, ἕο μέγ' ἀμείνονα φῶτα,  
 ἠτίμησεν· ἐλὼν γὰρ ἔχει γέρας, αὐτὸς ἀπούρας. 240  
 ἀλλὰ μάλ' οὐκ Ἀχιλῆι χόλος φρεσὶν, ἀλλὰ μεθήμων·  
 ἦ γὰρ ἄν, Ἀτρεΐδῃ, νῦν ὕστατα λωβήσαιο."

ὥς φάτο νεικείων Ἀγαμέμνονα ποιμένα λαῶν  
 Θερσίτης. τῷ δ' ὄκα παρίστατο δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,  
 καὶ μιν ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν χαλεπῷ ἠνίπαπε μύθῳ· 245  
 "Θερσίτ' ἀκριτόμυθε, λιγύς περ ἐὼν ἀγορητῆς  
 ἴσχεο, μηδ' ἔθελ' οἷος ἐριζέμεναι βασιλεῦσιν.  
 οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ σέο φημὶ χειριότερον βροτὸν ἄλλον  
 ἔμμεναι, ὅσσοι ἄμ' Ἀτρεΐδης ὑπὸ Ἴλιον ἦλθον.  
 τῷ οὐκ ἂν βασιλῆας ἀνὰ στόμ' ἔχων ἀγορεύοις, 250  
 καὶ σφιν ὀνειδέα τε προφέροισ, νόστον τε φυλάσσοις.  
 οὐδέ τί πω σάφα ἴδμεν ὅπως ἔσται τάδε ἔργα,  
 ἦ εὖ ἦε κακῶς νοστήσομεν νῆες Ἀχαιῶν.  
 τῷ νῦν Ἀτρεΐδῃ Ἀγαμέμνονι, ποιμένι λαῶν,  
 ἦσαι ὀνειδίζων, ὅτι οἱ μάλα πολλὰ διδοῦσιν 255  
 ἥρωες Δαναοί· σὺ δὲ κερτομέων ἀγορεύεις.  
 ἀλλ' ἔκ τοι ἐρέω, τὸ δὲ καὶ τετελεσμένον ἔσται·  
 εἴ κ' ἔτι σ' ἀφραίνοντα κιχήσομαι ὥς νύ περ ὦδε,  
 μηκέτ' ἔπειτ' Ὀδυσῇ κάρη ὥμοισιν ἐπείη,  
 μηδ' ἔτι Τηλεμάχοιο πατὴρ κεκλημένος εἴην, 260  
 εἰ μὴ ἐγὼ σε λαβὼν ἀπὸ μὲν φίλα εἵματα δύσω,  
 χλαῖνάν τ' ἠδὲ χιτῶνα, τά τ' αἰδῶ ἀμφικαλύπτει,

Achaian men no more! let's e'en aboard  
 And hie us home; but leave him here in Troy  
 To chew his cud of honours as he may:  
 That he may see whether we too avail  
 To help him somewhat, or are nothing worth.  
 He e'en but now Achilleus, than himself  
 A better far, dishonoured; for he took  
 By open robbery and holds his prize.  
 In sooth Achilleus is not choleric,  
 But a good easy man: this insult else,  
 O son of Atreus, surely were thy last."

So spake Thersites, pouring foul abuse  
 On Agamemnon, shepherd of his folk.  
 But in a moment darting to his side  
 Godlike Odysseus stood, and with stern glance  
 Eyed him, and thus rebuked with words severe:  
 "Thersites, reckless babbler, tho' thou be  
 Clear-voiced in speech, restrain thee, nor be bold  
 Alone to rail against thy sovereign lords.  
 For worse than thee I deem not one of all  
 Who with the Atridae came to Ilion.  
 Wherefore take not kings' names upon thy lips,  
 Nor scoff at them, nor look to our return.  
 We know not yet aright how this shall be,  
 Or good or ill, if we Achaia's sons  
 Essay return. And dost thou sit and rail  
 At Agamemnon, shepherd of our folk,  
 The son of Atreus, speaking bitter words,  
 Because the Danaan heroes give him much?  
 But out I tell thee what shall e'en be done.  
 Thee should I find again thus fooling it,  
 May I Odysseus here no longer bear  
 My head upon my shoulders, nor be called  
 The father of my son Telemachus,  
 If straight I take thee not, strip off thy clothes,  
 Cloak, doublet, girdle, all that wraps thy loins,

αὐτὸν δὲ κλαίοντα θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας ἀφήσω  
πεπληγὼς ἀγορήθην ἀεικέσσειν πληγῇσιν.”

ὥς ἄρ' ἔφη, σκῆπτρῳ δὲ μετάφρενον ἠδὲ καὶ ὦμῳ 265  
πλήξεν· ὃ δ' ἰδνῶθη, θαλερὸν δέ οἱ ἔκφυγε δάκρυ.

σμῶδιξ δ' αἵματόεσσα μεταφρένου ἐξυπανέστη  
σκῆπτρου ὑπο χρυσέου. ὃ δ' ἄρ' ἔξετο τάρβησέν τε,  
ἀλγήσας δ', ἀχρεῖον ἰδὼν, ἀπομόρξατο δάκρυ.

οἱ δὲ καὶ ἀχνύμενοί περ ἐπ' αὐτῷ ἠδὺ γέλασαν. 270  
ὦδε δέ τις εἶπесκε ἰδὼν ἐς πλησίον ἄλλον·

“ὦ πόποι, ἦ δὴ μυρί' Ὀδυσσεὺς ἐσθλὰ ἔοργεν  
βουλὰς τ' ἐξάρχων ἀγαθὰς πόλεμόν τε κορύσσων·  
νῦν δὲ τόδε μέγ' ἄριστον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔρεξεν,  
ἐς τὸν λωβητῆρα ἐπεσβόλον ἔσχ' ἀγοράων. 275

οὐ θήν μιν πάλιν αὖτις ἀνήσει θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ  
νικεῖειν βασιλῆας ὀνειδείοις ἐπέεσσιν.”

ὥς φάσαν ἢ πληθύς, ἀνὰ δὲ πτολίπορθος Ὀδυσσεύς  
ἔστη σκῆπτρον ἔχων. παρὰ δὲ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη,  
εἰδομένη κήρυκι, σιωπᾶν λαὸν ἀνώγει, 280

ὥς ἅμα θ' οἱ πρῶτοί τε καὶ ὕστατοι υἱες Ἀχαιῶν  
μῦθον ἀκούσειαν καὶ ἐπιφρασσαίετο βουλήν.

ὃ σφιν εὐφρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν·

“Ἀτρεΐδῃ, νῦν δὴ σε, ἄναξ, ἐθέλουσιν Ἀχαιοί  
πᾶσιν ἐλέγχιστον θέμεναι μερόπεσσι βροτοῖσιν, 285  
οὐδέ τοι ἐκτελέουσιν ὑπόσχεσιν ἣν περ ὑπέστησαν  
ἐνθάδ' ἔτι στείχοντες ἀπ' Ἀργεος ἵπποβότοιο,

Ἴλιον ἐκπέρσαντ' εὐτείχεον ἀπονέεσθαι·

ὥς τε γὰρ ἦ παῖδες νεαροὶ χῆραί τε γυναῖκες  
ἀλλήλοισιν ὀδύρονται οἰκόνδε νέεσθαι. 290

ἦ μὴν καὶ πόνος ἐστὶν ἀνιηθέντα νέεσθαι·

καὶ γάρ τίς θ' ἕνα μῆνα μένων ἀπὸ ἧς ἀλόχοιο  
ἀσχαλάῃ σὺν νηὶ πολυζύγῳ, ὅν περ ἄελλαι

And to the swift ships send thee weeping sore,  
Scourged from the assembly with unseemly blows."

He spake : and with the sceptre smote his back  
And shoulders twain ; he bending winced, and let  
The warm tear fall : a bloody weal rose up  
Beneath the golden sceptre on his back.

Down sate he sore afraid ; and smarting yet  
With helpless foolish look his tears he dried.  
At whom the rest though grieved laughed cheerily,  
And each his neighbour eyeing thus they spake :  
"O marvel strange ! unnumbered noble works  
Odysseus still hath wrought, in counsels good  
A leader, and a marshaller of war.  
But now of all his deeds he doth the best  
Among the Argives, who hath checked the speech  
Of this word-scattering and presumptuous fool.  
Him sure his prideful soul no more will prompt  
To rail at royalty with taunting words."

So spake the people. Then Odysseus rose,  
Spoiler of cities, sceptre still in hand :  
By whom stern-eyed Athené in the guise  
Of herald stood and bade the host be still,  
That far and near alike Achaia's sons  
Might hear his words and mark his counsel well.

He now right wisely mid the people spake :

"My lord Atrides, thee the Achaians now  
Are fain to make a byword and a shame  
To all the tongues and tribes of mortal men.  
Nor keep they good their word, which erst they pledged  
While hither bent from Argos' horse-cropt plain,  
Ne'er to return till well-walled Ilion fell.  
For as young children, or as widowed wives,  
Among themselves they murmur of return.  
'Tis true our toil might warrant homesick pain :  
For, bide he one short month from wife and home,  
The seaman frets in many-benchèd ship,

χειμέριαι εἰλέωσιν ὀρινομένη τε θάλασσα·  
 ἡμῖν δ' εἵνατός ἐστι περιτροπέων ἐνιαυτός 195  
 ἐνθάδε μιμνόντεσσι. τῷ οὐ νεμεσίζομ' Ἀχαιοὺς  
 ἀσχαλάαν παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν. ἀλλὰ καὶ ἔμπης  
 αἰσχρόν τοι δηρόν τε μένειν κενεόν τε νέεσθαι.  
 τλῆτε, φίλοι, καὶ μείνατ' ἐπὶ χρόνον, ὅφρα δαῶμεν  
 ἢ ἐπεὶ Κάλχας μαντεύεται ἦε καὶ οὐκί. 300  
 εὖ γὰρ δὴ τόδε ἴδμεν ἐνὶ φρεσίν, (ἐστὲ δὲ πάντες  
 μάρτυροι, οὓς μὴ κῆρες ἔβαν θανάτοιο φέρουσαι  
 χθιζά τε καὶ πρωίξ') ὅτ' ἐς Αὐλίδα νῆες Ἀχαιῶν  
 ἠγερέθοντο κακὰ Πριάμῳ καὶ Τρωσὶ φέρουσαι,—  
 ἡμεῖς δ' ἀμφιπερὶ κρήνην ἱεροὺς κατὰ βωμούς 305  
 ἔρδομεν ἀθανάτοισι τεληέσσας ἐκατόμβας,  
 καλῇ ὑπὸ πλατανίστῳ, ὅθεν ῥέεν ἀγλαὸν ὕδωρ,—  
 ἔνθ' ἐφάνη μέγα σῆμα· δράκων ἐπὶ νῶτα δαφεινός,  
 σμερδαλέος, τὸν ῥ' αὐτὸς Ὀλύμπιος ἦκε φόωσδε,  
 βωμοῦ ὑπαΐξας πρὸς ῥα πλατάνιστον ὄρουσεν. 310  
 ἔνθα δ' ἔσαν στρουθοῖο νεοσσοί, νήπια τέκνα,  
 ὅζῳ ἐπ' ἀκροτάτῳ, πετάλοις ὑποπεπτηῶτες,  
 ὀκτώ· ἀτὰρ μήτηρ ἐνάτη ἦν, ἣ τέκε τέκνα.  
 ἔνθ' ὃ γε τοὺς ἐλεεινὰ κατήσθιε τετριγῶτας.  
 μήτηρ δ' ἀμφεποτᾶτο ὀδυρομένη φίλα τέκνα· 315  
 τὴν δ' ἐλελιζάμενος πτέρυγος λάβεν ἀμφιαχυῖαν.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατὰ τέκνα φάγε στρουθοῖο καὶ αὐτήν,  
 τὸν μὲν ἀρίζηλον θῆκεν θεὸς ὅς περ ἔφηνεν  
 λᾶαν γάρ μιν ἔθηκε Κρόνου παῖς ἀγκυλομήτεω·  
 ἡμεῖς δ' ἐσταότες θαυμάζομεν οἶον ἐτύχθη. 320  
 ὥς οὖν δεινὰ πέλωρα θεῶν εἰσῆλθ' ἐκατόμβας·  
 Κάλχας δ' αὐτίκ' ἔπειτα θεοπροπέων ἀγόρευεν  
 'τίπτ' ἄνεω ἐγένεσθε, κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαιοί;  
 ἡμῖν μὲν τόδ' ἔφηνε τέρας μέγα μητιέτα Ζεὺς,



Stayed by the wintry storms and surging sea :  
And nine revolving years we now have spent  
Abiding here. I blame not then the host  
Who by the beakèd ships impatient fret.  
But, spite of all our ills, 'twere surely shame  
To bide so long and empty then return.  
Nay, courage, friends ! and stay awhile, to learn  
If Calchas prophesy aright or no.  
For this we know full well (whereof ye all  
Are witnesses, whome'er the Fates of death  
Or yesterday or earlier did not take)  
How—when Achaia's ships at Aulis met  
Freighted with bane to Priam and to Troy,  
And we were slaying round about the well  
On holy altars to the immortal gods  
Full hecatombs beneath the plane-tree fair  
Whence flowed the sparkling water—how a sign,  
A mighty sign, appeared : with blood-red back  
A serpent terrible, whom to the light  
The Olympian sire himself had sent, flashed forth  
From the altar foot and toward the plane-tree sped.  
There were a sparrow's young, her infant brood,  
On topmost bough, close-couched beneath the leaves,  
Eight, and the ninth the mother of the nest ;  
These, chirping piteously, he ate, but she  
The mother, fluttering near, her dear ones mourned.  
Then writhing up he seized her by the wing  
As shrieking round she flew. But when the brood  
And sparrow he had eaten, of the sign  
The god who sent it left a record plain,  
For crooked-counselled Cronos' son to stone  
Turned him. We stood and marvelled at the deed.  
Amid our hecatombs such portents came.  
Then straightway Calchas spake the will of heaven :  
'Why are ye dumb, Achaians flowing-haired?  
To us wise-counselled Zeus this marvel sends

ὄψιμον ὄψιτέλεστον, ὅου κλέος οὐ ποτ' ὀλεῖται. 325  
 ὥς οὗτος κατὰ τέκνα φάγε στρουθοῖο καὶ αὐτήν,  
 ὀκτώ, ἀτὰρ μήτηρ ἐνάτη ἦν ἣ τέκε τέκνα,  
 ὥς ἡμεῖς τοσσαῦτα ἔτεα πολεμίζομεν αὖθι,  
 τῷ δεκάτῳ δὲ πόλιν αἰρήσομεν εὐρυάγνιαν.  
 κεῖνος τῶς ἀγόρευε· τὰ δὲ νῦν πάντα τελεῖται. 330  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε μίμνετε πάντες, εὐκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί,  
 αὐτοῦ, εἰς ὃ κε ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμοιο ἔλωμεν.”  
 ὥς ἔφατ', Ἀργεῖοι δὲ μέγ' ἴαχον—ἀμφὶ δὲ νῆες  
 σμερδαλέον κονάβησαν αὐσάντων ὑπ' Ἀχαιῶν—  
 μῦθον ἐπαινήσαντες Ὀδυσσεύς θεῖοιο. 335  
 τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·  
 “ὦ πόποι, ἣ δὴ παισὶ ἐοικότες ἀγοράασθε  
 νηπιάχοις, οἷς οὐ τι μέλει πολεμήια ἔργα.  
 πῇ δὴ συνθεσῆαι τε καὶ ὄρκια βήσεται ἡμιν;  
 ἐν πυρὶ δὲ βουλαί τε γενοῖατο μήδεά τ' ἀνδρῶν 340  
 σπονδαί τ' ἄκρητοι καὶ δεξιαί, ἧς ἐπέπιθμεν.  
 αὐτῶς γὰρ ἐπέεσσ' ἐριδαίνομεν, οὐδέ τι μῆχος  
 εὐρέμεναι δυνάμεσθα, πολλὸν χρόνον ἐνθάδ' ἐόντες.  
 Ἀτρεΐδῃ, σὺ δ' ἔθ', ὥς πρὶν, ἔχων ἀστεμφέα βουλήν  
 ἄρχε· Ἀργεῖοισι κατὰ κρατερὰς ὑσμίνας, 345  
 τούσδε δ' ἔα φθινύθειν, ἕνα καὶ δύο, τοί κεν Ἀχαιῶν  
 νόσφιν βουλεύωσ' (ἄνυσις δ' οὐκ ἔσσεται αὐτῶν)  
 πρὶν Ἀργοσδ' ἰέναι πρὶν καὶ Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο  
 γινώμεναι ἣ τε ψεῦδος ὑπόσχεσις ἦε καὶ οὐκί.  
 φημὶ γὰρ οὖν κατανεῦσαι ὑπερμενέα Κρονίωνα 350  
 ἡματι τῷ, ὅτε νηυσὶν ἐν ὠκυπόροισιν ἔβαινον  
 Ἀργεῖοι Τρώεσσι φόνον καὶ κῆρα φέροντες,  
 ἀστράπτων ἐπιδέξι', ἐναίσιμα σήματα φαίνων.  
 τῷ μή τις πρὶν ἐπειγέσθω οἰκόνδε νέεσθαι  
 πρὶν τινα παρ Τρώων ἀλόχῳ κατακοιμηθῆναι, 355

Late coming, late fulfilled, yet whose renown  
 Shall never perish. As this snake devoured  
 The nestlings of the sparrow, and herself—  
 Eight, and the ninth the mother of the brood—  
 So shall we here for nine years wage a war,  
 And in the tenth take ample-streeted Troy.’  
 So spake he: and his words have now their end.  
 Then bide ye here, well-greaved Achaians all,  
 Till Priam’s mighty citadel we win.”

He spake. Loud roared the Argives, and around  
 The ships rebellowed to the Achaians’ shout:  
 Godlike Odysseus’ words such welcome met.  
 Then mid them Nestor spake, Gerenian knight:  
 “Strange! how in very sooth like boys ye talk,  
 Mere babes, that know not aught of works of war!  
 Where now will end our covenants? where our oaths?  
 Cast to the fire our counsels, manly plans,  
 Libations pure, and firm hand-plighted troth.  
 Since, idly wrangling thus in words, in deed  
 No help we find, though here we long have been.  
 Nay, son of Atreus, hold thou still, as erst,  
 Unshaken counsel, and through stubborn fight  
 Lead on the Argives. And let these begone  
 Accurst, these one or two, who now apart  
 Sev’ring their counsels from the common cause  
 (Counsels that shall not end in act), would go  
 Homeward to Argos ere the word be proved  
 Of aegis-bearing Zeus, if false or true.  
 For we, I say, had strong Cronion’s pledge,  
 Upon that day when to the swift-borne ships  
 The Argives clomb, with death and doom to Troy:  
 Who flashed from right to left the auspicious sign.  
 Wherefore let no man haste to hie him home  
 Till to his bed some Trojan wife he win,

τίσασθαι δ' Ἑλένης ὀρμήματά τε στοναχάς τε.  
 εἰ δέ τις ἐκπάγλως ἐθέλει οἰκόνδε νέεσθαι,  
 ἀπτέσθω ἥς νηὸς εὖσσέλμοιο μελαίνης,  
 ὄφρα πρόσθ' ἄλλων θάνατον καὶ πότμον ἐπίσπη.  
 ἀλλὰ ἀναξ αὐτός τ' εὖ μῆδεο πείθεό τ' ἄλλω· 360  
 οὐ τοι ἀπόβλητον ἔπος ἔσσεται, ὅττι κε εἶπω.  
 κρίν' ἄνδρας κατὰ φύλα, κατὰ φρήτρας, Ἀγάμεμνον,  
 ὥς φρήτρη φρήτρηφιν ἀρήγη, φύλα δὲ φύλοις.  
 εἰ δέ κεν ὥς ἔρξης καὶ τοι πείθωνται Ἀχαιοί,  
 γνώσεται ἔπειθ' ὅς θ' ἡγεμόνων κακὸς ὅς τέ νυ λαῶν, 365  
 ἦδ' ὅς κ' ἐσθλὸς ἔησι· κατὰ σφέας γὰρ μαχέονται·  
 γνώσεται δ' ἡ καὶ θεσπεσίῃ πόλιν οὐκ ἀλαπάξεις  
 ἡ ἀνδρῶν κακότητι καὶ ἀφραδίῃ πολέμοιο."

τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων·  
 "ἡ μὲν αὐτ' ἀγορῇ νικᾷς, γέρον, υἱας Ἀχαιῶν. 370  
 αἱ γάρ, Ζεῦ τε πάτερ καὶ Ἀθηναίῃ καὶ Ἀπολλων,  
 τοιοῦτοί δέκα μοι συμφράδμονες εἶεν Ἀχαιῶν·  
 τῷ κε τάχ' ἡμύσειε πόλις Πριάμοιο ἄνακτος  
 χερσὶν ὑφ' ἡμετέρησι ἀλοῦσά τε περθομένη τε.  
 ἀλλὰ μοι αἰγίοχος Κρονίδης Ζεὺς ἄλγε' ἔδωκεν, 375  
 ὅς με μετ' ἀπρήκτους ἔριδας καὶ νείκεα βάλλει.  
 καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼν Ἀχιλεὺς τε μαχησάμεθ' εἵνεκα κούρης  
 ἀντιβίοις ἐπέεσσιν, ἐγὼ δ' ἦρχον χαλεπαίνων·  
 εἰ δέ ποτ' ἔς γε μίαν βουλευσομεν, οὐκέτ' ἔπειτα  
 Τρωσὶν ἀνάβλησις κακοῦ ἔσσεται, οὐδ' ἡβαιόν. 380  
 νῦν δ' ἔρχεσθ' ἐπὶ δεῖπνον, ἵνα ξυνάγωμεν Ἄρρη.  
 εὖ μὲν τις δόρυ θηξάσθω, εὖ δ' ἀσπίδα θέσθω,  
 εὖ δέ τις ἵπποισιν δεῖπνον δότῳ ὠκυπόδεσσιν,  
 εὖ δέ τις ἄρματος ἀμφὶ ἰδὼν πολέμοιο μεδέσθω,  
 ὥς κε πανημέριοι στυγερῷ κρινώμεθ' Ἄρρη. 385  
 οὐ γὰρ παυσωλή γε μετέσσεται, οὐδ' ἡβαιόν,

Avenging Helen's wrongful rape and groans.  
But whoso longs thus sore to hie him home,  
Let him upon his benchèd ship lay hand,  
To meet an earlier death and earlier doom.  
But thou, my liege, lay thine own counsel well,  
And yet withal hear others : what I speak  
Is not a word to cast away in scorn.  
King Agamemnon, range by tribes and clans  
Thy men ; that clan aid clan and tribe aid tribe.  
If thus thou do, and thus thy host obey,  
Thou soon wilt know what chieftain bears him ill,  
Or whoso of the host, and who is brave ;  
For they will fight distinct : and thou wilt know  
If heaven's decree forbid the city's fall,  
Or coward men and ignorance of war."

Him answering sovereign Agamemnon spake :  
"Father, in council thou art still the best  
Of all Achaia's sons. I would—O Zeus,  
Athené and Apollo—ay, I would  
I had ten counsellors like thee ! Full soon  
Would royal Priam's city tottering nod  
Beneath our hands taken and desolate.  
But aegis-bearing Zeus, great Cronos' son,  
Hath given me sorrows, who in thwarting strifes  
And quarrels plunges me. For I but now  
Strove with Achilleus for a woman's sake  
In wordy war that I enraged began.  
But should our counsels e'er be one again,  
No longer then, no not for briefest space,  
The Trojans shall delay their evil doom.  
But to your meal, that battle we may join.  
Let each whet well his spear, trim well his shield,  
Let each feed well his coursers fleet of foot,  
Look to his chariot well, with thought of war :  
That we in conflict grim the livelong day  
May try our cause : for respite shall be none—



εἰ μὴ νύξ ἐλθοῦσα διακρινέει μένος ἀνδρῶν.  
 ἰδρώσει μὲν τευ τελαμῶν ἀμφὶ στήθεσσι  
 ἀσπίδος ἀμφιβρότης, περὶ δ' ἔγχρ' ἑῖρα καμείται·  
 ἰδρώσει δέ τευ ἵππος εὖξοον ἄρμα τιταίνων. 390  
 ὃν δέ κ' ἐγὼν ἀπάνευθε μάχης ἐθέλοντα νοήσω  
 μιμνάζειν παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν, οὗ οἱ ἔπειτα  
 ἄρκιον ἐσσεῖται φυγέειν κύνας ἢ δ' οἰωνούς."

ὥς ἔφατ', Ἀργεῖοι δὲ μέγ' ἴαχον, ὥς ὅτε κύμα  
 ἀκτῇ ἐφ' ὑψηλῇ, ὅτε κινήσῃ Νότος ἐλθών, 395  
 προβλήτι σκοπέλῳ· τὸν δ' οὐ ποτε κύματα λείπει  
 παντοίων ἀνέμων, ὅτ' ἂν ἔνθ' ἢ ἔνθα γένωνται.  
 ἀνστάντες δ' ὀρέοντο κεδασθέντες κατὰ νῆας,  
 κάπνισσάν τε κατὰ κλισίας, καὶ δεῖπνον ἔλοντο.  
 ἄλλος δ' ἄλλῳ ἔρεξε θεῶν αἰειγενετῶν, 400  
 εὐχόμενος θάνατόν τε φυγεῖν καὶ μῶλον Ἀρης.  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ βοῦν ἰέρευσε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων  
 πίονα πενταέτηρον ὑπερμενείῃ Κρονίῳνι,  
 κίκλησκεν δὲ γέροντας ἀριστῆας Παναχαιῶν,  
 Νέστορα μὲν πρῶτιστα καὶ Ἰδομενῆα ἄνακτα, 405  
 αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' Αἴαντε δύω καὶ Τυδέος υἱόν,  
 ἕκτον δ' αὐτ' Ὀδυσῆα Διὶ μῆτιν ἀτάλαντον.  
 αὐτόματος δέ οἱ ἦλθε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος·  
 ἦδη γὰρ κατὰ θυμὸν ἀδελφεὸν ὥς ἐπονείτο.  
 βοῦν δὲ περίστησάν τε καὶ οὐλοχύτας ἀνέλοντο. 410  
 τοῖσιν δ' εὐχόμενος μετέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων  
 "Ζεῦ κύδιστε μέγιστε, κελαινεφές, αἰθέρι ναίων,  
 μὴ πρὶν ἐπ' ἥελιον δύναι καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἐλθεῖν  
 πρὶν με κατὰ πρηγὲς βαλέειν Πριάμοιο μέλαθρον  
 αἰθαλόεν, πρῆσαι δὲ πυρὸς δηίοιο θύρετρα, 415  
 Ἐκτόρεον δὲ χιτῶνα περὶ στήθεσσι δαΐξαι

No, not for briefest space—till night shall come  
 And part the fury of the warriors.  
 Around each breast with sweat shall run the belt  
 That bears the ample shield, around the spear  
 Each hand shall ache, and every steed shall sweat  
 Straining laborious at the burnished car.  
 But whomso by the beakèd ships I see  
 Skulking away from fight, it shall not serve  
 To save his carcase from the dogs and birds.”

He spake. Loud roared the Argives, as the surf  
 By south wind stirred roars on a lofty shore,  
 Some jutting rock, where billows never fail  
 Driven on by all the varying winds that blow.  
 Then rose they up, and soon were all astir,  
 Dispersing to their ships, and in their tents  
 The smoking fires they lit, and took their meal.  
 And to the ever-living gods they brought,  
 Each to his own, due offerings, and they prayed  
 Escape from death and from the moil of war.  
 An ox did Agamemnon king of men  
 To strong Cronion slay, fat, five-year-old;  
 Then called the elder of Achaia's chiefs,  
 Nestor the first, and king Idomeneus,  
 The two Ajaces then, and Tydeus' son,  
 Odysseus sixth, in counsel peer of Zeus.  
 Unbid came Menelaus good in fray,  
 For well he knew at heart his brother's care.  
 Ranged round the ox they raised the barley meal;  
 While mid them sovereign Agamemnon prayed:  
 “O Zeus, most glorious, mightiest, cloud-enwrapt,  
 Who dwellest in the heavens, grant that the sun  
 Set not, nor darkness fall, till I have dashed  
 Down in one headlong ruin Priam's halls  
 All charred and cindered, and with raging fire  
 His portals burned; till I on Hector's breast  
 Have cleft the shirt rent by my brazen blade:

χαλκῷ ῥωγαλέον· πολέες δ' ἄμφ' αὐτὸν ἑταῖροι  
πρηνέες ἐν κονίῃσιν ὁδὰξ λαζοίατο γαῖαν·”

ὥς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἄρα πῶ οἱ ἐπεκραΐαινε Κρονίων,  
ἀλλ' ὃ γ' ἔδεκτο μὲν ἰρά, πόνον δ' ἀλίσστον ὄφελλεν. 420

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ῥ' εὗξαντο καὶ οὐλοχύτας προβάλλοντο,  
αὔευσαν μὲν πρῶτα καὶ ἔσφαξαν καὶ ἔδειραν,  
μηρούς τ' ἐξέταμον κατὰ τε κνίσῃ ἐκάλυψαν  
δίπτυχα ποιήσαντες, ἐπ' αὐτῶν δ' ὠμοθέτησαν.  
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἄρ' σχίζῃσιν ἀφύλλοισιν κατέκαιον, 425

σπλάγχχνα δ' ἄρ' ἀμπείραντες ὑπείρεχον Ἥφαιστοιο.  
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατὰ μῆρα κἀή καὶ σπλάγχχνα πάσαντο,  
μίστυλλον τ' ἄρα τάλλα καὶ ἄμφ' ὀβελοῖσιν ἔπειραν,  
ᾧπτησάν τε περιφραδέως, ἐρύσαντό τε πάντα.

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ παύσαντο πόνου τετύκοντό τε δαῖτα, 430  
δαίνυντ', οὐδέ τι θυμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὸς ἐΐσης.

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἔρον ἔντο,  
τοῖς ἄρα μύθων ἦρχε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·

“Ἄτρεΐδῃ κύδιστε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,  
μηκέτι δὴ νῦν ταῦτα λεγώμεθα, μηδ' ἔτι δηρὸν 435  
ἀμβαλλώμεθα ἔργον ὃ δὴ θεὸς ἐγγυαλίζει·

ἀλλ' ἄγε κήρυκες μὲν Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων  
λαὸν κηρύσσοντες ἀγειρόντων κατὰ νῆας,  
ἡμεῖς δ' ἀθρόοι ὧδε κατὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺν Ἀχαιῶν  
ἵομεν, ὄφρα κε θᾶσσον ἐγείρομεν ὄξυν Ἄρηα.” 440

ὥς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·  
αὐτίκα κηρύκεσσι λιγυφθόγοισι κέλευσεν

κηρύσσειν πολεμόνδε κάρη κομόωντας Ἀχαιοὺς.

οἱ μὲν ἐκήρυσσον, τοῖ δ' ἠγείροντο μάλ' ὦκα.

οἱ δ' ἄμφ' Ἀτρεΐωνα διοτρεφέες βασιλῆες 445

θῦνον κρίνοντες, μετὰ δὲ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη

αἰγίδ' ἔχουσ' ἐρίτιμον, ἀγήραον ἀθανάτην τε,

While many comrades headlong in the dust  
Fall round their chief and biting grip the ground."

He spake : Cronion to his prayer not yet  
Fulfilment gave. The victim he received,  
But doomed him heavier load of wretched toil.

But prayers now done, and strewn the barley meal,  
First drew they back and gashed the victims' throats,  
Then flayed them and cut out the thighs, on which  
Enwrap in double fat raw meats they placed.  
And these on leafless splinters burned, then pierced  
With spits, and o'er the fire the entrails held.  
Then, when the thighs were burnt, and tasted now  
The entrails, what remained they sliced up small,  
Speared on the spits, and roasted all with care,  
And drew therefrom. But when their toil was done  
And ready was their meal, then feasted they,  
Nor stinted was their soul of well-shared cheer.  
And when desire of meat and drink was stayed,  
Nestor, Gerenian knight, first took the word :

"Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men,  
Great Agamemnon, let us now no more  
Talk idly here, nor long delay the work  
Given in our hands by heaven. Come, let the host  
Of mailed Achaïans by the heralds' cry  
Be mustered through the ships. We chiefs, who here  
Are met, throughout the wide Achaïan host  
Will pass, to rouse with speed the furious fight."

He spake : and Agamemnon king of men  
Obeyed, and bid the shrill-voiced heralds call  
The flowing-haired Achaïans to the field.  
The heralds cried : swift came the gathering host.  
But round Atrides the Zeus-nurtured kings  
Hasted to range their several troops : and there  
Stern-eyed Athené with her aegis stood—  
That precious, never-aging, deathless targe,

τῆς ἑκατὸν θύσανοι παγχρύσειοι ἡερέθονται,  
 πάντες εὐπλεκέες, ἑκατόμβοιοι δὲ ἕκαστος.  
 σὺν τῇ παιφάσσουσα διέσσυτο λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν 450  
 ὀτρύνουσ' ἰέναι. ἐν δὲ σθένος ὤρσε ἑκάστω  
 καρδίῃ ἄλληκτον πολεμιζέμεν ἠδὲ μάχεσθαι.  
 τοῖσι δ' ἄφαρ πόλεμος γλυκίων γένετ' ἢ ἐνέεσθαι  
 ἐν νηυσὶ γλαφυρῇσι φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαίαν.

ἤνυτε πῦρ αἰδῆλον ἐπιφλέγει ἄσπετον ὕλην 455  
 οὖρεος ἐν κορυφῇς, ἕκαθεν δέ τε φαίνεται αὐγή,  
 ὥς τῶν ἐρχομένων ἀπὸ χαλκοῦ θεσπεσίοιο  
 αἴγλη παμφανώσα δι' αἰθέρος οὐρανὸν ἵκεν.

τῶν δ', ὥς τ' ὀρνίθων πετεηνῶν ἔθνεα πολλά,  
 χηνῶν ἢ γεράνων ἢ κύκνων δουλιχοδείρων, 460  
 Ἀσίῳ ἐν λειμῶνι Καῦστρίου ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρα  
 ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα ποτῶνται ἀγαλλόμενα πτερύγεσσιν,  
 κλαγγηδὸν προκαθίζόντων, σμαραγεῖ δέ τε λειμῶν,  
 ὥς τῶν ἔθνεα πολλὰ νεῶν ἄπο καὶ κλισιάων  
 ἐς πεδίον προχέοντο Σκαμάνδριον, αὐτὰρ ὑπὸ χθῶν 465  
 σμερδαλέον κονάβιζε ποδῶν αὐτῶν τε καὶ ἵππων.  
 ἔσταν δ' ἐν λειμῶνι Σκαμανδρίῳ ἀνθεμόεντι  
 μυρίοι, ὅσσα τε φύλλα καὶ ἄνθεα γίγνεται ὥρη.  
 ἤνυτε μυιάων ἀδινάων ἔθνεα πολλά,  
 αἳ τε κατὰ σταθμὸν ποιμνήιον ἡλάσκουσιν 470  
 ὥρη ἐν εἰαρινῇ, ὅτε τε γλάγος ἄγγεα δεύει,  
 τόσσοι ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαιοί  
 ἐν πεδίῳ ἴσταντο, διαρραῖσαι μεμαῶτες.

τοὺς δ', ὥς τ' αἰπόλια πλατέ' αἰγῶν αἰπόλοι ἄνδρες  
 ῥεῖα διακρίνωσιν, ἐπεὶ κε νομῶ μιγέωσιν, 475  
 ὥς τοὺς ἡγεμόνες διεκόσμεον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα  
 ὑσμίνηνδ' ἰέναι, μετὰ δὲ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,  
 ὄμματα καὶ κεφαλὴν ἵκελος Διὶ τερπικεραύνῳ,



Whose hundred tassels wave ablaze with gold,  
Well-twisted all, each worth five score of kine—  
Flashing with this she sped her through the host,  
And urged them on : strength in each heart she stirred  
To wage unceasing war, unceasing fight.  
And war they now deemed sweeter than to sail  
In hollow ships to their dear fatherland.

As wasting fire o'er boundless forest flames  
On mountain heights, and sheds its gleam afar,  
So, as they went, from all their radiant mail  
Through ether heaven-wards flashed a dazzling sheen.

And as the many tribes of winged fowl,  
Of wild-geese or of cranes or long-necked swans,  
In Asian meadow by Cayster's stream  
Fly here and there in joyous pride of wing,  
And clamorous light in shifting ranks—the mead  
All stir and chattering ; so from ships and tents  
Their many nations to Scamander's plain  
Forth poured. The ground beneath terrific rang  
Battered by hoof of horse and tramp of men.  
And in Scamander's flowery mead they stood  
Countless as leaves and flowers in summer's prime.  
As swarm the many tribes of thronging flies,  
That round the cattle-sheds persistent roam  
In spring-time when the pails with milk are brimmed ;  
So numerous now against the Trojans stood  
The flowing-haired Achaïans on the plain,  
All hotly bent to break their foemen's line.

And these—as goatherds lightly part their flocks  
Tho' wide and in the pasture blent—so these  
Their chieftains ranged, some here some there, for fight.  
Among them sovereign Agamemnon's self,  
In eye and head as lightning-loving Zeus,

Ἄρεϊ δὲ ζώνην, στέρνον δὲ Ποσειδάωνι.

ἤύτε βοῦς ἀγέληφι μέγ' ἔξοχος ἔπλετο πάντων 480  
ταῦρος (ὃ γάρ τε βόεσσι μεταπρέπει ἀγρομένησιν),  
τοῖον ἄρ' Ἀτρεΐδην θῆκε Ζεὺς ἡματι κείνῳ,  
ἐκπρεπὲ' ἐν πολλοῖσι καὶ ἔξοχον ἡρώεσσιν.

ἔσπετε νῦν μοι, Μοῦσαι, Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχουσαι,  
(ὕμεῖς γὰρ θεαὶ ἐστε πάρεστε τε ἴστε τε πάντα, 485  
ἡμεῖς δὲ κλέος οἶον ἀκούομεν, οὐδέ τι ἴδμεν)  
οἳ τινες ἡγεμόνες Δαναῶν καὶ κοίρανοι ἦσαν.  
πληθὺν δ' οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι οὐδ' ὀνομήνω,  
οὐδ' εἴ μοι δέκα μὲν γλῶσσαι δέκα δὲ στόματ' εἶεν,  
φωνὴ δ' ἄρρηκτος, χάλκεον δέ μοι ἦτορ ἐνείη, 490  
εἰ μὴ Ὀλυμπιάδες Μοῦσαι, Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο  
θυγατέρες, μνησαίαθ' ὅσοι ὑπὸ Ἴλιον ἦλθον.  
ἀρχοὺς αὖ νηῶν ἐρέω νῆας τε προπάσας.

Βοιωτῶν μὲν Πηνέλεως καὶ Λήϊτος ἦρχον  
Ἀρκεσίλαός τε Προθοήνωρ τε Κλονίος τε, 495  
οἳ θ' Ὑρίην ἐνέμοντο καὶ Αὐλίδα πετρήεσαν  
Σχοῖνόν τε Σκῶλόν τε πολύκνημόν τ' Ἐτεωνόν,  
Θέσπειαν Γραϊάν τε καὶ εὐρύχορον Μυκαλησσόν,  
οἳ τ' ἄμφ' Ἀρμ' ἐνέμοντο καὶ Εἰλέσιον καὶ Ἐρύθρας,  
οἳ τ' Ἐλεῶν εἶχον ἠδ' Ὑλην καὶ Πετεῶνα, 500  
Ὠκαλέην Μεδεῶνά τ', εὐκτίμενον πτολίεθρον,  
Κώπας Εὐτρησίν τε πολυτρήρωνά τε Θίσβην,  
οἳ τε Κορώνειαν καὶ ποιήενθ' Ἀλῖαρτον,  
οἳ τε Πλάταιαν ἔχον ἠδ' οἳ Γλίσαντα νέμοντο,  
οἳ θ' Ὑποθήβας εἶχον, εὐκτίμενον πτολίεθρον, 505  
Ὀγχηστόν θ' ἱερόν, Ποσιδήιον ἀγλαὸν ἄλσος,  
οἳ τε πολυστάφυλον Ἀρνην ἔχον, οἳ τε Μίδειαν  
Νῖσάν τε ζαθέην Ἀνθηδόνα τ' ἐσχατόωσαν.

In girth as Ares, with Poseidon's breast.  
As in a herd the bull out-topping all  
Is seen conspicuous 'mid the gathering kine,  
Such in that day did Zeus Atrides make,  
'Bove host and heroes all conspicuous seen.  
Say now, ye dwellers in Olympian halls,  
Ye Muses, say—for ye are goddesses  
Present at all, all knowing, we but hear  
The rumour of the deeds and nothing know—  
Who were the Danaans' leaders, who their kings.  
The host indeed I could not tell nor name,  
No, not had I ten tongues, ten mouths withal,  
A voice untiring, and a brazen heart ;  
Unless the Olympian Muses, daughters they  
Of aegis-bearing Zeus, should all record  
Who came beneath the walls of Ilion.

The chiefs I now will name and all their ships.  
These led Boeotia's host, Peneleos  
And Leïtus, with them Arcesilas  
And Prothoënor fourth, and Clonius.  
Their men were they that dwelt in Hyria  
And rocky Aulis, Schoenus, Scolus too,  
And Eteonus with its forest glens,  
Thespeia, Graia, and the spacious plain  
Of Mycalessus ; they of Harma's land,  
Ilesium and Erythrae ; those who held  
Eleon, and Hyla, Peteon withal,  
Ocalea, and Medeon's well-built hold,  
Copae, Eutresis, Thisbé haunt of doves,  
And Coronea, and the grassy mead  
Of Haliartus. Came Plataea's sons,  
And they of Glisas, and the well-built hold  
Of Lower Thebé, and the holy town  
Onchestus with Poseidon's glorious grove,  
And Arné rich in grapes, and Midea, .  
Nisa divine, Anthedon, border town.

τῶν μὲν πεντήκοντα νέες κίον, ἐν δὲ ἐκάστη  
κοῦροι Βοιωτῶν ἑκατὸν καὶ εἴκοσι βαῖνον.

510

οἳ δ' Ἀσπληδὸν ἔναιον ἰδ' Ὀρχομενὸν Μινύειον,  
τῶν ἦρχ' Ἀσκάλαφος καὶ Ἰάλμενος, υἱὲς Ἄρηος,  
οὓς τέκε Ἀστυόχη δόμῳ Ἄκτορος Ἀζειίδαο,  
παρθένος αἰδοίη, ὑπερώιον εἰσαναβᾶσα,  
Ἄρηι κρατερῷ· ὃ δέ οἱ παρελέξατο λάθρῃ.

515

τοῖς δὲ τριήκοντα γλαφυραὶ νέες ἐστιχόωντο.

αὐτὰρ Φωκῶν Σχεδῖος καὶ Ἐπίστροφος ἦρχον,  
υἱὲς Ἰφίτου μεγαθύμου Ναυβολίδαο,

οἳ Κυπάρισσον ἔχον Πυθῶνά τε πετρήεσαν  
Κρίσάν τε ζαθέην καὶ Δαυλίδα καὶ Πανοπῆα,

520

οἳ τ' Ἀνεμώρειαν καὶ Τάμπολιν ἀμφενέμοντο,

οἳ τ' ἄρα παρ ποταμὸν Κηφισὸν δῖον ἔναιον,

οἳ τε Λίλαιαν ἔχον πηγῆς ἔπι Κηφισοῖο.

τοῖς δ' ἅμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἔποντο.

οἳ μὲν Φωκῶν στίχας ἴστασαν ἀμφιέποντες,

525

Βοιωτῶν δ' ἔμπλην ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ θωρήσσοντο.

Λοκρῶν δ' ἠγεμόνευεν Οἰλῆος ταχὺς Αἴας,

μείων, οὗ τι τόσος γε ὅσος Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,

ἀλλὰ πολὺ μείων· ὀλίγος μὲν ἦν, λινοθώρηξ,

ἐγχείῃ δ' ἐκέκαστο Πανέλληνας καὶ Ἀχαιοὺς·

530

οἳ Κῦνόν τ' ἐνέμοντ' Ὀπόμεντά τε Καλλιάρων τε

Βῆσσαν τε Σκάρφην τε καὶ Αὐγείας ἐρατεινάς

Τάρφην τε Θρόνιον τε Βοαγρίου ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρα.

τῷ δ' ἅμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἔποντο

Λοκρῶν, οἳ ναίουσι πέρην ἱερῆς Ἐυβοίης.

535

οἳ δ' Εὐβοίαν ἔχον μένεα πνεύοντες Ἀβαντες,

Χαλκίδα τ' Εἰρέτριάν τε πολυστάφυλόν θ' Ἰστίαιαν

Κήρινθόν τ' ἔφαλον Δῖόν τ' αἰπὺ πτολίεθρον,

Fifty in all their ships that came : in each  
Six score Boeotian warriors were aboard.

Aspledon's people next, and they withal  
Of Minyan Orchomenus were there,  
Led by Ascalaphus and Ialmenus,  
Two sons of Ares, whom Astyoche  
Bare in the house of Actor Azeus' son,  
A bashful maiden, whom in highest bower  
Ares the mighty god in secret wooed.  
With these stood thirty hollow ships in line.

Then came the Phocians, by Epistrophus  
And Schedius led ; sons of Iphitus they,  
And he the high-souled son of Naubolus :  
From Cyparissus, and from Pytho's crags,  
Crisa divine, Daulis and Panopeus,  
From Anemoria and Hyampolis,  
From fair Cephissus' banks, that godlike stream,  
And from Lilaia at the river's source.  
With two score black-hulled ships these chieftains came,  
Who ranged the Phocian lines upon the left,  
Close to Boeotia's sons, an armed host.

Came too the Locrians, by fleet Ajax led,  
Ajax Oïleus' son, in stature less  
Than Telamonian Ajax : small was he,  
In linen breastplate clad, but with the lance  
Of all Hellenes and Achaians best.  
In Cynus, Opus, and Calliarus  
His forces dwelt, in lovely Augeae,  
Bessa, and Scarphé, Tarphé, Thronius,  
Nigh to Boagrius' stream. Followed with him  
Black ships two score, by Locrians manned, who hold  
The lands that front Euboea's holy isle.

Euboea's sons, the Abantes breathing might,  
From Chalcis came and from Eretria,  
From Histiaea rich in clustering grapes,  
Cerinthus on the sea, and the high hold



οἳ τε Κάρυστον ἔχον ἡδ' οἳ Στύρα ναιετάασκον,  
 τῶν αὖθ' ἡγεμόνευ' Ἐλεφήνωρ ὄξος Ἄρηος,  
 Χαλκωδοντιάδης, μεγαθύμων ἀρχὸς Ἀβάντων.  
 τῷ δ' ἄμ' Ἀβαντες ἔποντο θοοί, ὅπιθεν κομόωντες,  
 αἰχμηταί, μεμαῶτες ὀρεκτῆσιν μελήσιν  
 θώρηκας ῥήξειν δηίων ἀμφὶ στήθεσσι.

540

τῷ δ' ἄμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαινα νῆες ἔποντο.  
 οἳ δ' ἄρ' Ἀθήνας εἶχον, εὐκτίμενον πτολίεθρον,  
 δῆμον Ἐρεχθίδος μεγαλήτορος, ὅν ποτ' Ἀθήνη  
 θρέψε Διὸς θυγάτηρ, τέκε δὲ ξεῖδωρος ἄρουρα,  
 καδ δ' ἐν Ἀθῆνῃς εἶσε, ἐφ' ἐνὶ πτόνι νηῶ·

545

ἔνθα δέ μιν ταύροισι καὶ ἀρνείοις ἰλάονται  
 κούροι Ἀθηναίων περιτελλομένων ἐνιαυτῶν  
 τῶν αὖθ' ἡγεμόνευ' υἱὸς Πετεῶο Μενεσθεύς.  
 τῷ δ' οὐ πώ τις ὁμοῖος ἐπιχθόνιος γένετ' ἀνὴρ  
 κοσμήσαι ἵππους τε καὶ ἀνέρας ἀσπιδιώτας.

550

Νέστωρ οἷος ἔριζεν· ὃ γὰρ προγενέστερος ἦεν.  
 τῷ δ' ἄμα πεντήκοντα μέλαινα νῆες ἔποντο.

555

Αἴας δ' ἐκ Σαλαμῖνος ἄγεν δυοκαίδεκα νῆας.  
 στήσε δ' ἄγων ἔν' Ἀθηναίων ἴσταντο φάλαγγες.

οἳ δ' Ἄργος τ' εἶχον Τίρυνθά τε τειχιόεσσαν,  
 Ἑρμιόνην Ἀσίνην τε βαθὺν κατὰ κόλπον ἐχούσας,  
 Τροίξην Ἡϊόνας τε καὶ ἀμπελόεντ' Ἐπίδauρον,  
 οἳ τ' ἔχον Αἴγιναν Μάσητά τε κούροι Ἀχαιῶν,  
 τῶν αὖθ' ἡγεμόνευε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης  
 καὶ Σθένελος Καπανῆος ἀγακλειτοῦ φίλος υἱός.

560

τοῖσι δ' ἄμ' Εὐρύαλος τρίτατος κίε, ἰσόθεος φώς,  
 Μηκιστῆος υἱὸς Ταλαϊονίδαο ἄνακτος.

565

σμπάντων δ' ἡγεῖτο βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης.

τοῖσι δ' ἄμ' ὀγδῶκοντα μέλαινα νῆες ἔποντο.

οἳ δὲ Μυκῆνας εἶχον, εὐκτίμενον πτολίεθρον,

Of Dium, from Carystus and the homes  
 Of Styra. These did Elephenor lead  
 Scion of Ares he, Chalcodon's son,  
 Chief of a high-souled host, whom to the field  
 The fleet Abantes followed, o'er whose necks  
 Long flowed the hair behind: spearmen were they,  
 Eager with ashen lances forward thrust  
 To rend the corslet on their foemen's breasts.  
 Black ships two-score were this chief's following.

They who in Athens dwelt, a well-built hold ;  
 Home of Erectheus mighty-souled, whom erst,  
 Tho' born the son of corn-providing Earth,  
 Athené reared, daughter of Zeus, and placed  
 At Athens in her own rich-gifted shrine :  
 Where he with bulls and rams is duly sought  
 By Athens' sons, as circling years come round.  
 These ranks Menestheus son of Peteos led,  
 The like of whom was never mortal man  
 To marshal steeds and shielded warriors.  
 Nestor alone, his elder, rivalled him.  
 Black ships two score and ten his following.

Twelve ships did Ajax lead from Salamis,  
 And placed them where the Athenian columns stood.

From Argos and from Tiryns' massive walls,  
 Hermioné and Asiné, lying both  
 On a deep bay, from Troezen, Eionae,  
 And vine-clad Epidaurus; from the isle  
 Aegina, and from Mases too they came,  
 Achaian youth, by Diomedes led  
 Gallant in fray; and Sthenelus the son  
 Of far-famed Capaneus, with whom was joined  
 Third in command Euryalus, godlike wight  
 Of Talaon's kingly son Mecisteus born.  
 But chief was Diomedes good in fray :  
 And four-score black ships were their following.

Came dwellers in Mycenae, well-built hold,

ἀφνειόν τε Κόρινθον εὐκτιμένας τε Κλεωνάς,  
 Ὀρνειάς τ' ἐνέμοντο Ἀραιθυρέην τ' ἐρατεινήν  
 καὶ Σικυῶν, ὅθ' ἄρ' Ἀδρηστος πρῶτ' ἐμβασίλευεν,  
 οἳ θ' Ὑπερησίην τε καὶ αἰπεινὴν Γονόεσσαν  
 Πελλήνην τ' εἶχον, ἡδ' Αἴγιον ἀμφενέμοντο  
 Αἰγιαλόν τ' ἀνὰ πάντα καὶ ἀμφ' Ἑλίκην εὐρεΐαν. 575  
 τῶν ἑκατὸν νηῶν ἦρχεν κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων  
 Ἀτρεΐδης. ἅμα τῷ γε πολὺ πλείστοι καὶ ἄριστοι  
 λαοὶ ἔποντ'· ἐν δ' αὐτὸς ἐδύσετο νώροπα χαλκόν  
 κυδιόων, πᾶσιν δὲ μετέπρεπεν ἡρώεσσιν,  
 οὔνεκ' ἄριστος ἔην, πολὺ δὲ πλείστους ἄγε λαούς. 580

οἳ δ' εἶχον κοίλῃν Λακεδαιμονα κητώεσσαν,  
 Φᾶρίν τε Σπάρτην τε πολυτρήρωνά τε Μέσσην  
 Βρυσειάς τ' ἐνέμοντο καὶ Αὐγειαὶς ἐρατεινάς,  
 οἳ τ' ἄρ' Ἀμύκλας εἶχον Ἑλος τ' ἔφαλον πτολίεθρον,  
 οἳ τε Λάαν εἶχον ἡδ' Οἴτυλον ἀμφενέμοντο· 585  
 τῶν οἱ ἀδελφεὸς ἦρχε, βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος,  
 ἐξήκοντα νεῶν· ἀπάτερθε δὲ θωρήσσοντο.  
 ἐν δ' αὐτὸς κίε ἦσι προθυμίῃσι πεποισθώς,  
 ὀτρύνων πολεμόνδε· μάλιστα δὲ ἔετο θυμῷ  
 τίσασθαι Ἑλένης ὀρμήματά τε στοναχάς τε. 590

οἳ δὲ Πύλον τ' ἐνέμοντο καὶ Ἀρήνην ἐρατεινὴν  
 καὶ Θρύον Ἀλφειοῖο πόρον καὶ εὐκτιτον Αἰπύ,  
 καὶ Κυπαρισσήεντα καὶ Ἀμφιγένειαν ἔναιον  
 καὶ Πτελεὸν καὶ Ἑλος καὶ Δώριον, ἔνθα τε μούσαι  
 ἀντόμεναι Θάμυριν τὸν Θρήικα παῦσαν ἀοιδῆς, 595  
 Οἰχαλίηθεν ἰόντα παρ' Εὐρύτου Οἰχαλιῆος  
 (στεῦτο γὰρ εὐχόμενος νικησέμεν, εἴ περ ἂν αὐταί  
 μούσαι αἰέδοιεν, κοῦραι Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο·  
 αἱ δὲ χολωσάμεναι πηρὸν θέσαν, αὐτὰρ ἀοιδὴν

Rich Corinth, and Cleonae's city fair ;  
From Orneae's fields, and from the lovely lands  
Of Araithyrea : they of Sicyon came,  
Wherein Adrastus first held sovereignty :  
From Hyperesia and Gonussa's heights,  
Pellené, and the lands of Aegium,  
Achaia's strand, broad Helice's domain.  
Their ships five-score the son of Atreus led  
Dread sovereign Agamemnon : most and best  
By far his following was, and in their midst  
Himself in brass of dazzling sheen was clad,  
Proud that amid all heroes chief he shone,  
Noblest and best, lord of the largest host.

From hollow Lacedaemon's many glens,  
Pharis, and Sparta, Messa, haunt of doves,  
From Bryseae, and from lovely Augeae,  
Amyclae, Helos, stronghold on the sea,  
From Laas, and from Oetylus they came :  
These led by Menelaus good in fray,  
Brother to Agamemnon. Sixty ships  
Were theirs, and separate did they marshal them.  
Mid them their chief in zeal and confidence  
Urged them to war : and much his soul did crave  
Vengeance for Helen's wrongful rape and groans.

From Pylos came they, from Arené fair,  
From Thryum, ford upon Alpheus' stream,  
From well-built Aepy : Cyparissians too,  
And those who in Amphigeneia dwelt,  
Pteleum, and Helos, and in Dorium.  
There met the Muses Thracian Thamyris  
And quelled his song ; what time from Eurytus,  
Oechalia's king, and from his land he came.  
For he would bear the palm—in prideful words  
So bragged he—tho' the Muses' selves should sing,  
The daughters they of aegis-bearing Zeus.  
Then wroth they struck him blind : his song divine

θεσπεσίην ἀφέλοντο καὶ ἐκλέλαθον κιθαριστύν), 600  
 τῶν αὖθ' ἡγεμόνευε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ,  
 τῷ δ' ἐνεθήκοντα γλαφυραὶ νέες ἐστιχόωντο.

οἳ δ' ἔχον Ἀρκαδίην ὑπὸ Κυλλήνης ὄρος αἰπύ,  
 Αἰπύτιον παρὰ τύμβον, ἔν' ἀνέρες ἀγχιμαχηταί,  
 οἳ Φενεόν τ' ἐνέμοντο καὶ Ὀρχομενὸν πολύμηλον 605  
 Ῥίπην τε Στρατίνην τε καὶ ἠνεμόεσσαν Ἐνίσπην,  
 καὶ Τεγέην εἶχον καὶ Μαντινέην ἐρατεινὴν,  
 Στύμφηλόν τ' εἶχον καὶ Παρρασίην ἐνέμοντο,  
 τῶν ἦρχ' Ἀγκαῖοιο πάϊς κρείων Ἀγαπήνωρ  
 ἐξήκοντα νεῶν· πολέες δ' ἐν νηὶ ἐκάστη 610

Ἀρκάδες ἄνδρες ἔβαινον, ἐπιστάμενοι πολεμίζειν.  
 αὐτὸς γάρ σφιν ἔδωκε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων  
 νῆας εὖσσέλμους περάαν ἐπὶ οἶνοπα πόντον,  
 Ἀτρεΐδης, ἐπεὶ οὐ σφί θαλάσσια ἔργα μεμήλει.

οἳ δ' ἄρα Βουπράσιόν τε καὶ Ἥλιδα διὰν ἔναιον, 615  
 ὅσσον ἐφ' Ὑρμίνῃ καὶ Μύρσινος ἐσχατόωσα  
 πέτρῃ τ' Ὠλενίῃ καὶ Ἀλείσιον ἐντὸς ἔέργει,  
 τῶν αὖ τέσσαρες ἀρχοὶ ἔσαν, δέκα δ' ἀνδρὶ ἐκάστω  
 νῆες ἔποντο θοαί, πολέες δ' ἔμβαινον Ἐπειοί.  
 τῶν μὲν ἄρ' Ἀμφίμαχος καὶ Θάλπιος ἡγησάσθην, 620  
 υἱὲς δ' μὲν Κτεάτου δ' ἄρ' Εὐρύτου Ἀκτορίωνος,  
 τῶν δ' Ἀμαρυγκεΐδης ἦρχεν κρατερὸς Διώρης·  
 τῶν δὲ τετάρτων ἦρχε Πολύξενος θεοειδής,  
 υἱὸς Ἀγασθέneos Αὐγηιάδαο ἄνακτος.

οἳ δ' ἐκ Δουλιχίου Ἐχινάων θ' ἱεράων 625  
 νήσων, αἱ ναίουσι πέρην ἁλός, Ἥλιδος ἄντα,  
 τῶν αὖθ' ἡγεμόνευε Μέγης ἀτάλαντος Ἀρηί,  
 Φυλεΐδης, ὃν ἔτικτε διίφιλος ἱππότα Φυλεύς,  
 ὅς ποτε Δουλιχίονδ' ἀπενάσσατο πατρὶ χολωθείς.



Was lost, his harper hand forgot her skill.  
These warriors Nestor led, Gerenian knight :  
And with him ninety hollow ships were ranged.

From Arcady, beneath Cyllené's steep  
Hard by the tomb of Aepytus, they came,  
Close-fighting men ; came they of Pheneos,  
And of Orchomenus rich in many flocks,  
Of Rhipé, Stratia, and Enispé's heights,  
Of Tegea, and of Mantinea fair,  
Stymphalus and Parrhasia's pasture land.  
These all by sovereign Agapenor led  
Ancaeus' son : sixty their tale of ships,  
And in each ship embarked a numerous crew,  
Brave sons of Arcady well-skilled in war.  
To these had Agamemnon king of men  
Himself supplied well-benchèd ships wherein  
To cross the wine-hued main, for of the sea  
And of the shipman's craft they had no lore.

Came they whose home was in Buprasium  
And Elis the divine, from lands between  
Hyrminé, Myrsinus the border-town,  
The rock of Olenus, and Alisium.  
Four were their chiefs, ten swift ships followed each,  
Wherein Epeans many were embarked.  
And these Amphimachus and Thalpius led,  
Sons one of Cteatus, one of Eurytus  
The son of Actor ; and Diores third,  
Stout son of Amarynceus ; but the fourth  
Polyxenus the godlike, of a king  
Agasthenes the son of Augeus born.

They of Dulichium, and the sacred isles  
Echinades, that lie across the firth  
In front of Elis : these by Meges led,  
A peer of Ares ; son of Phyleus he,  
Phyleus that knight beloved of Zeus, who erst  
Dulichium sought when angered at his sire.

τῷ δ' ἅμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἔποντο. 630

αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσεὺς ἦγε Κεφαλλῆνας μεγαθύμους,  
οἳ ῥ' Ἰθάκην εἶχον καὶ Νήριτον εἰνοσίφυλλον,  
καὶ Κροκύλει' ἐνέμοντο καὶ Αἰγίλιπα τρηχεῖαν,  
οἳ τε Ζάκυνθον ἔχον ἠδ' οἱ Σάμον ἀμφενέμοντο,  
οἳ τ' ἠπειρον ἔχον ἠδ' ἀντιπέραια νέμοντο. 635

τῶν μὲν Ὀδυσσεὺς ἦρχε Διὶ μῆτιν ἀτάλαντος,  
τῷ δ' ἅμα νῆες ἔποντο δυνώδεκα μιλτοπάρῃοι.

Αἰτωλῶν δ' ἡγεῖτο Θόας Ἀνδραίμονος υἱός,  
οἱ Πλευρῶν' ἐνέμοντο καὶ Ὀλεον ἠδὲ Πυλῆνην  
Χαλκίδα τ' ἀγχίαλον Καλυδῶνά τε πετρήεσσαν· 640  
οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' Οἰνῆος μεγαλήτορος υἱέες ἦσαν,  
οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτ' αὐτὸς ἦν, θάνε δὲ ξανθὸς Μελέαγρος,  
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ πάντ' ἐτέταλτο ἀνασσέμεν Αἰτωλοῖσιν.  
τῷ δ' ἅμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἔποντο.

Κρητῶν δ' Ἰδομενεὺς δουρικλυτὸς ἡγεμόνευεν, 645  
οἱ Κνωσὸν τ' εἶχον Γόρτυν τε τειχιόεσσαν,  
Λύκτον Μίλητόν τε καὶ ἀργινόεντα Λύκαστον  
Φαιστόν τε Ῥύτιόν τε, πόλεις εὖ ναιεταούσας,  
ἄλλοι θ' οἱ Κρήτην ἐκατόμπολιν ἀμφενέμοντο.  
τῶν μὲν ἄρ' Ἰδομενεὺς δουρικλυτὸς ἡγεμόνευεν 650  
Μηριόνης τ' ἀτάλαντος Ἐνναλῖω ἀνδρεῖφόντῃ·  
τοῖσι δ' ἅμ' ὀγδῶκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἔποντο.

Τληπόλεμος δ' Ἡρακλεΐδης ἡὺς τε μέγας τε  
ἐκ Ῥόδου ἐννέα νῆας ἄγεν Ῥοδίων ἀγερῶχων,  
οἱ Ῥόδον ἀμφενέμοντο διὰ τρίχα κοσμηθέντες, 655  
Λίνδον Ἰηλυσὸν τε καὶ ἀργινόεντα Κάμειρον.  
τῶν μὲν Τληπόλεμος δουρικλυτὸς ἡγεμόνευεν,  
ὃν τέκε Ἀστυόχεια βίῃ Ἡρακληεῖη,  
τὴν ἄγετ' ἐξ Ἐφύρης, ποταμοῦ ἄπο Σελλήεντος,  
πέρσας ἄστεα πολλὰ διοτρεφέων αἰζηῶν. 660

Black ships two-score were this chief's following.

Odysseus led the high-souled Cephallenes,  
From Ithaca with leaf-crowned Neritus,  
And Crocylea, and craggy Aegilips,  
Those of Zacynthus too, and Samos' isle,  
And the mainland that fronts them o'er the strait.  
All these Odysseus led, in counsel wise  
A peer of Zeus; and twelve the vessels were  
With ruddy-painted cheeks that followed him.

Thoas Andraemon's son the Aetolians led,  
Those of Pyléné, Pleuron, Olenus,  
Of sea-washed Chalcis, rocky Calydon.  
For sons of high-souled Oeneus there were none  
Yet left in life, nor he their sire; and dead  
Was Meleager of the yellow hair.  
Thus Thoas o'er Aetolia reigned supreme;  
And forty black ships were his following.

Spear-famed Idomeneus the Cretans led.  
From Gnossus they, from Gortyn strongly-walled,  
Lycus, Miletus, white Lycastus came;  
From Phaestus, Rhytium, well-built cities these:  
With all that dwell in Creta's hundred towns.  
Spear-famed Idomeneus their leader was,  
With him Meriones, a match in fight  
For Enyalios, man-slaughtering Power.  
And four-score black ships were their following.)

Tlepolemus, the son of Heracles,  
Brave man and tall, nine ships from Rhodos led  
Of lordly Rhodians: these in peoples three  
Hold in that isle Lindus, Ialysus,  
And white Cameirus. Chieftain over these  
Spear-famed Tlepolemus. Him Astyoiché  
Had borne to mighty Heracles, a bride  
Whom he from Ephyra and Selleis' stream  
Led off with spoil from many a captured hold  
Of princely warriors. But Tlepolemus,

Τληπόλεμος δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν τράφ' ἐνὶ μεγάρῳ εὐπήκτῳ,  
αὐτίκα πατρὸς ἐοῖο φίλον μήτρωα κατέκτα,  
ἤδη γηράσκοντα, Λικύμνιον ὄζον Ἄρῃος.

αἶψα δὲ νῆας ἔπηξε, πολὺν δ' ὃ γε λαὸν ἀγείρας  
βῆ φεύγων ἐπὶ πόντον· ἀπείλησαν γὰρ οἱ ἄλλοι 665  
υἱέες υἰωνοί τε βίης Ἡρακληίδης.

αὐτὰρ ὃ γ' ἐς Ῥόδον ἴξεν ἀλώμενος, ἄλγεα πάσχων·  
τριχθὰ δὲ ὥκηθεν καταφυλαδόν, ἡδὲ φίληθεν  
ἐκ Διός, ὅς τε θεοῖσι καὶ ἀνθρώποισι ἀνάσσει·  
καὶ σφιν θεσπέσιον πλοῦτον κατέχευε Κρονίων. 670

Νιρεὺς αὖ Σύμηθεν ἄγεν τρεῖς νῆας εἵσας,  
Νιρεὺς Ἀγλαΐης υἱὸς Χαρόπου τε ἄνακτος,  
Νιρεὺς ὃς κάλλιστος ἀνὴρ ὑπὸ Ἴλιον ἦλθεν  
τῶν ἄλλων Δαναῶν μετ' ἀμύμονα Πηλεΐωνα.  
ἀλλ' ἀλαπαδνὸς ἔην, παῦρος δέ οἱ εἶπετο λαός. 675

οἱ δ' ἄρα Νίσυρόν τ' εἶχον Κράπαθόν τε Κάσον τε  
καὶ Κῶν Εὐρυπύλοιο πόλιν νήσους τε Καλύδνας,  
τῶν αὖ Φεΐδιππὸς τε καὶ Ἀντιφος ἡγησάσθην,  
Θεσσαλοῦ υἱε δύω Ἡρακλεΐδαο ἄνακτος.  
τοῖς δὲ τριήκοντα γλαφυραὶ νέες ἐστιχόωντο. 680

νῦν αὖ τοὺς ὅσσοι τὸ Πελασγικὸν Ἄργος ἔναιον,  
οἳ τ' Ἄλῳ οἳ τ' Ἀλόπῃν οἳ τε Τρηχῖνα νέμοντο,  
οἳ τ' εἶχον Φθίην ἡδ' Ἑλλάδα καλλιγύναικα,  
Μυρμιδόνες δ' ἐκαλεῦντο καὶ Ἕλληνες καὶ Ἀχαιοί,  
τῶν αὖ πεντήκοντα νεῶν ἦν ἀρχὸς Ἀχιλλεύς. 685  
ἀλλ' οἳ γ' οὐ πολέμου δυσηχέος ἐμνώοντο·  
οὐ γὰρ ἔην ὅς τις σφιν ἐπὶ στίχας ἡγήσαιο.  
κεῖτο γὰρ ἐν νήεσσι ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,  
κούρης χωόμενος Βρισηίδος ἠυκόμοιο,  
τὴν ἐκ Λυρνησσοῦ ἐξείλετο πολλὰ μογήσας,  
Λυρνησσὸν διαπορθήσας καὶ τείχεα Θήβης, 690

When grown to manhood in the well-built hall,  
His father's uncle slew, Licymnius named,  
Scion of Ares, stricken well in years.  
Then built he ships in haste, and gathered folk  
Full many, and fled an exile o'er the sea :  
For vengeance sore the rest did threat, the sons  
And grandsons all of mighty Heracles.  
To Rhodes came he in his wanderings  
Mid hardships sore ; and there they made their homes  
Threefold in tribes distinct, and won the love  
Of Zeus the sovereign lord of gods and men :  
And wondrous wealth on them Cronion poured.

Three balanced ships from Symé Nireus led,  
Son of Aglaia and king Charopus,  
Nireus, of all the Danaans comeliest he  
To Ilion came save Peleus' blameless son :  
Yet weak was he ; and scant his following.

They of Nisyrus, Casus, Crapathus,  
And Cos, the city of Eurypylus,  
And isles Calydnian : these Phidippus led  
With Antiphus, two sons of Thessalus,  
And he a prince the son of Heracles.  
And with them thirty hollow ships were ranged.

Now tell I whom Pelasgian Argos sent,  
From Alus, Alopé, and Trachin's homes,  
Phthia, and Hellas land of comely dames ;  
Myrmidones, Hellenes, and withal  
Achaïans these were called : and of their ships  
Two-score and ten Achilles was the prince.  
But of the horrid din of battle these  
Took now no thought, for there was none to lead  
Their ranks against the foe. For at his ships  
Fleet-foot divine Achilles idle lay,  
Wroth for Briseis' sake, the fair-haired maid.  
Her from Lyrnessus he by grievous toil  
Had won, what time he spoiled Lyrnessus' town



καὶ δὲ Μύνητ' ἔβαλεν καὶ Ἐπίστροφον ἐγχεσιμῶρους,  
 υἱέας Εὐηνοῖο Σεληπιάδαο ἄνακτος.

τῆς ὅ γε κεῖτ' ἀχέων, τάχα δ' ἀνστήσεσθαι ἔμελλεν.

οἳ δ' εἶχον Φυλάκην καὶ Πύρασον ἀνθεμόεντα, 695

Δήμητρος τέμενος, Ἴτωνά τε μητέρα μήλων,

ἀγχιάλόν τ' Ἀντρῶνα ἰδὲ Πτελεὸν λεχεποίην,

τῶν αὖ Πρωτεσίλαος ἀρήιος ἠγεμόνευεν

ζωὸς ἐὼν· τότε δ' ἤδη ἔχεν κάτα γαῖα μέλαινα.

τοῦ δὲ καὶ ἀμφιδρυφῆς ἄλοχος Φυλάκη ἐλέλειπτο 700

καὶ δόμος ἡμιτελής· τὸν δὲ κτάνε Δάρδανος ἀνὴρ

νηὸς ἀποθρώσκοντα πολὺ πρῶτιστον Ἀχαιῶν.

οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδ' οἳ ἀναρχοὶ ἔσαν, πόθεόν γε μὲν ἀρχόν·

ἀλλὰ σφεας κόσμησε Ποδάρκης ὄζος Ἄρηος,

Ἰφίκλου υἱὸς πολυμήλου Φυλακίδαο, 705

αὐτοκασίγνητος μεγαθύμου Πρωτεσιλάου

ὀπλότερος γενεῇ· ὃ δ' ἅμα πρότερος καὶ ἀρείων

ἦρως Πρωτεσίλαος ἀρήιος. οὐδέ τι λαοὶ

δεύονθ' ἠγεμόνος, πόθεόν γε μὲν ἐσθλὸν ἐόντα.

τῷ δ' ἅμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαινα νῆες ἔποντο. 710

οἳ δὲ Φεράς ἐνέμοντο παρὰ Βοιβηίδα λίμνην,

Βοίβην καὶ Γλαφύρας καὶ εὐκτιμένην Ἰαωλκὸν

τῶν ἥρχ' Ἀδμήτοιο φίλος πάϊς ἔνδεκα νηῶν,

Εὐμηλος, τὸν ὑπ' Ἀδμήτῳ τέκε διὰ γυναικῶν

Ἄλκηστις, Πελῖαιο θυγατρῶν εἶδος ἀρίστη. 715

οἳ δ' ἄρα Μηθώνην καὶ Θαυμακίην ἐνέμοντο

καὶ Μελίβοιαν ἔχον καὶ Ὀλιζῶνα τρηχεῖαν,

τῶν δὲ Φιλοκτῆτης ἥρχεν, τόξων εὖ εἰδώς,

ἐπτὰ νεῶν ἐρέται δὲ ἐκάστη πεντήκοντα

ἐμβέβασαν, τόξων εὖ εἰδότες ἱφι μάχεσθαι. 720

And Thebé's walls, and slew Epistrophus  
And Mynes, spearmen stout, Evenus' sons  
The royal offspring of Selepius.

Grieved for her sake Achilleus idle lay  
Beside his ships, but fated soon to rise.

From Phylacé and flowery Pyrasus  
Demeter's plot, from Iton nurse of flocks,  
And Antron by the sea, and Pteleos  
With grassy meads, they came. Of these was chief  
Warlike Protesilaüs when in life ;

But he already 'neath the black earth lay.  
Whose wife in Phylacé was left, her cheeks  
In grief all torn, half built his widowed house.  
For him a Dardan slew, as from the ship  
Far first of all Achaians out he leapt.  
And yet not princeless were his people left,  
Tho' lost their prince : Podarces marshalled them,  
Scion of Ares, son of Iphiclus

Rich lord of flocks (and he of Phylacus) ;  
Own brother to the high-souled hero slain  
Podarces was, but younger ; for in birth  
Warlike Protesilaüs, as in strength,  
Was first. And now his people did not lack  
A leader, tho' they mourned a brave man slain.  
Black ships two-score were this chief's following.

From Pherae came they by the Boebian pool,  
From Boebé, Glaphyrae, and the well-built town  
Iolcos. Ships eleven were these : their chief  
Admetus' son Eumelus, to his sire  
Born of his spouse Alcestis, godlike dame,  
Of Pelias' daughters fairest far in form.

They of Methoné and Thaumacia  
And Meliboea and Olizon's rocks :  
These led by Philoctetes, bowman skilled :  
Seven ships ; and fifty rowers were in each,  
Well skilled to use the bow in stubborn fight.

ἀλλ' ὃ μὲν ἐν νήσῳ κείμετο κράτερ' ἄλγεα πάσχων,  
 Λήμνῳ ἐν ἡγαθέῃ, ὅθι μιν λίπον υἱες Ἀχαιῶν  
 ἔλκει μοχθίζοντα κακῷ ὀλοόφρονος ὕδρου.

ἔνθ' ὃ γε κείτ' ἀχέων· τάχα δὲ μνήσεσθαι ἔμελλον  
 Ἀργεῖοι παρὰ νηυσὶ Φιλοκτήταο ἄνακτος.

725

οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδ' οἱ ἄναρχοι ἔσαν, πόθεόν γε μὲν ἀρχόν·  
 ἀλλὰ Μέδων κόσμησεν, Ὀϊλῆος νόθος υἱός,  
 τὸν ῥ' ἔτεκεν Ῥήνη ὑπ' Ὀϊλῇι πτολιπόρθῳ.

οἱ δ' εἶχον Τρίκκην καὶ Ἰθώμην κλωμακόεσσαν,  
 οἳ τ' ἔχον Οἰχαλίην πόλιν Εὐρύτου Οἰχαλιῆος,  
 τῶν αὖθ' ἡγείσθην Ἀσκληπιοῦ δύο παῖδε,  
 ἰητῆρ' ἀγαθῷ, Ποδαλείριος ἡδὲ Μαχάων.

730

τοῖς δὲ τριήκοντα γλαφυραὶ νέες ἐστιχόωντο.

οἱ δ' ἔχον Ὀρμένιον, οἳ τε κρήνην Ὑπέρειαν,  
 οἳ τ' ἔχον Ἀστέριον Τιτάνοιό τε λευκὰ κάρηνα,  
 τῶν ἦρχ' Εὐρύπυλος Εὐαίμονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός,  
 τῷ δ' ἅμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαινα νῆες ἔποντο.

735

οἱ δ' Ἀργισσαν ἔχον καὶ Γυρτώνην ἐνέμοντο,  
 Ὅρθην Ἠλώνην τε πόλιν τ' Ὀλοοσσόνα λευκὴν,  
 τῶν αὖθ' ἡγεμόνευε μενεπτόλεμος Πολυποίτης,  
 υἱὸς Πειριθόοιο τὸν ἀθάνατος τέκετο Ζεὺς,

740

τὸν ῥ' ὑπὸ Πειριθόῳ τέκετο κλυτὸς Ἴπποδάμεια  
 ἡματι τῷ ὅτε Φῆρας ἐτίσατο λαχνήεντας,  
 τοὺς δ' ἐκ Πηλίου ὥσε καὶ Αἰθίκεσσι πέλασσεν—,  
 οὐκ οἶος, ἅμα τῷ γε Λεοντεὺς ὄξος Ἄρῃος,  
 υἱὸς ὑπερθύμοιο Κορώνου Καινεῖδαο.

745

τοῖς δ' ἅμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαινα νῆες ἔποντο.

Γουνεὺς δ' ἐκ Κύφου ἦγε δυωκαεῖκοσι νῆας·  
 τῷ δ' Ἐνιῆνες ἔποντο μενεπτόλεμοί τε Περαιβοί,

But he in grievous pain lay in the isle  
Of holy Lemnos, where Achaia's sons  
Had left him suffering with an evil sore  
From bite of death-designing water-snake.  
There lay he in his pain: but at the ships  
The Argives would full soon remembrance find  
Of royal Philoctetes in their need.  
And yet not princeless were his people left,  
Tho' lost their prince; for Medon marshalled them,  
Oileus' bastard son, whom to his sire,  
The ravager of cities, Rhené bare.

From Tricca, from Ithomé's stony hill,  
And from Oechalia, land of Eurytus.  
These Podalirius and Machaon led  
Two leeches good, sons of Asclepius.  
And with them thirty hollow ships were ranged.

They of Ormenium came, and from the fount  
Of Hyperea, from Asterium,  
And from Titanus' glistening peaks; their chief  
Eurypylus Euaemon's glorious son:  
And forty black ships were his following.

They of Argissa and Gyrtoné came,  
Orthé, Eloné, white Olosson's walls:  
All led by Polypoetes staunch in war,  
Son of Pirithoüs whom immortal Zeus  
Begot. But Polypoetes to his sire  
Pirithoüs Hippodamia bare,  
A noble dame, wed on that day when he  
The shaggy Centaurs punished sore, and forth  
From Pelion to the Aethicians' border drave.  
With him Leonteus, Ares' scion, ruled,  
Of proud Coronus son of Caeneus born.  
And forty black ships were their following.

Twenty and two the ships that Guneus led,  
From Cyphus these; and they that followed him  
The Enienian and Perrhaebian host

οἱ περὶ Δωδώνην δυσχείμερον οἰκί' ἔθεντο, 750  
οἷ τ' ἄμφ' ἱμερτὸν Τιταρήσιον ἔργα νέμοντο,  
ὅς ῥ' ἐς Πηνειὸν προῖεῖ καλλίρροον ὕδωρ.  
οὐδ' ὃ γε Πηνειῷ συμμίσγεται ἀργυροδίνῃ,  
ἀλλὰ τέ μιν καθύπερθεν ἐπιρρέει ἡγύτ' ἔλαιον.  
ὄρκου γὰρ δεινοῦ Στυγὸς ὕδατός ἐστιν ἀπορρώξ. 755

Μαγνήτων δ' ἦρχεν Πρόθοος Τενθρηδόνοιο υἱός,  
οἱ περὶ Πηνειὸν καὶ Πήλιον εἰνοσίφυλλον  
ναίεσκον. τῶν μὲν Πρόθοος θεὸς ἡγεμόνευεν,  
τῷ δ' ἅμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαινα νῆες ἔποντο.  
οὗτοι ἄρ' ἡγεμόνες Δαναῶν καὶ κοῖρανοί ησαν. 760  
τίς τ' ἄρ τῶν ὄχ' ἄριστος ἔην, σύ μοι ἔννεπε, μοῦσα,  
αὐτῶν ἡδ' ἵππων, οἱ ἅμ' Ἀτρεΐδῃσιν ἔποντο.  
ἵπποι μὲν μέγ' ἄρισται ἔσαν Φηρητιάδαο,  
τὰς Ἐὐμήλος ἔλαυνε ποδώκεας ὄρνιθας ὥς,  
ὄτριχας οἰέτεας, σταφύλῃ ἐπὶ νῶτον εἵσας· 765  
τὰς ἐν Πηρείῃ θρέψ' ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων,  
ἄμφω θηλείας, φόβον Ἄρῃος φορεύσας.  
ἀνδρῶν αὖ μέγ' ἄριστος ἔην Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,  
ὄφρ' Ἀχιλεὺς μήνιεν· ὃ γὰρ πολὺ φέρτατος ἦεν,  
ἵπποι θ' οἱ φορέεσκον ἀμύμονα Πηλεΐωνα. 770  
ἀλλ' ὃ μὲν ἐν νῆεσσι κορωνίσιν ποντοπόροισιν  
κεῖτ' ἀπομνησίνας Ἀγαμέμνονι ποιμένι λαῶν  
Ἀτρεΐδῃ, λαοὶ δὲ παρὰ ῥηγμῖνι θαλάσσης  
δίσκοισιν τέρποντο καὶ αἰγανέησιν ἰέντες  
τόξοισιν θ' ἵπποι δὲ παρ' ἄρμασι οἷσι ἕκαστος, 775  
λωτὸν ἐρεπτόμενοι ἐλεόθρεπτόν τε σέλινον,  
ἔστασαν, ἄρματα δ' εὖ πεπυκασμένα κεῖτο ἀνάκτων  
ἐν κλισίῃς. οἱ δ' ἀρχὸν ἀρηίφιλον ποθέοντες



In battle staunch, who made their homes around  
Storm-vest Dodona's fields, or tilled the lands  
Beside the lovely Titaresius,  
Who his fair waters to Peneüs gives,  
Yet with Peneüs' silver-eddy stream  
Ne'er mingles, but above him over-laid,  
As oil, flows on : for from that awful oath  
The wave of Styx breaks forth his borrowed flood.

Came the Magnesians, led by Prothöus  
Tenthredon's son : about Peneüs' stream  
And Pelion's leaf-quivering woods they dwelt.  
Of these the nimble Prothöus was chief ;  
And forty black ships were his following.

These were the Danaans' leaders, these their kings.  
But who was best of all, tell me O Muse,  
Of men or steeds that followed Atreus' sons ?  
Steeds far the best were they of Pheres' son ;  
Eumelus drave them ; coursers fleet of foot,  
As bird on wing, in hair and hue the same,  
The same in age, with backs that level showed,  
As by the line. These twain in Pieris,  
Both mares, Apollo Silver-bow had bred  
To bear swift terror thro' the field of war.  
Of heroes Ajax son of Telamon ✓  
Was far the best, while yet Achilleus' wrath  
Endured : for mightiest far—ev'n as the steeds  
That bare him on—was Peleus' blameless son.  
But by the beakèd sea-borne ships he lay,  
With Agamemnon shepherd of the host  
Exceeding wroth ; while by the surf-smit shore  
His people took their pleasure with the quoit,  
And javelin hurled, and bow : whose idle steeds  
The clover and the marsh-bred pàrsley champèd  
Standing beside his chariot each. And these,  
The chariots of the kings, stood at their tents  
All covered close. And mourning for their chief,

φοίτων ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα κατὰ στρατόν, οὐδὲ μάχοντο.

οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἴσαν ὥς εἴ τε πυρὶ χθὼν πᾶσα νέμοιτο 780

γαῖα δ' ὑποστενάχιζε Διὶ ὥς τερπικεραυνῷ  
χωομένῳ ὅτε τ' ἀμφὶ Τυφώϊ γαῖαν ἰμάσση  
εἰν Ἀρίμοις, ὅθι φασὶ Τυφώος ἔμμεναι εὐνάς.  
ὥς ἄρα τῶν ὑπὸ ποσσὶ μέγα στεναχίζετο γαῖα  
ἐρχομένων· μάλα δ' ὤκα διέπρησσον πεδίοιο. 785

Τρῳσὶν δ' ἄγγελος ἦλθε ποδῆνεμος ὠκέα Ἴρις  
παρ Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο σὺν ἀγγελίῃ ἀλεγεινῇ·

οἱ δ' ἀγορὰς ἀγόρευον ἐπὶ Πριάμοιο θύρῃσιν  
πάντες ὁμηγερέες, ἡμὲν νέοι ἠδὲ γέροντες.

ἀγχοῦ δ' ἵσταμένη προσέφη πόδας ὠκέα Ἴρις· 790

εἶσατο δὲ φθογγὴν νῦν Πριάμοιο Πολίτη,  
ὃς Τρώων σκοπὸς ἴζε, ποδωκείῃσι πεποιθώς,  
τύμβῳ ἐπ' ἀκροτάτῳ Αἰσυνήταο γέροντος,  
δέγμενος ὁππότε ναῦφιν ἀφορμηθεῖεν Ἀχαιοί.

τῷ μιν εἰσαμένη προσέφη πόδας ὠκέα Ἴρις· 795

“ὦ γέρον, αἰεὶ τοι μῦθοι φίλοι ἄκριτοι εἰσίν,  
ὥς ποτ' ἐπ' εἰρήνης· πόλεμος δ' ἀλίαςτος ὄρωρεν.

ἦ μὲν δὴ μάλα πολλὰ μάχας εἰσήλυθον ἀνδρῶν,  
ἀλλ' οὐ πω τοιόνδε τοσόνδε τε λαὸν ὅπωπα·

λίην γὰρ φύλλοισι ἐοικότες ἢ ψαμάθοισιν 800  
ἐρχονται πεδίοιο μαχησόμενοι προτὶ ἄστν.

Ἐκτορ, σοὶ δὲ μάλιστ' ἐπιτέλλομαι ὧδέ γε ῥέξαι.

πολλοὶ γὰρ κατὰ ἄστν μέγα Πριάμου ἐπίκουροι,  
ἄλλη δ' ἄλλων γλῶσσα πολυσπερέων ἀνθρώπων·  
τοῖσι ἕκαστος ἀνὴρ σημαινέτω οἷσί περ ἄρχει, 805  
τῶν δ' ἐξηγείσθω, κοσμησάμενος πολιήτας.”

ὥς ἔφαθ', Ἐκτωρ δ' οὐ τι θεᾶς ἔπος ἠγνοίησεν,  
αἶψα δ' ἔλυσ' ἀγορὴν ἐπὶ τεύχεα δ' ἐσσεύοντο.  
πᾶσαι δ' ὠίγνυντο πύλαι, ἐκ δ' ἔσσυτο λαός,

Beloved of Ares, to and fro his men  
Roamed the wide camp nor mingled in the fight.

Now marched the host, as if devouring fire  
O'erran the plain ; and earth beneath them groaned :  
As when the lightning-loving Zeus in wrath  
Lashes the earth above Typhoeus laid,  
In Arimé, where is his fabled bed :  
So loudly groaned the earth beneath their feet  
As on they trode. And swift they crossed the plain.

But Iris, courier fleet, wind-footed, came  
From aegis-bearing Zeus with message dread  
To Troy's assembled sons, who council held  
At Priam's gate all mustered, young and old :  
And standing near them fleet-foot Iris spake,  
In utterance like Polites Priam's son ;  
Who, as the Trojans' scout, on speed of foot  
Reliant sat upon the topmost mound  
Of aged Aesyetes' grave, to spy  
When from the ships Achaia's host should move.  
Like him in voice the fleet-foot Iris spake :  
"Father, thou lovest ever endless words,  
As erst in peace : but war is now astir,  
War unabating. Truly oft ere now  
Have I the battle of the warriors proved,  
But never yet saw host so fair, so vast.  
For they in number as the leaves or sand  
Come o'er the plain, around our hold to fight.  
Hector, to thee my charge I chiefly give :  
This do. In Priam's city wide are met  
Allies full many, and of differing tongues  
From widely-scattered tribes. Let then each chief  
Command in battle whom he rules at home,  
Marshal and leader to his native band."

She spake : but Hector knew the voice divine,  
And straight the council broke. To arms they rushed.  
All gates were opened, out the people poured,

πεζοί θ' ἱππῆές τε· πολὺς δ' ὀρυμαγδὸς ὀρώρει. 810

ἔστι δέ τις προπάροιθε πόλεος αἰπεία κολώνη,  
ἐν πεδίῳ ἀπάνευθε, περιδρομος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα,  
τὴν ἣ τοι ἄνδρες Βατίειαν κικλήσκουσιν,  
ἀθάνατοι δέ τε σῆμα πολυσκάρθμοιο Μυρίνης·  
ἔνθα τότε Τρῶές τε διέκριθεν ἠδ' ἐπίκουροι. 815

Τρωσὶ μὲν ἡγεμόνευε μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἑκτωρ  
Πριαμίδης· ἅμα τᾷ γε πολὺ πλείστοι καὶ ἄριστοι  
λαοὶ θωρήσσοντο, μεμαότες ἐγχείησιν.

Δαρδανίων αὖτ' ἦρχεν εὖς πάϊς Ἀγχίσαο  
Αἰνείας, τὸν ὑπ' Ἀγχίσῃ τέκε δι' Ἀφροδίτῃ, 820  
Ἰδης ἐν κνημοῖσι θεὰ βροτῷ εὐνηθεῖσα,  
οὐκ οἶος, ἅμα τῷ γε δύνω Ἀντήνορος υἱε,  
Ἀρχέλοχός τ' Ἀκάμας τε, μάχης εὖ εἰδότε πάσης.

οἱ δὲ Ζέλειαν ἔναιον ὑπαὶ πόδα νείατον Ἰδης  
ἀφνειοί, πίνοντες ὕδωρ μέλαν Αἰσήποιο, 825  
Τρῶες, τῶν αὖτ' ἦρχε Λυκάονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός  
Πάνδαρος, ᾧ καὶ τόξον Ἀπόλλων αὐτὸς ἔδωκεν.

οἱ δ' Ἀδρήστειάν τ' εἶχον καὶ δῆμον Ἀπαισοῦ  
καὶ Πιτύειαν ἔχον καὶ Τηρείης ὄρος αἰπύ,  
τῶν ἦρχ' Ἀδρηστός τε καὶ Ἀμφίος λινοθώρηξ, 830  
υἱε δύνω Μέροπος Περκωσίου, ὃς περὶ πάντων  
ἦδη μαντοσύνας, οὐδὲ οὓς παῖδας ἔασκεν  
στείχειν ἐς πόλεμον φθισήνορα. τῷ δέ οἱ οὐ τι  
πειθέσθην· κῆρες γὰρ ἄγον μέλανος θανάτοιο.

οἱ δ' ἄρα Περκώτην καὶ Πράκτιον ἀμφενέμοντο 835  
καὶ Σηστὸν καὶ Ἀβυδὸν ἔχον καὶ δῖαν Ἀρίσβην,  
τῶν αὖθ' Ἑρτακίδης ἦρχ' Ἀσσιος, ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν,  
Ἀσσιος Ἑρτακίδης, ὃν Ἀρίσβηθεν φέρον ἵπποι  
αἰθωνες μεγάλοι, ποταμοῦ ἄπο Σελλήεντος.

Ἴππόθοος δ' ἄγε φύλα Πελασγῶν ἐγχεσιμῶρων, 840

Both foot and horse, and loud arose their din.

Before the city stands a lofty hill  
 Apart, on every side around is plain :  
 Men call it Batiea, but the gods  
 Tomb of Myriné, nimble Amazon.  
 There then the Trojans and allies were ranged.

The Trojan ranks were led by Priam's son  
 Great Hector of the glancing plume : with him  
 Stood troops the most and best, fierce with the spear.

Anchises' gallant son the Dardans led,  
 Aeneas, whom in Ida's glens, to man  
 A goddess wedded, Aphrodité bare.  
 Nor only he ; with him Antenor's sons  
 Archelochus and Acamas were joined,  
 Brave pair, in every art of battle skilled.

Zelea's Trojans came, from Ida's foot,  
 Wealthy, who drank of black Aesepus' stream ;  
 These Pandarus led, Lycaon's noble son,  
 To whom Apollo's self had given the bow.

From Adrastea, from Apaesus' homes  
 From Pityea came they, from the heights  
 That crown Terea : these Adrastus led,  
 And Amphius in linen corslet clad,  
 Sons of Percosian Merops both, who knew  
 Above all others each prophetic art ;  
 Whereby his sons he still forbade to seek  
 The man-destroying war, but they no whit  
 Obeyed, for fates of black death led them on.

They of Percoté came, of Practium  
 Of Sestos, of Abydos ; they who held  
 Divine Arisbé : these by Asius led  
 The son of Hyrtacus, a prince of men :  
 Asius, whom from Arisbé coursers bare  
 Large-limbed, bright bay, bred by Selleis' stream.

Hippochoüs led the fighters with the spear



τῶν οἱ Λάρισαν ἐριβώλακα ναιετάασκον.  
 τῶν ἦρχ' Ἴππόθοός τε Πυλαϊός τ' ὄζος Ἄρηος,  
 υἱε δύνω Λήθοιο Πελασγοῦ Τευταμίδαο.

αὐτὰρ Θρήικας ἦγ' Ἀκάμας καὶ Πείροος ἦρως,  
 ὅσσοις Ἑλλήσποντος ἀγάρροος ἐντὸς ἐέργει.

845

Εὐφήμος δ' ἀρχὸς Κικόνων ἦν αἰχμητῶν,  
 υἱὸς Τροιζήνοιο διοτρεφέος Κεάδαο.

αὐτὰρ Πυραίχμης ἄγε Παίονας ἀγκυλοτόξους  
 τηλόθεν ἐξ Ἀμυδῶνος, ἀπ' Ἀξιοῦ εὐρὺ ρέοντος,  
 Ἀξιοῦ οὗ κάλλιστον ὕδωρ ἐπικίδνεται αἶαν.

850

Παφλαγόνων δ' ἠγείτο Πυλαιμένεος λάσιον κῆρ  
 ἐξ Ἑνετῶν, ὅθεν ἡμιόνων γένος ἀγροτεράων,  
 οἳ ῥα Κύτωρον ἔχον καὶ Σήσαμον ἀμφενέμοντο  
 ἀμφί τε Παρθένιον ποταμὸν κλυτὰ δώματ' ἔναιον,  
 Κρῶμνάν τ' Αἰγιαλὸν τε καὶ ὑψηλοὺς Ἐρυθίνους.

855

αὐτὰρ Ἀλιζώνων Ὀδῖος καὶ Ἐπίστροφος ἦρχον  
 τηλόθεν ἐξ Ἀλύβης, ὅθεν ἀργύρου ἐστὶ γενέθλη.

Μυσῶν δὲ Χρόμις ἦρχε καὶ Ἐννομος οἰωνιστής·  
 ἀλλ' οὐκ οἰωνοῖσι ἐρύσσατο κῆρα μέλαιναν,  
 ἀλλ' ἐδάμῃ ὑπὸ χερσὶ ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο  
 ἐν ποταμῷ, ὅθι περ Τρῶας κεράϊζε καὶ ἄλλους.

860

Φόρκυς αὖ Φρύγας ἦγε καὶ Ἀσκάνιος θεοειδής  
 τῇλ' ἐξ Ἀσκανίης· μέμασαν δ' ὑσμῖνι μάχεσθαι.

Μήοσιν αὖ Μέσθλης τε καὶ Ἀντιφος ἠγησάσθην,  
 υἱε Ταλαιμένεος, τῷ Γυγαίῃ τέκε λίμνη,  
 οἱ καὶ Μήονας ἦγον ὑπὸ Τμῳλῳ γεγαῶτας.

865

Νάστης αὖ Καρῶν ἠγήσατο βαρβαροφώνων,  
 οἱ Μίλητον ἔχον Φθιρῶν τ' ὄρος ἀκριτόφυλλον

Who in Larissa's deep-soiled land abode,  
 Pelasgian tribes ; with whom Pylæus ruled  
 Scion of Ares : sons of Lethus both,  
 Pelasgian Lethus son of Teutamus.

The Thracians Acamas and Piros led,  
 Whom with strong stream the sea of Hellé bounds.

The warrior Cicones Euphemus led,  
 From Ceas' royal son Troezenus sprung.

The Paeones, armed with their bended bows,  
 Pyraechmes led, from distant Amydon,  
 Where Axius flows, Axius, whose ample stream  
 With fairest water overspreads the plain.

Pylaemenes the Paphlagonians led,  
 Of shaggy breast, from the Henetians he,  
 Whence is a noble breed of mountain mules .  
 These in Cytorus dwelt and Sesamus,  
 And held their noble homes on either bank  
 Beside Parthenius' flood, in Cromna's land,  
 Aegialus, and the Erythinian heights.

The Halizonians came, by Hodius led,  
 And by Epistrophus, from Alybé,  
 A distant land, of silver ore the home.

The Mysians Chromis led, and Ennomus ;  
 An augur he, yet by his auguries  
 Escaped he not black death, but by the hand  
 Of the fleet-footed son of Aeacus  
 Fell in Scamander's stream, where of Troy's sons  
 Full many in havoc dire the hero slew.

Godlike Ascanius with Phorcys led  
 Phrygians from far Ascania, bold in fight.

Masthles and Antiphus the Maeonians led ;  
 Sons of Talaemenes were they, and born  
 By lake Gygaea, their Maeonian ranks  
 Beneath the lofty mount of Tmolus bred.

Nastes the Carians led, of barbarous tongue,  
 Who held Miletus and the Phthirian height

Μαιάνδρου τε ῥοᾶς Μυκάλης τ' αἰπεινὰ κάρηνα.  
 τῶν μὲν ἄρ' Ἀμφίμαχος καὶ Νάστης ἡγησάσθην, 870  
 Νάστης Ἀμφίμαχός τε, Νομίονος ἀγλαὰ τέκνα,  
 ὃς καὶ χρυσὸν ἔχων πόλεμόνδ' ἱεν ἡῦτε κούρη,  
 νήπιος, οὐδέ τί οἱ τό γ' ἐπήρκεσε λυγρὸν ὄλεθρον,  
 ἀλλ' ἐδάμη ὑπὸ χερσὶ ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο  
 ἐν ποταμῷ, χρυσὸν δ' Ἀχιλεὺς ἐκόμισσε δαΐφρων. 875

Σαρπηδὼν δ' ἦρχεν Λυκίων καὶ Γλαῦκος ἀμύμων  
 τηλόθεν ἐκ Λυκίης, Ξάνθου ἀπο δινῆεντος.

Thick-roofed with leafage, and Maeander's stream,  
And Mycalé's high headland. These were ruled  
By Nastes and Amphimachus, bright pair,  
Nomion's children. To the war in gold  
Bedecked, as is a girl the latter went,  
Poor fool! it saved him not from grievous bane;  
For in the river fell he by the hand  
Of the fleet-footed son of Aeacus,  
And all his gold the warlike victor took.

From Xanthus' eddying stream the Lycians came :  
Whom blameless Glaucus and Sarpedon led.

## ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Γ.

Μονομαχία Ἀλεξάνδρου καὶ Μενελάου.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κόσμηθεν ἅμ' ἡγεμόνεσσι ἕκαστοι,  
Τρῶες μὲν κλαγγῇ τ' ἐνοπῇ τ' ἴσαν, ὄρνιθες ὥς,  
ἥύτε περ κλαγγῇ γεράνων πέλει οὐρανόθι πρό,  
αἷ τ' ἐπεὶ οὖν χειμῶνα φύγον καὶ ἀθέσφατον ὄμβρον,  
κλαγγῇ ταί γε πέτονται ἐπ' Ὀκεανοῖο ῥοάων, 5  
ἀνδράσι Πυγμαίοισι φόνον καὶ κῆρα φέρουσαι  
ἥριαι δ' ἄρα ταί γε κακὴν ἔριδα προφέρονται·  
οἳ δ' ἄρ' ἴσαν σιγῇ μένεα πνείοντες Ἀχαιοί,  
ἐν θυμῷ μεμαῶτες ἀλεξέμεν ἀλλήλοισιν.

εὖτ' ὄρεος κορυφῇσι Νότος κατέχευεν ὀμίχλην, 10  
ποιμέσιν οὔ τι φίλην, κλέπτῃ δέ τε νυκτὸς ἀμείνω·  
τόσσον τίς τ' ἐπὶ λεύσσει ὅσον τ' ἐπὶ λᾶαν ἵησιν·  
ὥς ἄρα τῶν ὑπὸ ποσσὶ κούισαλος ὄρνυτ' ἀελλῆς  
ἐρχομένων· μάλα δ' ὦκα διέπρησσον πεδίοιο.

οἳ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες, 15  
Τρῳσὶν μὲν προμάχιζεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής,  
παρδαλέην ὥμοισιν ἔχων καὶ καμπύλα τόξα  
καὶ ξίφος· αὐτὰρ ὁ δοῦρε δύω κεκορυθμένα χαλκῷ  
πάλλων Ἀργείων προκαλίζετο πάντας ἀρίστους  
ἀντίβιον μαχέσασθαι ἐν αἰνῇ δημοτῇτι. 20  
τὸν δ' ὥς οὖν ἐνόησεν ἀρηίφιλος Μενέλαος



## ILIAD III.

*The single combat of Alexander und Menelaus.*

WHEN all were marshalled, with their leaders each,  
Clamorous and loud the Trojans moved, as birds,  
Ev'n as the cranes with clamour fill the sky  
Who, flying winter and the furious storm,  
Toward ocean's stream now wing their noisy way  
To foes Pygmaean bearing death and doom,  
And with the morning mist begin the strife.  
But silent marched the Achaïans, breathing might,  
Inly resolved his fellow each to aid.

As o'er the mountain-tops when south winds blow  
A mist is spread—the shepherd loves it not,  
Tho' robbers deem it better than the night—  
When but a stone-throw bounds the shortened ken;  
So rose beneath their feet the eddying dust,  
As on they marched: and swift they crossed the plain.

But when the opposing armies now drew near,  
The godlike Alexander in the van  
Of Trojans flaunted him. A panther's skin  
His shoulders bore, wherefrom his curvèd bow  
And sword were slung, while in his hands two spears  
He brandished armed with brass, and challenged forth  
The bravest champions of the Argive host  
To meet him, might to might, in combat dire.  
Him Menelaus, loved of Ares, saw,

ἐρχόμενον προπάροιθεν ὄμιλον, μακρὰ βιβάντα,  
 ὥς τε λέων ἐχάρη μεγάλῳ ἐπὶ σώματι κύρσας,  
 εὐρὼν ἢ ἔλαφον κεραὸν ἢ ἄγριον αἶγα,  
 πεινάων· μάλα γάρ τε κατεσθίει, εἴ περ ἂν αὐτόν 25  
 σεύωνται ταχέες τε κύνες θαλεροί τ' αἰζηοί·  
 ὥς ἐχάρη Μενέλαος Ἀλέξανδρον θεοειδέα  
 ὀφθαλμοῖσι ἰδὼν· φάτο γὰρ τίσασθαι ἀλείτην.  
 αὐτίκα δ' ἐξ ὀχέων ξὺν τεύχεσιν ἄλτο χαμᾶζε.  
 τὸν δ' ὥς οὖν ἐνόησεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής 30  
 ἐν προμάχοισι φανέντα, κατεπλήγη φίλον ἦτορ,  
 ἄψ δ' ἐτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ' ἀλεείνων.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτε τίς τε δράκοντα ἰδὼν παλίνροσος ἀπέστη  
 οὔρεος ἐν βήσσης, ὑπὸ τε τρόμος ἔλλαβε γυῖα,  
 ἄψ τ' ἀνεχώρησεν ὠχρός τέ μιν εἴλε παρειάς, 35  
 ὥς αὖτις καθ' ὄμιλον ἔδν Τρώων ἀγερώχων  
 δείσας Ἀτρέος υἱὸν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής.  
 τὸν δ' Ἔκτωρ νεῖκεσσε ἰδὼν αἰσχροῖσι ἔπεσσιν.  
 “Δύσπαρι, εἶδος ἄριστε, γυναιμανές, ἡπεροπευτά,  
 εἴθ' ὄφελες ἄγονός τ' ἔμεναι ἄγαμός τ' ἀπολέσθαι. 40  
 καί κε τὸ βουλοίμην, καί κεν πολὺ κέρδιον ἦεν  
 ἢ οὔτω λώβην τ' ἔμεναι καὶ ὑπόψιον ἄλλων.  
 ἢ που καγχαλώωσι κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαιοί  
 φάντες ἀριστῆα πρόμον ἔμμεναι, οὔνεκα καλὸν  
 εἶδος ἔπ'· ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔστι βίη φρεσίν, οὐδέ τις ἀλκή. 45  
 ἢ τοιόσδε ἐὼν ἐν ποντοπόροισι νέεσσιν  
 πόντον ἐπιπλώσας, ἐτάρους ἐρίηρας ἀγείρας,  
 μιχθεὶς ἀλλοδαποῖσι γυναῖκ' εὐεῖδ' ἀνῆγες  
 ἐξ Ἀπίης γαίης, νυδὸν ἀνδρῶν αἰχμητῶν,  
 πατρί τε σῶ μέγα πῆμα πόλῃί τε παντί τε δήμῳ, 50  
 δυσμενέσιν μὲν χάρμα, κατηφείην δὲ σοὶ αὐτῷ;

As striding on he came before the throng :  
 And straight rejoiced, ev'n with a lion's joy  
 Who finds a goodly prey—some antlered deer  
 Or wild-goat—in his hunger ; for with greed  
 The carcase he devours, tho' all around  
 Fleet-footed hounds and lusty hunters press :  
 So Menelaus joyed soon as he saw  
 The godlike Alexander, for he thought  
 The offender now to punish. From his car  
 Forthwith all armed down leapt he to the ground.

Whom when the godlike Alexander knew  
 Conspicuous in the van, dismayed at heart  
 Back slunk he to his comrades, shunning fate.  
 As one who sees a snake in mountain glen  
 Shrinks with a start, a tremour thrills his limbs,  
 Back steps he, paleness o'er his cheeks is spread ;  
 So godlike Alexander, fearing sore  
 The son of Atreus gat him quickly back,  
 And hid him in the lordly Trojan throng.  
 Whom Hector saw, and chid with words of shame :  
 "Disastrous Paris, fairest form, thou pet  
 Of love-crazed women, guileful heart ! I would  
 Thou wert unborn or hadst unwedded died !  
 So would I have it : thou wert better so  
 Than thus a curse and hateful sight to all.  
 Loud laugh, I ween, the Achaians flowing-haired ;  
 Who call thee doughtiest champion, ev'n because  
 Fair shows thy outward form, but now thy heart  
 Within no stoutness and no valour holds.  
 What ! wert thou such, when in the sea-borne ships  
 Gathering a trusty crew thou sail'dst the main,  
 And, mingling with a foreign folk, didst bring  
 A comely bride from out the Apian land  
 A wedded daughter to our warrior race,  
 To be thy father's, city's, people's bane,  
 Joy to thy foes, but to thyself disgrace ?

οὐκ ἂν δὴ μείνειας ἀρηίφιλον Μενέλαον·  
 γνοίης χ' οἷον φωτὸς ἔχεις θαλερὴν παράκοιτιν.  
 οὐκ ἂν τοι χραίσμοι κίθαρις τά τε δῶρ' Ἀφροδίτης,  
 ἥ τε κόμη τό τε εἶδος, ὅτ' ἐν κονίησι μυγείης. 55  
 ἀλλὰ μάλα Τρῶες δειδήμονες· ἦ τέ κεν ἦδη  
 λαῖνον ἔσσο χιτῶνα κακῶν ἔνεχ' ὅσσα ἔοργας."

τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής·  
 "Ἐκτορ, ἐπεὶ με κατ' αἶσαν ἐνέικεσας οὐδ' ὑπὲρ αἶσαν·  
 αἰεὶ σοὶ κραδίη πέλεκυς ὥς ἐστὶν ἀτειρής, 60  
 ὅς τ' εἴσιν διὰ δουρὸς ὑπ' ἀνέρος ὅς ῥά τε τέχνη  
 νήιον ἐκτάμνησιν, ὀφέλλει δ' ἀνδρὸς ἐρωήν·  
 ὥς σοι ἐνὶ στήθεσσι νόος ἀτάρβητος ἐστίν.  
 μή μοι δῶρ' ἐρατὰ πρόφερε χρυσέης Ἀφροδίτης·  
 οὐ τοι ἀπόβλητ' ἐστὶ θεῶν ἐρικυδέα δῶρα, 65  
 ὅσσα κεν αὐτοὶ δῶσι, ἐκὼν δ' οὐκ ἂν τις ἔλοιτο.  
 νῦν αὖτ' εἴ μ' ἐθέλεις πολεμιζέμεν ἠδὲ μάχεσθαι,  
 ἄλλους μὲν κάθισον Τρῶας καὶ πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς,  
 αὐτὰρ ἔμ' ἐν μέσσω καὶ ἀρηίφιλον Μενέλαον  
 ξυμβάλετ' ἀμφ' Ἑλένη καὶ κτήμασι πᾶσι μάχεσθαι. 70  
 ὀππότερος δέ κε νικήσῃ κρείσσων τε γένηται,  
 κτήμαθ' ἐλὼν εὖ πάντα γυναῖκά τε οἴκαδ' ἀγέσθω·  
 οἱ δ' ἄλλοι φιλότῃτα καὶ ὄρκια πιστὰ ταμόντες  
 ναίοιτε Τροίην ἐριβώλακα, τοὶ δὲ νεέσθων  
 Ἄργος ἐς ἱππόβοτον καὶ Ἀχαιίδα καλλιγύναικα." 75

ὥς ἔφαθ', Ἐκτωρ δ' αὖτε χάρη μέγα μῦθον ἀκούσας,  
 καὶ ῥ' ἐς μέσσον ἰὼν Τρώων ἀνέεργε φάλαγγας,  
 μέσσου δουρὸς ἐλὼν· τοὶ δ' ἰδρύνθησαν ἅπαντες.  
 τῷ δ' ἐπετοξάζοντο κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαιοί,

Canst thou not bide when Menelaus comes  
 Beloved of Ares? so thou mightest learn  
 What man is he whose blooming wife thou hast.  
 Thy harp will nought avail thee, nor the gifts  
 Of Aphrodité, nor thy flowing locks  
 And comely form, when low in dust thou liest.  
 Right timorous are the Trojans: surely else  
 A shirt of stones thou long ago hadst donned  
 As fitting wage of all thy evil work."

But godlike Alexander made reply:  
 "Hector, no more! I own thy chiding just,  
 Nor undeserved. Thy heart is ever thus,  
 Unyielding, as an axe, that through the wood  
 By shipwright, who full deftly cleaves a spar,  
 Is driven, and forceful aids the manly stroke;  
 So in thy breast the spirit unaffrayed.  
 Yet prithee flout not thus the lovely gifts  
 Of golden Aphrodité; for of gods  
 The glorious gifts may not be lightly scorned:  
 They freely give, none at his will can take.  
 But now, if thou wilt have me war and fight,  
 Bid Trojans and Achaians all be set,  
 And match ye me with Menelaus' self,  
 Beloved of Ares, here between the hosts  
 To fight for Helen and for all her wealth.  
 Whoe'er be victor and the stronger prove,  
 Take he both wealth and wife and bear them home:  
 But ye the rest a trusty friendship swear  
 And dwell in deep-soiled Troy, while they our foes  
 Return to Argos, and her horse-cropt plain,  
 And to Achaia, mother of fair dames."

He spake. Right glad was Hector at the word.  
 Forth to the midst he strode, grasping his spear  
 Midway, and back he waved the Trojan squares,  
 Who halted all and sate. Then at their foe  
 The flowing-haired Achaians bent their bows



ἰοῖσιν τε τιτυσκόμενοι λάεσσί τ' ἔβαλλον. 80  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ μακρὸν αὔσε ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·  
 “ἴσχεσθ' Ἀργεῖοι· μὴ βάλλετε, κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν·  
 στεῦται γάρ τι ἔπος ἐρέειν κορυθαίολος Ἔκτωρ.”  
 ὧς ἔφαθ'· οἱ δ' ἔσχοντο μάχης ἀνέω τε γέγοντο  
 ἐσσυμένως. Ἔκτωρ δὲ μετ' ἀμφοτέροισιν ἔειπεν· 85  
 “κέκλυτέ μεν, Τρῶες καὶ εὐκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί,  
 μῦθον Ἀλεξάνδροιο, τοῦ εἵνεκα νεῖκος ὄρωρεν.  
 ἄλλους μὲν κέλεται Τρῶας καὶ πάντας Ἀχαιούς  
 τεύχεα κάλ' ἀποθέσθαι ἐπὶ χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ,  
 αὐτὸν δ' ἐν μέσσω καὶ ἀρηίφιλον Μενέλαον 90  
 οἴους ἀμφ' Ἑλένη καὶ κτήμασι πᾶσι μάχεσθαι.  
 ὁππότερος δέ κε νικήσῃ κρείσσων τε γένηται,  
 κτήμαθ' ἐλὼν εὖ πάντα γυναῖκά τε οἴκαδ' ἀγέσθω·  
 οἱ δ' ἄλλοι φιλότητα καὶ ὄρκια πιστὰ τάμωμεν.”  
 ὧς ἔφαθ'· οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ. 95  
 τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος·  
 “κέκλυτε νῦν καὶ ἐμεῖο· μάλιστα γὰρ ἄλγος ἰκάνει  
 θυμὸν ἐμόν· φρονέω δὲ διακρινθήμεναι ἤδη  
 Ἀργείους καὶ Τρῶας, ἐπεὶ κακὰ πολλὰ πέποσθε  
 εἵνεκ' ἐμῆς ἔριδος καὶ Ἀλεξάνδρου ἔνεκ' ἀρχῆς. 100  
 ἡμέων δ' ὁπποτέρῳ θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα τέτυκται,  
 τεθναίῃ· ἄλλοι δὲ διακρινθεῖτε τάχιστα.  
 οἴσετε δ' ἄρν', ἕτερον λευκὸν ἑτέρην δὲ μέλαιναν,  
 γῇ τε καὶ ἡελίῳ· Διὶ δ' ἡμεῖς οἴσομεν ἄλλον.  
 ἄξετε δὲ Πριάμοιο βίην, ὄφρ' ὄρκια τάμνῃ 105  
 αὐτός, ἐπεὶ οἱ παῖδες ὑπερφίαλοι καὶ ἄπιστοι,  
 μὴ τις ὑπερβασίῃ Διὸς ὄρκια δηλήσῃται·  
 αἰεὶ δ' ὁπλοτέρων ἀνδρῶν φρένες ἡερέθονται·  
 οἷς δ' ὁ γέρων μετέησιν, ἅμα πρόσσω καὶ ὀπίσσω  
 λεύσσει, ὅπως ὅχ' ἄριστα μετ' ἀμφοτέροισι γένηται.” 110

With arrows aimed, and poised the missile stones,  
But loud cried Agamemnon king of men :

“Hold, Argives, shoot not yet, Achaia’s sons !  
For plumèd Hector stands in act to speak.”

He spake : they held their hands, and quickly hushed  
Were still : then Hector thus to either host :

“Hear, Trojans, and well-greaved Achaians, hear  
The word of Alexander, for whose sake  
The quarrel hath arisen. He bids you all,  
Both Trojans and Achaians, lay aside  
Upon the fruitful ground your goodly arms,  
While in the midst in single combat he  
And Menelaus loved of Ares meet  
For Helen and for all her wealth to fight.  
Whoe’er be victor and the stronger prove,  
Take he both wealth and wife and bear them home ;  
While we the rest a trusty friendship swear.”

He spake ; but they were hushed and silent all.  
To whom then Menelaus good in fray :

“Now hear ye me in turn : for ’tis my heart  
The wrong most touches. This, I trow, at once  
Shall part the Argive and the Trojan hosts :  
Since for my quarrel and the first-wrought sin  
Of Alexander ye have suffered sore.

And now of us whiche’er be doomed to die  
Let death be his, but let the rest at once  
Be parted. Wherefore bring ye here two lambs,  
One white, one black, for earth and for the Sun,  
And we for Zeus a third. And hither lead  
Great Priam, that himself may swear the oaths.  
(Since headstrong and unfaithful are his sons),  
Lest some may mar our treaty sworn by Zeus ;  
For younger men have ever wavering minds,  
But when the grey-beard in a covenant shares,  
Before him and behind alike he looks,  
That what is best for both may still be done.”

ὥς ἔφαθ', οἳ δ' ἐχάρησαν Ἀχαιοί τε Τρῶές τε,  
 ἐλπόμενοι παύσεσθαι οἷζυροῦ πολέμοιο.  
 καὶ ῥ' ἵππους μὲν ἔρυσαν ἐπὶ στίχας, ἐκ δ' ἔβαν αὐτοί  
 τεύχεά τ' ἐξεδύνοντο. τὰ μὲν κατέθεντ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ  
 πλησίον ἀλλήλων, ὀλίγη δ' ἦν ἀμφὶς ἄρουρα· 115  
 Ἔκτωρ δὲ προτὶ ἄστνι δύω κήρυκας ἔπεμπεν  
 καρπαλίμως ἄρνας τε φέρειν Πριάμόν τε καλέσσαι.  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ Ταλθύβιον προΐη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων  
 νῆας ἔπι γλαφυρὰς ἰέναι, ἥδ' ἄρνα κέλευεν  
 οἰσέμεναι· ὃ δ' ἄρ' οὐκ ἀπίθησ' Ἀγαμέμνονι δίφ. 120  
 Ἴρις δ' αὖθ' Ἑλένη λευκωλένῳ ἄγγελος ἦλθεν,  
 εἰδομένη γαλόῳ, Ἀντηνορίδαο δάμαρτι,  
 τὴν Ἀντηνορίδης εἶχεν κρείων Ἑλικάων,  
 Λαοδίκην Πριάμοιο θυγατρῶν εἶδος ἀρίστην.  
 τὴν δ' εὖρ' ἐν μεγάρῳ ἥ δὲ μέγαν ἰστὸν ὕφαιεν,  
 δίπλακα πορφυρέην, πολέας δ' ἐνέπασσεν ἀέθλους 125  
 Τρώων θ' ἵπποδάμων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων,  
 οὓς ἔθεν εἵνεκ' ἔπασχον ὑπ' Ἄρηος παλαμάων.  
 ἀγχοῦ δ' ἰσταμένη προσέφη πόδας ὠκέα Ἴρις·  
 “δεῦρ' ἴθι, νύμφα φίλη, ἵνα θέσκελα ἔργα ἴδῃαι 130  
 Τρώων θ' ἵπποδάμων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων.  
 οἳ πρὶν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι φέρον πολύδακρυν Ἄρηα  
 ἐν πεδίῳ, ὀλοοῖο λιλαιόμενοι πολέμοιο,  
 οἳ δὴ νῦν ἕεται σιγῇ—πόλεμος δὲ πέπαιται—  
 ἀσπίσι κεκλιμένοι, παρὰ δ' ἔγχεα μακρὰ πέπηγεν. 135  
 αὐτὰρ Ἀλέξανδρος καὶ ἀρηίφίλος Μενέλαος  
 μακρῆς ἐγχείησι μαχέσονται περὶ σείῳ·  
 τῷ δέ κε νικήσαντι φίλη κεκλήσῃ ἄκοιτις.”  
 ὥς εἰποῦσα θεὰ γλυκὺν ἥμερον ἔμβαλε θυμῷ  
 ἀνδρός τε προτέρου καὶ ἄστεος ἠδὲ τοκήων. 140  
 αὐτίκα δ' ἀργεννῇσι καλυψαμένη ὀθόνησιν

He spake : Achaians all and Trojans joyed,  
 Hoping to rest them from the woful war.  
 Back to the lines their chariots then they drew,  
 And from them lighted down, and doffed their arms,  
 And laid them on the ground ; full near they were,  
 Host facing host, and short the space between.  
 Then Hector to the city with all haste  
 Two heralds sent, to bring the victim lambs  
 And summon Priam ; while Talthybius  
 By sovereign Agamemnon was despatched  
 To seek the hollow ships and bring their lamb,  
 Nor disobeyed his godlike lord's command.

Iris the while to white-armed Helen came  
 A messenger, in outer semblance like  
 Laodicé a sister of her lord,  
 Fairest of Priam's daughters, whom to wife  
 Prince Helicaon had, Antenor's son.  
 Helen within her bower she found : a web  
 On ample loom she wove, a double cloak  
 Bright-hued she broidered o'er with many a bout  
 Of Troy's steed-tamers and their mail-clad foes,  
 Borne for her sake beneath the War-god's hand.  
 And standing near her thus fleet Iris spake :  
 " Hither, dear sister, hither come, to see  
 Of Troy's steed-tamers and their mail-clad foes  
 The wondrous deeds. Who on the plain of late  
 Each 'gainst the other threatened tearful war  
 With eager craving for the murderous fray,  
 Now silent sit, the din of battle hushed,  
 On shields reclined, with tall spears planted nigh.  
 But Menelaus soon, whom Ares loves,  
 And Alexander with long lance will fight  
 For thee, and thou shalt be the victor's bride."

So spake the goddess, and within her heart  
 Stirred a sweet longing for her former lord,  
 Her city and her parents. Straight she took

ὥρματ' ἐκ θαλάμοιο, τέρεν κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσα,  
οὐκ οἷη· ἅμα τῇ γε καὶ ἀμφίπολοι δὺ' ἔποντο,  
Αἰθρη Πιτθῆος θυγάτηρ Κλυμένη τε βοῶπις.

αἶψα δ' ἔπειθ' ἵκανον ὅθι Σκαιαὶ πύλαι ἦσαν. 145  
οἱ δ' ἀμφὶ Πρίαμον καὶ Πάνθοον ἠδὲ Θυμοίτην  
Λάμπον τε Κλυτίον θ' Ἰκετάονά τ' ὄζον Ἄρηος,

Οὐκαλέγων τε καὶ Ἀντήνωρ, πεπνυμένω ἄμφω,  
εἶατο δημογέροντες ἐπὶ Σκαιῇσι πύλῃσιν,

γῆραϊ δὴ πολέμοιο πεπαυμένοι, ἀλλ' ἀγορηταί 150

ἐσθλοί, τεττίγεσσι ἐοικότες, οἳ τε καθ' ὕλην

δενδρέῳ ἐφεζόμενοι ὅπα λειριόεσσαν ἰεῖσιν·

τοιοῖο ἄρα Τρώων ἡγήτορες ἦντ' ἐπὶ πύργῳ.

οἱ δ' ὥς οὖν εἶδονθ' Ἑλένην ἐπὶ πύργον ἰοῦσαν,

ἦκα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἔπεα πτερόεντ' ἀγόρευον. 155

“οὐ νέμεσις Τρῶας καὶ εὐκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς  
τοιῇδ' ἀμφὶ γυναικὶ πολὺν χρόνον ἄλγεα πάσχειν·  
αἰνῶς ἀθανάτησι θεαῖς εἰς ὧπα ἔοικεν.

ἀλλὰ καὶ ὧς, τοίη περ ἐοῦσ', ἐν νηυσὶ νέεσθω,

μηδ' ἡμῖν τεκέεσσί τ' ὀπίσσω πῆμα λίποιτο.” 160

ὧς ἄρ' ἔφαν, Πρίαμος δ' Ἑλένην ἐκαλέσσατο φωνῇ.

“δεῦρο πάροιθ' ἐλθούσα, φίλον τέκος, ἵξεν ἐμεῖο,

ὄφρα ἴδῃ πρότερόν τε πόσιν πηοὺς τε φίλους τε·

οὐ τί μοι αἰτίη ἐσσί· θεοὶ νύ μοι αἵτιοί εἰσιν,

οἳ μοι ἐφώρμησαν πόλεμον πολὺδακρυν Ἀχαιῶν. 165

ὧς μοι καὶ τόνδ' ἄνδρα πελώριον ἐξονομήνης,

ὅς τις ὅδ' ἐστὶν Ἀχαιὸς ἀνὴρ ἡὺς τε μέγας τε.

ἦ τοι μὲν κεφαλῇ καὶ μείζονες ἄλλοι ἔασιν,

καλὸν δ' οὕτω ἐγὼν οὐ πῶ ἴδον ὀφθαλμοῖσιν,

οὐδ' οὕτω γεραρόν· βασιλῆι γὰρ ἀνδρὶ ἔοικεν.” 170

τὸν δ' Ἑλένη μύθοισιν ἀμείβετο, δῖα γυναικῶν.

“αἰδοῖός τέ μοί ἐσσι, φίλε ἐκυρέ, δεινός τε·



A shining veil and shrouded her therewith,  
 Then from the chamber sped, and aye she let  
 The pearly tear down fall: nor went alone;  
 Two handmaids followed; Aethra, daughter she  
 Of Pittheus, and the large-eyed Clymené.  
 And quickly to the Scaean gates they came.  
 There Priam, Lampus, Clytius, Panthoüs,  
 Thymoetes, Hicetaon (scion brave  
 Of Ares), there Antenor, and with him  
 Ucalegon, sage pair, sate in the gate;  
 A reverend senate, now from war released  
 By length of days, yet still in council good,  
 Clear-voiced as crickets, who throughout the copse  
 Perched on the trees their ringing treble ply.  
 Such were Troy's leaders sitting on the tower.  
 And these, when Helen coming they espied,  
 Low to each other spake in wingèd words:  
 "That Trojans and well-greaved Achaians all  
 For such a woman long should suffer toils,  
 It is no blame. Full wondrously in face  
 To some immortal goddess she is like.  
 Yet let her even thus, tho' fair she be,  
 Take ship and go, nor here abide, to us  
 And to our children after us a banè."

So spake they all. But Priam called aloud:  
 "Helen, dear child, come hither, sit by me,  
 To see thy former husband, husband's kin,  
 And friends. I blame not thee, the gods I blame,  
 Who urged on me the Achaians' tearful war.  
 Come, name me now, I pray, yon stalwart man,  
 Whoe'er he be, Achaian brave and tall.  
 His height indeed some other heads o'ertop;  
 But wight so goodly saw I never yet  
 Or stately, for his mien bespeaks him king."

To whom made answer Helen, godlike dame:  
 "Honour for thee, dear father of my lord,

ὥς ὄφελεν θάνατός μοι ἄδειν κακός, ὅππότε δεῦρο  
 υἱεὶ σῶ ἐπόμην, θάλαμον γνωτούς τε λιποῦσα  
 παῖδά τε τηλυγέτην καὶ ὀμηλικίην ἐρατεινήν.

175

ἀλλὰ τά γ' οὐκ ἐγένοντο· τὸ καὶ κλαίουσα τέτηκα.  
 τοῦτο δέ τοι ἐρέω ὃ μ' ἀνείρεαι ἡδὲ μεταλλᾶς.

οὗτός γ' Ἀτρεΐδης εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,  
 ἀμφότερον, βασιλεύς τ' ἀγαθὸς κρατερός τ' αἰχμητής.  
 δαῖρ αὖτ' ἐμὸς ἔσκε κυνώπιδος, εἴ ποτ' ἔην γε."

180

ὥς φάτο, τὸν δ' ὁ γέρων ἡγάσσατο, φώνησέν τε

“ὦ μάκαρ Ἀτρεΐδῃ, μοιρηγενές, ὀλβιόδαιμον,  
 ἦ ῥά νύ τοι πολλοὶ δεδμήατο κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν.

ἦδη καὶ Φρυγίην εἰσήλυθον ἀμπελόεσσαν,  
 ἔνθα ἴδον πλείστους Φρύγας ἀνέρας αἰολοπώλους,  
 λαοὺς Ὀτρῆος καὶ Μύγδονος ἀντιθέοιο,

185

οἳ ῥα τότε στρατόωντο παρ' ὄχθας Σαγγαρίοιο·  
 καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼν ἐπίκουρος ἐὼν μετὰ τοῖσιν ἐλέχθην  
 ἡματι τῷ ὅτε τ' ἦλθον Ἀμαζόνες ἀντιάνειραι·

ἀλλ' οὐδ' οἱ τόσοι ἦσαν ὅσοι ἐλίκωπες Ἀχαιοί."

190

δεύτερον αὖτ' Ὀδυσῆα ἰδὼν ἐρέειν ὁ γεραιός·

“εἴπ' ἄγε μοι καὶ τόνδε, φίλον τέκος, ὅς τις ὅδ' ἐστίν,

μείων μὲν κεφαλῇ Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρεΐδαο,

εὐρύτερος δ' ὥμοισι ἰδὲ στέρνοισι ἰδέσθαι.

τεύχεα μὲν οἱ κεῖται ἐπὶ χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ,

195

αὐτὸς δὲ κτίλος ὥς ἐπιπωλεῖται στίχας ἀνδρῶν.

ἄρνεω μιν ἐγὼ γε εἵσκω πηγεσιμάλλῃ,

ὅς τ' οὔτω μέγα πῶν διέρχεται ἀργεννῶν."

τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειθ' Ἑλένη Διὸς ἐκγεγαυῖα·

“οὔτος δ' αὖ Λαερτιάδης πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς,

200

ὃς τράφη ἐν δήμῳ Ἰθάκης κραναῆς περ ἐούσης,

And reverent awe I feel. O that I then  
Had welcomed evil death, when with thy son  
Hither I came, my marriage-chamber left  
And kin, and darling daughter, and fair troop  
Of loved companions. But it was not so ;  
And therefore weeping do I melt in tears.  
But what thou ask'st and seekest I will tell.  
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
Is yonder wight ; at once a noble king  
And warrior stout : and husband's brother once  
(If so indeed he was) to shameless me."

Thus she. The grey-beard gazed in awe, then spake :  
"O blessèd son of Atreus, happy born,  
Favoured of fortune ! Little did I wot  
Achaia's sons so many owned thy sway.  
Long since I went to Phrygia, land of vines,  
And saw a numerous host, swift horsemen all,  
By Otreus and by godlike Mygdon led,  
Phrygians, who mustered on Sangarius' bank.  
For I was counted with them as ally,  
What time the Amazons, those peers of men,  
To battle came. Yet were not even they  
In number as Achaia's bright-eyed sons."

Odysseus next the old man saw, and asked :  
"Come, say again, dear child, whom see I here ?  
Shorter than Agamemnon Atreus' son  
He stands : but in the shoulders and the chest  
Broader he shows. Upon the fruitful earth  
His arms are laid : himself, as moves a ram,  
Is pacing stately through the ranks of men.  
Yea, to a thick-fleeced ram I liken him  
Moving amid the flock of white-woolled sheep."

To whom made answer Helen, born of Zeus :  
"Laertes' son is this, Odysseus hight,  
The many-counselled man, whom Ithaca,  
Though rugged land it be, claims for her son.

εἰδὼς παντοίους τε δόλους καὶ μῆδεα πυκνά.”

τὴν δ' αὖτ' Ἀντήνωρ πεπνυμένος ἀντίον ἦῤδα·  
 “ὦ γύναι, ἣ μάλα τοῦτο ἔπος νημερτὲς ἔειπες·  
 ἦδη γὰρ καὶ δεῦρό ποτ' ἤλυθε δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς, 205  
 σεῦ ἔνεκ' ἀγγελίης σὺν ἀρηιφίλῳ Μενελάῳ·  
 τοὺς δ' ἐγὼ ἐξείνισσα καὶ ἐν μεγάροισι φίλησα,  
 ἀμφοτέρων δὲ φυὴν ἐδάην καὶ μῆδεα πυκνά.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ Τρώεσσιν ἐν ἀγρομένοισιν ἔμιχθεν,  
 στάντων μὲν Μενέλαος ὑπείρεχεν εὐρέας ὤμους, 210  
 ἄμφω δ' ἐξομένω γεραρότερος ἦεν Ὀδυσσεύς.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ μύθους καὶ μῆδεα πᾶσιν ὕφαινον,  
 ἦ τοι μὲν Μενέλαος ἐπιτροχάδην ἀγόρευεν,  
 παῦρα μὲν, ἀλλὰ μάλα λιγέως, ἐπεὶ οὐ πολὺμυθος  
 οὐδ' ἀφαρματοεπής, εἰ καὶ γένει ὕστερος ἦεν. 215  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πολὺμητις ἀναΐξειεν Ὀδυσσεύς.  
 στάσκειν, ὑπαὶ δὲ ἴδεσκε κατὰ χθονὸς ὄμματα πῆξας,  
 σκῆπτρον δ' οὔτ' ὀπίσω οὔτε προπρηνὲς ἐνώμα,  
 ἀλλ' ἀστεμφὲς ἔχεσκειν, αἰδρεῖ φωτὶ ἐοικώς·  
 φαίης κε ζάκοτόν τέ τιν' ἔμμεναι ἄφρονά τ' αὖτως. 220  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ὅπα τε μεγάλην ἐκ στήθεος ἦη  
 καὶ ἔπεα νιφάδεσσι ἐοικότα χειμερίησιν,  
 οὐκ ἂν ἔπειτ' Ὀδυσῆί γ' ἐρίσσειεν βροτὸς ἄλλος.  
 οὐ τότε γ' ὦδ' Ὀδυσῆος ἀγασσάμεθ' εἶδος ἰδόντες.”

τὸ τρίτον αὖτ' Αἴαντα ἰδὼν ἐρέειν ὁ γεραιός· 225  
 “τίς τ' ἄρ' ὅδ' ἄλλος Ἀχαιὸς ἀνὴρ ἡὺς τε μέγας τε,  
 ἔξοχος Ἀργείων κεφαλὴν τε καὶ εὐρέας ὤμους;”

τὸν δ' Ἑλένη τανύπεπλος ἀμείβετο, δῖα γυναικῶν·  
 “οὗτος δ' Αἴας ἐστὶ πελώριος, ἔρκος Ἀχαιῶν.  
 Ἴδομενεὺς δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐνὶ Κρήτεσσι θεὸς ὥς 230  
 ἔστηκ', ἱμὸς δὲ μιν Κρητῶν ἀγοὶ ἠγερέθονται.  
 πολλὰκι μιν ξείνισσεν ἀρηιφίλος Μενέλαος.

Each crafty wile and counsel shrewd he knows."

To her in turn the sage Antenor spake :

"Fair dame, this word of thine I warrant true.

For hither erst godlike Odysseus came,

Bearing a message to demand thee back,

With Menelaus, him of Ares loved.

I welcomed them as host within my halls,

And knew of both the form and counsels shrewd.

And when they mingled with the Trojan throng,

As there they stood, higher the shoulders broad

Of Menelaus rose : but when they sate,

Odysseus was the statelier of the twain.

Then when they spake and wove before us all

Their web of counsels, Menelaus spake

Right on with running flow, as brief in speech

But clear in tone ; not many words had he,

Nor random missed the mark, tho' younger born.

But when in turn the many-counselled man

Odysseus rose, he stood with look cast down

And eyes fixed on the ground : his royal staff

Nor back he swayed nor forwards, but unmoved

Held firm ; in semblance as some simple wight,

Whom surly one might deem or witless fool.

But when the full voice from his chest forth poured,

And words fast falling as the winter snow,

No mortal with Odysseus then might vie :

It was not then his form our wonder claimed."

Then saw he Ajax, and a third time asked :

"And who is this again, Achaian wight

Both brave and tall, who 'bove the Argive throng

Towers eminent by head and shoulders broad?"

And answered long-robed Helen, godlike dame,

"Huge Ajax this, Achaia's bulwark strong :

And yonder, as a god, Idomeneus

Among his Cretans stands ; around him crowd

His chiefs. To him full often in our home



οἴκῳ ἐν ἡμετέρῳ, ὅποτε Κρήτηθεν ἵκοιτο.  
 νῦν δ' ἄλλους μὲν πάντας ὁρῶ ἐλίκωπας Ἀχαιοὺς,  
 οὓς κεν ἐὺ γνοίην καὶ τ' οὖνομα μυθησαίμην· 235  
 δοιῶ δ' οὐ δύναμαι ἰδέειν κοσμήτορε λαῶν,  
 Κάστορά θ' ἵππόδαμον καὶ πύξ ἀγαθὸν Πολυδεύκεα,  
 αὐτοκασιγνήτω, τῷ μοι μία γείνατο μήτηρ.  
 ἣ οὐχ ἐσπέσθην Λακεδαίμονος ἐξ ἐρατεινῆς,  
 ἣ δεῦρο μὲν ἔποντο νέεσσ' ἐνὶ ποντοπόροισιν, 240  
 νῦν αὖτ' οὐκ ἐθέλουσι μάχην καταδύμεναι ἀνδρῶν,  
 αἴσχρα δειδιότες καὶ ὀνείδεα πόλλ' ἅ μοι ἔστιν."

ὥς φάτο, τοὺς δ' ἤδη κάτεχεν φυσίζοος αἶα  
 ἐν Λακεδαίμονι αὖθι, φίλῃ ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ.

κήρυκες δ' ἀνὰ ἄστνυ θεῶν φέρον ὄρκια πιστά, 245  
 ἄρνε δύω καὶ οἶνον εὐφρονα, καρπὸν ἀρούρης,  
 ἀσκῶ ἐν αἰγείῳ. φέρε δὲ κρητῆρα φαεινόν  
 κῆρυξ Ἰδαῖος ἥδὲ χρύσεια κύπελλα,  
 ὥτρυνεν δὲ γέροντα παριστάμενος ἐπέεσσιν.  
 "ὄρσεο Λαομεδοντιάδῃ. καλέουσιν ἄριστοι 250  
 Τρώων θ' ἵπποδάμων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων  
 εἰς πεδλίον καταβῆναι, ἵν' ὄρκια πιστὰ τάμῃτε.  
 αὐτὰρ Ἀλέξανδρος καὶ ἀρηίφιλος Μενέλαος  
 μακρῆς ἐγχείησι μαχήσονται ἀμφὶ γυναικί·  
 τῷ δέ κε νικήσαντι γυνὴ καὶ κτήμαθ' ἔποιτο. 255

οἱ δ' ἄλλοι φιλότῃτα καὶ ὄρκια πιστὰ ταμόντες  
 ναίοιμεν Τροίην ἐριβώλακα, τοὶ δὲ νέονται

"Ἄργος εἰς ἵππόβοτον καὶ Ἀχαιίδα καλλιγύναικα."

ὥς φάτο, ῥίγησεν δ' ὁ γέρων, ἐκέλευσε δ' ἐταίροις  
 ἵππους ζευγνύμεναι· τοὶ δ' ὀτραλέως ἐπίθοντο. 260

Was Menelaus, loved of Ares, host,  
 Whene'er from Crete he came. And now I see  
 The others all, Achaia's bright-eyed sons,  
 Whom I could well discern, and tell each name.  
 But two I see not, marshals of the host,  
 Steed-taming Castor, and, with clenched hand  
 Brave champion, Polydeuces. These to me  
 Own brothers were, and of one mother born.  
 Or came they not from Lacedaemon fair,  
 Or hither came indeed in sea-borne ships,  
 But will not enter now the fight of men,  
 Fearing my shame and deep reproach to hear?"

Thus Helen spake. But they already slept  
 Fast bound in life-begetting earth, away  
 In Lacedaemon their dear fatherland.

Meanwhile the heralds through the city bare  
 The offerings to the gods to seal the oaths,  
 Two lambs, and wine the gladdener of the heart,  
 Fruit of the soil, in goatskin bottle slung.  
 A glittering bowl withal Idaeus bare,  
 And golden cups : then went he near and stood,  
 And thus aroused with words the aged king :  
 "Son of Laomedon arise ! The chiefs  
 Of Troy's steed-tamers and their mail-clad foes  
 Now summon thee to seek the plain below,  
 That thou may'st seal by faithful oath a truce.  
 For Menelaus, he whom Ares loves,  
 And Alexander shall in single fight  
 With lances long do battle for the dame :  
 And wealth and wife shall be the victor's meed.  
 But, for the rest, a trusty friendship sworn,  
 In deep-soiled Troy we still shall dwell, and they  
 Return to Argos and her horse-cropt plain,  
 And to Achaia land of comely dames."

He spake. The grey-beard shuddered, but his squires  
 He charged to yoke his steeds ; who swift obeyed.

ἄν δ' ἄρ' ἔβη Πρίαμος, κατὰ δ' ἡνία τείνεν ὀπίσσω·  
 πὰρ δέ οἱ Ἀντήνωρ περικαλλέα βήσετο δίφρον.  
 τὼ δὲ διὰ Σκαιῶν πεδίονδ' ἔχον ὠκέας ἵππους.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἴκοντο μετὰ Τρώας καὶ Ἀχαιοὺς,  
 ἐξ ἵππων ἀποβάντες ἐπὶ χθόνα πουλυβότειραν 265  
 ἐς μέσσον Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν ἐστιχόωντο.  
 ὥρνυτο δ' αὐτίκ' ἔπειτα ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,  
 ἄν δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς πολὺμήτις· ἀτὰρ κήρυκες ἀγαυοί  
 ὄρκια πιστὰ θεῶν ξύναγον, κρητῆρι δὲ οἶνον  
 μῖσγον, ἀτὰρ βασιλεῦσιν ὕδωρ ἐπὶ χεῖρας ἔχευαν. 270  
 Ἀτρεΐδης δὲ ἐρυσσάμενος χεῖρεσσι μάχαιραν,  
 ἥ οἱ πὰρ ξίφεος μέγα κουλεὸν αἰὲν ἄωρτο,  
 ἀρνῶν ἐκ κεφαλέων τάμνεν τρίχας· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα  
 κήρυκες Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν νεῖμαν ἀρίστοις.  
 τοῖσιν δ' Ἀτρεΐδης μεγάλ' εὐχέτο, χεῖρας ἀνασχών. 275  
 “Ζεῦ πάτερ Ἰδθην μεδέων, κύδιστε μέγιστε,  
 ἥελιός θ' ὅς πάντ' ἐφορᾷς καὶ πάντ' ἐπακούεις,  
 καὶ ποταμοὶ καὶ γαῖα, καὶ οἱ ὑπένερθε καμόντας  
 ἀνθρώπους τίνυσθον, ὅτις κ' ἐπίορκον ὁμόσση,  
 ὑμεῖς μάρτυροι ἔστε, φυλάσσετε δ' ὄρκια πιστά. 280  
 εἰ μὲν κεν Μενέλαον Ἀλέξανδρος καταπέφνη,  
 αὐτὸς ἔπειθ' Ἑλένην ἐχέτω καὶ κτήματα πάντα,  
 ἡμεῖς δ' ἐν νήεσσι νεώμεθα ποντοπόροισιν·  
 εἰ δέ κ' Ἀλέξανδρον κτείνῃ ξανθὸς Μενέλαος,  
 Τρώας ἔπειθ' Ἑλένην καὶ κτήματα πάντ' ἀποδοῦναι, 285  
 τιμὴν δ' Ἀργείοις ἀποτινέμεν ἣν τιν' ἔοικεν,  
 ἥ τε καὶ ἐσσομένοισι μετ' ἀνθρώποισι πέληται.  
 εἰ δ' ἂν ἐμοὶ τιμὴν Πρίαμος Πριάμοιό τε παῖδες

Then mounted Priam, and behind him stretched  
The reins ; Antenor mounted by his side  
The beauteous car : and so the twain drove on  
Their fleet steeds plainwards thro' the Scaean gates.  
But when they came where either host was set,  
Leaving their steeds, upon the fruitful earth  
They lighted down, and to the midst advanced  
Between the Trojan and Achaian lines.  
Then straight rose Agamemnon king of men,  
Rose too Odysseus, many-counselled sage :  
And now the reverend heralds duly brought  
The offerings to the gods to seal the oaths,  
And in the bowl they mixed the wine, and poured  
Water upon the hands of all the kings.  
Then with his hand Atrides drew the knife  
That aye beside his mighty scabbard hung,  
And from the lambs' heads cut the hairs ; and these  
To Trojan and Achaian chiefs alike  
The heralds parted. Then before them all  
Loud with uplifted hands Atrides prayed :  
" O Father Zeus, who rul'st from Ida's height,  
Most glorious, greatest lord ; and thou bright Sun,  
Thou who beholdest all and hearest all ;  
Ye Rivers, and thou Earth, and ye twin powers  
That vengeance wreak upon the dead below  
Of human kind, whoe'er be here forsworn :  
Witness ye all, and guard our faithful oaths.  
If Alexander Menelaus slay,  
Then keep he Helen, keep he all her wealth,  
While we upon our sea-borne ships return.  
But if it be that Alexander fall  
By Menelaus of the yellow hair,  
Then Helen and her wealth shall Troy restore,  
And pay us such a fine as may be meet,  
And be a law to rule an after age.  
But if to me Priam and Priam's sons

τίνειν οὐκ ἐθέλωσιν Ἀλεξάνδροιο πεσόντος,  
 αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ καὶ ἔπειτα μαχήσομαι εἵνεκα ποινῆς 290  
 αὐθι μένων, εἵως κε τέλος πολέμοιο κιχείω.”

ἦ, καὶ ἀπὸ στομάχους ἄρνων τάμε νηλέϊ χαλκῷ.  
 καὶ τοὺς μὲν κατέθηκεν ἐπὶ χθονὸς ἀσπαίροντας,  
 θυμοῦ δευομένους· ἀπὸ γὰρ μένος εἴλετο χαλκός·  
 οἶνον δ' ἐκ κρητῆρος ἀφυσσόμενοι δεπάεσσιν 295  
 ἔκχεον, ἡδ' εὖχοντο θεοῖς αἰειγενέτησιν.

ὦδε δέ τις εἶπεςκεν Ἀχαιῶν τε Τρώων τε.  
 “Ζεῦ κύδιστε μέγιστε, καὶ ἀθάνατοι θεοὶ ἄλλοι,  
 ὅππότεροι πρότεροι ὑπὲρ ὄρκια πημήνειαν,  
 ὦδέ σφ' ἐγκέφαλος χαμάδις ῥέει ὡς ὅδε οἶνος, 300  
 αὐτῶν καὶ τεκέων, ἄλοχοι δ' ἄλλοισι δαμεῖεν.”

ὥς ἔφαν, οὐδ' ἄρα πῶ σφιν ἐπεκράαινε Κρονίων.  
 τοῖσι δὲ Δαρδανίδης Πρίαμος μετὰ μῦθον ἔειπεν.  
 “κέκλυτέ μεν, Τρῶες καὶ εὐκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί.  
 ἦ τοι ἐγὼν εἴμι προτὶ Ἴλιον ἡνεμόεσσαν 305  
 ἄψ, ἐπεὶ οὐ πῶ τλήσομ' ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὀράσθαι  
 μαρνάμενον φίλον υἱὸν ἀρηιφίλῳ Μενελάῳ·  
 Ζεὺς μὴν που τό γε οἶδε καὶ ἀθάνατοι θεοὶ ἄλλοι,  
 ὅπποτέρῳ θανάτοιο τέλος πεπρωμένον ἐστίν.”

ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἐς δίφρον ἄρνας θέτο ἰσόθεος φῶς, 310  
 ἂν δ' ἄρ' ἔβαιν' αὐτός, κατὰ δ' ἡνία τείνεν ὀπίσσω·  
 παρ δέ οἱ Ἀντήνωρ περικαλλέα βήσετο δίφρον.  
 τῷ μὲν ἄρ' ἄψορροι προτὶ Ἴλιον ἀπονέοντο·  
 Ἐκτωρ δὲ Πριάμοιο πάϊς καὶ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς  
 χῶρον μὲν πρῶτον διεμέτρεον, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα 315  
 κλήρους ἐν κυνέῃ χαλκῆρεϊ πάλλον ἐλόντες,  
 ὅππότερος δὴ πρόσθεν ἀφείη χάλκεον ἔγχος.  
 λαοὶ δ' ἡρήσαντο, θεοῖσι δὲ χεῖρας ἀνέσχον·  
 ὦδε δέ τις εἶπεςκεν Ἀχαιῶν τε Τρώων τε.



Such fine deny, should Alexander fall,  
Then will I still fight on for recompense,  
Abiding here till war's full end be won."

He spake, and with unpitying blade he cut  
Right through the victims' throats, and laid the lambs  
Yet gasping on the ground, bereft of life,  
Whose strength the blade had quelled. Then from the bowl  
Drew they the wine, and from the cups forth poured :  
And to the everliving gods they prayed,  
While thus each Trojan and Achaian spake :  
"Most glorious greatest Zeus, and ye the rest  
Immortal gods ! grant, of the peoples twain  
Whiche'er shall first break oath and dare the wrong,  
That on the ground their brains may, as this wine,  
Bespattered flow, theirs and their babes' withal ;  
And be their wives to other lords enslaved."

They prayed, but Zeus not yet their prayer confirmed.  
To whom spake Priam son of Dardanus :  
"Hear Trojans and well-greaved Achaians hear !  
I verily to Ilion's wind-swept towers  
Will get me back : my eyes may not endure  
To see my own dear son a combat wage  
With Menelaus, him whom Ares loves.  
Zeus and the gods immortal know, I ween,  
Whom of the twain the doom of death awaits."

The godlike hero spake, and in the car  
The lambs he laid, then gat him up, and stretched  
The reins behind : Antenor by his side  
Mounted the beauteous car, and so the twain  
Backward in haste to Ilion took their way.  
But Hector Priam's son, and with him joined  
Godlike Odysseus, first marked out the ground,  
Then took the lots, and in the brazen helm  
Shook, to decide who first should hurl the spear :  
While with uplifted hands the armies prayed,  
And thus each Trojan and Achaian spake :

“Ζεῦ πάτερ Ἰδηθεν μεδέων, κύδιστε μέγιστε, 320  
 ὀππότερος τάδε ἔργα μετ’ ἀμφοτέροισιν ἔθηκεν,  
 τὸν δὸς ἀποφθίμενον δύναι δόμον Ἀϊδος εἴσω,  
 ἡμῖν δ’ αὖ φιλότητα καὶ ὄρκια πιστὰ γενέσθαι.”

ὥς ἄρ’ ἔφαν, πάλλεν δὲ μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἐκτωρ  
 ἄψ’ ὀρόων· Πάριος δὲ θοῶς ἐκ κλῆρος ὄρουσεν. 325  
 οἱ μὲν ἔπειθ’ ἵζοντο κατὰ στίχας, ἦχι ἐκάστου  
 ἵπποι ἀερσίποδες καὶ ποικίλα τεύχε’ ἔκειτο·  
 αὐτὰρ ὃ γ’ ἀμφ’ ὥμοισιν ἐδύσετο τεύχεα καλὰ  
 δῖος Ἀλέξανδρος, Ἑλένης πόσις ἠυκόμοιο.  
 κνημίδας μὲν πρῶτα περὶ κνήμησιν ἔθηκεν 330  
 καλὰς, ἀργυρέοισιν ἐπισφυρίοις ἀραρυίας·  
 δεύτερον αὖ θώρηκα περὶ στήθεσσι ἐδυνεν  
 οἷο κασιγνήτοιο Λυκάονος, ἥρμοσε δ’ αὐτῷ.  
 ἀμφὶ δ’ ἄρ’ ὥμοισιν βάλετο ξίφος ἀργυρόηλον  
 χάλκεον, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα σάκος μέγα τε στιβαρόν τε. 335  
 κρατὶ δ’ ἐπ’ ἰφθίμῳ κυνέην εὐτυκτον ἔθηκεν  
 ἵππουριν· δεινὸν δὲ λόφος καθύπερθεν ἔνευεν.  
 εἶλετο δ’ ἄλκιμον ἔγχος, ὃ οἱ παλάμηφιν ἀρήρει.  
 ὥς δ’ αὐτῶς Μενέλαος ἀρήιος ἔντε’ ἔδυνεν.

οἱ δ’ ἐπεὶ οὖν ἐκάτερθεν ὀμίλου θωρήχθησαν, 340  
 ἐς μέσσον Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν ἐστιχώοντο  
 δεινὸν δερκόμενοι· θάμβος δ’ ἔχεν εἰσορόωντας  
 Τρωάς θ’ ἵπποδάμους καὶ εὐκνήμιδας Ἀχαιούς.  
 καὶ ῥ’ ἐγγὺς στήτην διαμετρητῷ ἐνὶ χώρῳ  
 σείοντ’ ἐγχείας, ἀλλήλοισιν κοτέοντε. 345

πρόσθε δ’ Ἀλέξανδρος προΐη δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,  
 καὶ βάλεν Ἀτρεΐδαο κατ’ ἀσπίδα πάντοσ’ εἵσῃν·  
 οὐδ’ ἔρρηξεν χαλκός, ἀνεγνάμφθη δέ οἱ αἰχμή  
 ἀσπὶδ’ ἐνὶ κρατερῇ. ὃ δὲ δεύτερος ὤρνυτο χαλκῷ

“O Father Zeus, whose sway from Ida’s height  
Is over all, most glorious, greatest king !  
Who of the twain hath brought these toils on all,  
Grant he be slain and enter Hades’ home,  
While we in peace a trusty friendship swear.”

So spake they all. Now with averted eyes  
The mighty plumèd Hector shook the helm,  
And swiftly forth the lot of Paris leapt.  
Then sate them down the armies by their ranks,  
Each in his place, where his high-prancing steeds  
Stood nigh, and where his well-wrought armour lay.  
But Alexander, long-haired Helen’s lord,  
Around his shoulders donned his goodly arms.  
First put he round his legs the greaves so fair,  
With silver ankle-clasps made fast and sure ;  
The corslet next around his breast he drew,  
Lycaon’s corslet, to his brother lent,  
And fitting well : then from his shoulders slung  
A silver-studded sword of brazen blade,  
And shield both large and stout : his well-wrought helm  
Then placed he on his mighty head, with crest  
Of horse-hair nodding terribly above :  
Then took a tough lance fitted to his hand.  
And Menelaus armed him ev’n as he.

But when the twain their harness thus had donned  
In either host, forth strode they to the midst  
Of Trojans and Achaïans. Dread their looks,  
And awed were they that saw—the sons of Troy  
Steed-tamers, and Achaia’s well-greaved men.  
And now within the measured lists they stood  
Full close, with quivering lances, mutual rage.  
Then Alexander his long-shadowed spear  
First cast, and struck upon Atrides’ shield,  
His orbèd shield, nor brake the brazen plates,  
But in the stout targe back the point was turned.  
Then Menelaus second rose with lance

Ἄτρεΐδης Μενέλαος, ἐπευξάμενος Διὶ πατρί· 350  
 “Ζεῦ ἄνα, δὸς τίσασθαι ὃ με πρότερος κάκ’ ἔοργεν,  
 δῖον Ἀλέξανδρον, καὶ ἐμῆς ὑπὸ χερσὶ δάμασσον,  
 ὄφρα τις ἐρρίγησι καὶ ὀψιγόνων ἀνθρώπων  
 ξινοδόκον κακὰ ῥέξαι, ὃ κεν φιλότητα παράσχη.”

ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἄμπεπαλὼν προτὴ δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος, 355  
 καὶ βάλε Πριαμίδαο κατ’ ἀσπίδα πάντοσ’ εἵσθη.  
 διὰ μὲν ἀσπίδος ἦλθε φαεινῆς ὄβριμον ἔγχος,  
 καὶ διὰ θώρηκος πολυδαϊδάλου ἠρήρειστο·  
 ἀντικρὺς δὲ παραὶ λαπάρην διάμησε χιτῶνα  
 ἔγχος· ὃ δὲ κλίνθη καὶ ἀλεύατο κῆρα μέλαιναν. 360

Ἄτρεΐδης δὲ ἐρυσσάμενος ξίφος ἀργυρόηλον  
 πλῆξεν ἀνασχόμενος κόρυθος φάλον· ἀμφὶ δ’ ἄρ’ αὐτῷ  
 τριχθὰ τε καὶ τετραχθὰ διατρυφὲν ἔκπεσε χειρός.  
 Ἄτρεΐδης δ’ ὦμωξε ἰδὼν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν.

“Ζεῦ πάτερ, οὗ τις σείῳ θεῶν ὀλοώτερος ἄλλος. 365  
 ἦ τ’ ἐφάμην τίσασθαι Ἀλέξανδρον κακότητος·  
 νῦν δέ μοι ἐν χεῖρεσσι ἄγη ξίφος, ἐκ δέ μοι ἔγχος  
 ἠίχθη παλάμηφι ἐτώσιον, οὐδὲ δάμασσα.”

ἦ, καὶ ἐπαΐξας κόρυθος λάβεν ἵπποδασείης,  
 ἔλκε δ’ ἐπιστρέψας μετ’ εὐκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοῦς· 370  
 ἄγχε δέ μιν πολύκεστος ἱμᾶς ἀπαλὴν ὑπὸ δειρήν,  
 ὅς οἱ ὑπ’ ἀνθερεῶνος ὀχεὺς τέτατο τρυφαλείης·  
 καὶ νύ κε εἵρυσσέν τε καὶ ἄσπετον ἦρατο κῦδος,  
 εἰ μὴ ἄρ’ ὀξὺ νόησε Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη,  
 ἣ οἱ ῥῆξεν ἱμάντα βοὸς Ἴφι κταμένοιο· 375  
 κεινὴ δὲ τρυφάλεια ἅμ’ ἔσπετο χειρὶ παχείῃ.  
 τὴν μὲν ἔπειθ’ ἦρως μετ’ εὐκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοῦς  
 ῥίψ’ ἐπιδινήσας, κόμισαν δ’ ἐρήηρες ἐταῖροι·

Brass-tipped, and uttered prayer to father Zeus:  
 "O sovereign Zeus, grant vengeance on the man,  
 On godlike Alexander, who on me  
 First wrought the wrong! Quell him beneath my hands.  
 So may all shudder, ev'n the yet unborn,  
 Nor guest requite his kindly host with wrong."

He spake, and poising the long-shadowed spear  
 Cast it, and struck the shield of Priam's son,  
 His orbèd shield. Through shield refulgent came  
 The forceful spear, through corslet richly wrought  
 Pressed firmly, and right onwards by the loins  
 Tore slashing through the tunic; but aside  
 The hero bent, and shunned the gloomy death.  
 Then Atreus' son his silver-studded sword  
 Drew, lifted high, and smote the helm's front cone.  
 Snapt there the blade in three or four, and fell  
 In shivered splinters from the warrior's hand.  
 Then wailed Atrides as he heavenwards gazed:  
 "O Father Zeus, no god so harsh as thou!  
 Surely, I said, for Alexander's wrong  
 I now shall vengeance me. But my sword is broke  
 Here in my hands, and from my grasp the spear  
 Sped on a bootless quest, nor slew I him."

He spake, and rushing furious seized the helm  
 Bushy with horse-hair crest, then turning dragged  
 Towards the well-greaved Achaian host his foe,  
 Choked by the broidered strap that pressed beneath  
 His tender neck, the strap that stretching round  
 Below the chin held firm in place the casque.  
 And surely he had dragged him off and won  
 Untold renown, but quick to mark his plight  
 Was Aphrodité, child of Zeus; who brake  
 The thong (from hide of ox felled heavily),  
 And empty in his broad hand came away  
 The casque. And this toward the Achaian host  
 The victor whirling flung, and trusty squires



αὐτὰρ ὃ ἄψ' ἐπόρουσε κατακτάμεναι μενεαίνων  
 ἔγχεϊ χαλκείῳ. τὸν δ' ἐξήρπαξ' Ἀφροδίτη 380  
 ῥεία μάλ' ὥς τε θεός, ἐκάλυψε δ' ἄρ' ἡέρι πολλῇ,  
 καδ δ' εἰς' ἐν θαλάμῳ ἐνώδεϊ κηώνεντι.  
 αὐτὴ δ' αὖθ' Ἑλένην καλέουσ' ἔε. τὴν δὲ κίχανεν  
 πύργῳ ἐφ' ὑψηλῷ, περὶ δὲ Τρωαὶ ἄλις ἦσαν.  
 χειρὶ δὲ νεκταρέου ἑανοῦ ἐτίναξε λαβοῦσα, 385  
 γρηὶ δέ μιν εἰκνία παλαιγενεῖ προσέειπεν,  
 εἰροκόμῳ, ἥ οἱ Λακεδαίμονι ναιεταούσῃ  
 ἦσκειν εἴρια καλά, μάλιστα δέ μιν φιλέεσκεν.  
 τῇ μιν ἔεισαμένη προσεφώνεε δι' Ἀφροδίτη·  
 “δεῦρ' ἴθ'· Ἀλέξανδρός σε καλεῖ οἰκόνδε νέεσθαι. 390  
 κείνος ὃ γ' ἐν θαλάμῳ καὶ δινωτοῖσι λέχεσσιν,  
 κάλλει τε στίλβων καὶ εἵμασιν· οὐδέ κε φαίης  
 ἀνδρὶ μαχησάμενον τόν γ' ἐλθέμεν, ἀλλὰ χορόνδε  
 ἔρχεσθ' ἢ ἐ χοροῖο νέον λήγοντα καθίζειν.”  
 ὥς φάτο, τῇ δ' ἄρα θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ὄρινεν. 395  
 καὶ ῥ' ὥς οὖν ἐνόησε θεᾶς περικαλλέα δειρὴν  
 στήθεά θ' ἱμερόεντα καὶ ὄμματα μαρμαίροντα,  
 θάμβησέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα, ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·  
 “δαιμονίη, τί με ταῦτα λιλαίειαι ἡπεροπεύειν;  
 ἦ πῆ με προτέρῳ πολίων εὖ ναιομενάων 400  
 ἄξις ἢ Φρυγίης ἢ Μηονίης ἐρατεινῆς,  
 εἴ τίς τοι καὶ κείθι φίλος μερόπων ἀνθρώπων;  
 οὔνεκα δὴ νῦν διὸν Ἀλέξανδρον Μενέλαος  
 νικήσας ἐθέλει στυγερὴν ἐμὲ οἴκαδ' ἄγεσθαι,  
 τούνεκα δὴ νῦν δεῦρο δολοφρονέουσα παρέστης; . 405  
 ἦσο παρ' αὐτὸν ἰοῦσα, θεῶν δ' ἀπόειπε κελεύθους,  
 μηδ' ἔτι σοῖσι πόδεσσιν ὑποστρέψειας Ὀλυμπον,  
 ἀλλ' αἰεὶ περὶ κείνον ὀΐζυε καὶ ἐ φύλασσε,

Received. But he again with brazen lance,  
 Intent to slay, upon his foeman rushed:  
 Whom Aphrodité rescued from his doom,  
 Full easily, ev'n as a goddess may;  
 And deep in mist enshrouded bare him thence,  
 And in his perfumed fragrant chamber laid.  
 Then went she to call Helen. Her she found  
 Upon a lofty tower with Trojan dames  
 Full many around her. With her hand she plucked  
 Her perfumed veil and spake, in semblance like  
 An aged crone, comber of wool, who wrought  
 Fair work for Helen in her Spartan home  
 And loved her dearly. Like to her in form  
 Queen Aphrodité showed, as thus she spake:  
 "Away, 'tis Alexander calls thee home.  
 There in his chamber by the carved bed  
 He waits thee bright in raiment and in limb:  
 Nor wouldst thou deem him come from combat dire  
 With foeman, but or going to the dance  
 Or resting from the dance but newly done."

She spake, and stirred the heart within her breast.  
 And when the goddess by her beauteous neck,  
 Her lovely breast, and glittering eyes she knew,  
 Astonied then she stood, and thus she spake:  
 "Dread power! why seek'st thou thus to cozen me?  
 Wilt thou yet further to some peopled town  
 Of Phrygia lead me or Maeonia fair,  
 If haply there among speech-gifted men  
 Darling of thine there be? Because but now  
 O'er godlike Alexander hath prevailed  
 Brave Menelaus, and would homewards lead  
 Detested me, dost therefore hither come  
 With guileful tale? Go sit thou by him, thou,  
 The paths of gods forswearing; nevermore  
 Toward Olympus turn thy feet: but still  
 Beside him weep and wail, and guard him well,

εἰς ὃ κέ σ' ἢ ἄλοχον ποιήσεται ἢ ὅ γε δούλην.  
 κεῖσε δ' ἐγὼν οὐκ εἴμι—νεμεσσητὸν δέ κεν εἴη—  
 κείνου πορσυνέουσα λέχος· Τρωαὶ δέ μ' ὀπίσσω  
 πᾶσαι μωμήσονται, ἔχω δ' ἄχρ' ἄκριτα θυμῷ.”

410

τὴν δὲ χολωσαμένη προσεφώνεε δι' Ἀφροδίτη·  
 “μή μ' ἔρεθε, σχετλίη, μὴ χωσαμένη σε μεθείω,  
 τῶς δέ σ' ἀπεχθήρω ὥς νῦν ἔκπαγλα φίλησα,  
 μέσσω δ' ἀμφοτέρων μητίσομαι ἔχθεα λυγρά,  
 Τρώων καὶ Δαναῶν, σὺ δέ κεν κακὸν οἶτον ὀλῃαι.”

415

ὥς ἔφατ', ἔδεισεν δ' Ἑλένη Διὸς ἐκγεγαυῖα,  
 βῆ δὲ κατασχομένη ἐανῶ ἀργῇτι φαεινῷ  
 σιγῇ, πάσας δὲ Τρωὰς λάθεν· ἦρχε δὲ δαίμων.

420

αἱ δ' ὅτ' Ἀλεξάνδροιο δόμον περικαλλέ' ἵκοντο,  
 ἀμφίπολοι μὲν ἔπειτα θοῶς ἐπὶ ἔργα τράποντο,  
 ἢ δ' εἰς ὑψόροφον θάλαμον κίε διὰ γυναικῶν.  
 τῇ δ' ἄρα δίφρον ἐλοῦσα φιλομμειδῆς Ἀφροδίτη  
 ἀντί' Ἀλεξάνδροιο θεὰ κατέθηκε φέρουσα·  
 ἔνθα καθίζ' Ἑλένη κούρη Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο,  
 ὅσσε πάλιν κλίνασα, πόσιν δ' ἠνίπαπε μῦθον.

425

“ἦλυθες ἐκ πολέμου· ὥς ὥφελες αὐτόθ' ὀλέσθαι,  
 ἀνδρὶ δαμείς κρατερῷ ὃς ἐμὸς πρότερος πόσις ἦεν.  
 ἦ μὲν δὴ πρίν γ' εὐχέ' ἀρηιφίλου Μενελάου  
 σῇ τε βίῃ καὶ χερσὶ καὶ ἔγχρ' ἔφρτερος εἶναι·  
 ἀλλ' ἴθι νῦν προκάλεσσαι ἀρηίφιλον Μενέλαον  
 ἐξαῦτις μαχέσασθαι ἐναντίον. ἀλλὰ σ' ἐγὼ γε  
 παύεσθαι κέλομαι, μηδὲ ξανθῷ Μενελάῳ  
 ἀντίβιον πόλεμον πολεμιζέμεν ἢ δὲ μάχεσθαι  
 ἀφραδέως, μή πως τάχ' ὑπ' αὐτοῦ δουρὶ δαμῆης.”

430

435

τὴν δὲ Πάρις μύθοισιν ἀμειβόμενος προσέειπεν·  
 “μή με, γύναι, χαλεποῖσιν ὀνείδεσι θυμὸν ἐνιπτε.  
 νῦν μὲν γὰρ Μενέλαος ἐνίκησεν ξὺν Ἀθήνῃ,

Till for his wife he take thee or his slave.  
But thither go I not—it were foul shame—  
To tend his bed; so should I henceforth be  
A mock and curse to all the dames of Troy.  
Ev'n now of countless woes my heart is full."

Then godlike Aphrodité much in wrath:  
"Chafe me not so, rash fool! lest in my rage  
I leave thee to thyself, and hate thee sore  
As once I dearly loved, and so devise  
That thou of either host alike be loathed,  
Trojans and Danaans: sad were then thy doom."

She spake: then trembled Helen, born of Zeus,  
And went, enshrouded in white glistening veil,  
Silent, unseen of all: the goddess led.

But when to Alexander's beauteous house  
They came, the handmaids turned them to their work  
In haste; but Helen, godlike dame, went on  
To the highroofed chamber. Aphrodité then,  
The laughter-loving goddess, took for her  
And right against where Alexander stood  
Set down a chair: and there did Helen sit,  
The child of aegis-bearing Zeus, with eyes  
Averted, and her lord thus roundly chid:  
"Thou'rt come from war: would thou hadst perished there,  
By doughty champion slain, my former lord!  
Surely thou once didst boast thee better man  
Than Menelaus, he whom Ares loves,  
In might and hands and lance. Go dare him then  
Again in fight to meet thee. Yet would I  
Bid thee be still, nor with the yellow-haired  
Close might to might in fray, unwisely bold:  
Lest by his spear thou find a speedy fall."

To her with ready answer Paris spake:  
"Nay, lady, chide me not with hard reproach.  
Athené helping, Menelaus now  
Hath vanquished me; but I hereafter him:

κεῖνον δ' αὖτις ἐγὼ· παρὰ γὰρ θεοὶ εἰσι καὶ ἡμῖν. 440  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ φιλότῃτι τραπείομεν εὐνηθέντε·

οὐ γάρ πώ ποτέ μ' ὦδέ γ' ἔρος φρένας ἀμφεκάλυψεν,  
 οὐδ' ὅτε σε πρῶτον Λακεδαίμονος ἐξ ἐρατεινῆς  
 ἔπλεον ἀρπάξας ἐν ποντοπόροισι νέεσσιν,  
 νήσῳ δ' ἐν Κρανάῃ ἐμίγην φιλότῃτι καὶ εὐνῇ, 445  
 ὥς σεο νῦν ἔραμαι καί με γλυκὺς ἥμερος αἰρεῖ.”

ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἦρχε λέχουσδε κιών· ἅμα δ' εἴπετ' ἄκοιτις.  
 τῷ μὲν ἄρ' ἐν τρητοῖσι κατεύνασθεν λεχέεσσιν.

Ἄτρεΐδης δ' ἀν' ὄμιλον ἐφοῖτα θηρὶ ἐοικώς,  
 εἴ που ἐσαθρήσειεν Ἀλέξανδρον θεοειδέα. 450  
 ἀλλ' οὐ τις δύνατο Τρώων κλειτῶν τ' ἐπικούρων  
 δεῖξαι Ἀλέξανδρον τότε ἀρηιφίλῳ Μενελάῳ.

οὐ μὴν γὰρ φιλότῃτι γ' ἐκεύθανον, εἴ τις ἴδοιτο·  
 ἴσον γάρ σφιν πᾶσιν ἀπήχθετο κηρὶ μελαίνῃ.  
 τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων· 455  
 “κέκλυτέ μεν, Τρῶες καὶ Δάρδανοι ἦδ' ἐπίκουροι,  
 νίκη μὲν δὴ φαίνεται ἀρηιφίλου Μενελάου·

ὑμεῖς δ' Ἀργεῖην Ἑλένην καὶ κτήμαθ' ἅμ' αὐτῇ  
 ἔκδοτε, καὶ τιμὴν ἀποτινέμεν ἦν τιν' ἔοικεν,  
 ἥ τε καὶ ἐσσομένοισι μετ' ἀνθρώποισι πέληται.” 460  
 ὥς ἔφατ' Ἀτρεΐδης, ἐπὶ δ' ἦγεον ἄλλοι Ἀχαιοί.



For we no less than he have gods to aid.  
But turn we now to softer wedded joys.  
For never yet did love so fill my heart :  
No, not when first from Lacedaemon fair  
In sea-borne ships I carried thee away,  
Till soon in Cranaë's isle our loves were joined.  
Never, as now, felt I so sweet desire."

He spake, and toward the bed he led the way ;  
His consort followed him : and so the twain  
Upon the shapely bed together lay.

Meanwhile Atrides, as a savage beast,  
Ranged thro' the throng, if haply he might spy  
The godlike Alexander : yet could none,  
Nor Trojan nor renowned ally, disclose  
To Menelaus then his foeman's place—  
Whom sure, if seen, for love they had not hid,  
For all abhorred him like to gloomy death.  
Then out spake Agamemnon king of men :  
"Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies !  
With Menelaus, loved of Ares, rests  
Plain victory. Therefore yield ye up straightway  
Both Argive Helen and her wealth withal,  
And pay us such full fine as may be meet  
And be a law to rule an after age."

Atrides spake : the Achaians all approved.

## ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Δ.

Ὀρκίων σύγχυσσι, μάχης ἀρχή.

Οἱ δὲ θεοὶ παρ Ζηνὶ καθήμενοι ἡγορόωντο  
χρυσέῳ ἐν δαπέδῳ, μετὰ δέ σφισι πότνια Ἥβη  
νέκταρ ἐφνοχόει· τοὶ δὲ χρυσεόισι δεπάεσσιν  
δειδέχατ' ἀλλήλους, Τρώων πόλιν εἰσορόωντες.

αὐτίκ' ἐπειρᾶτο Κρονίδης ἐρεθιζέμεν Ἥρην  
κερτομίοις ἐπέεσσι, παραβλήδην ἀγορεύων·

5

“δοιαί μὲν Μενελάῳ ἀρηγόνες εἰσὶ θεάων,  
Ἥρη τ' Ἀργεΐῃ καὶ Ἀλαλκομενῆϊς Ἀθήνῃ.

ἀλλ' ἢ τοι ταὶ νόσφι καθήμεναι εἰσορόωσαι  
τέρπεσθον· τῷ δ' αὖτε φιλομμειδῆς Ἀφροδίτῃ

10

αἰεὶ παρμέμβλωκε καὶ αὐτοῦ κῆρας ἀμύνει,  
καὶ νῦν ἐξεσάωσεν οἰόμενον θανέεσθαι.

ἀλλ' ἢ τοι νίκη μὲν ἀρηιφίλου Μενελάου·

ἡμεῖς δὲ φραζώμεθ' ὅπως ἔσται τάδε ἔργα,

ἢ ῥ' αὖτις πόλεμόν τε κακὸν καὶ φύλοπιν αἰνὴν  
ὄρσομεν, ἢ φιλότητα μετ' ἀμφοτέροισι βάλωμεν.

15

εἰ δ' αὖ πως τόδε πᾶσι φίλον καὶ ἡδὺ γένοιτο,

ἢ τοι μὲν οἰκέοιτο πόλις Πριάμοιο ἄνακτος,

αὖτις δ' Ἀργεῖην Ἑλένην Μενέλαος ἄγοιτο.”

ὥς ἔφαθ', αὖ δ' ἐπέμυξαν Ἀθηναίῃ τε καὶ Ἥρῃ.  
πλησΐαι αἶ γ' ἦσθην, κακὰ δὲ Τρώεσσι μεδέσθην.

20

## ILIAD IV.

*The breaking of the covenant and the joining of battle.*

Now sate the gods with Zeus assembled all  
On golden floor, while queenly Hebé bare  
Nectar, their wine ; and they in golden cups  
Pledged each the other gazing down on Troy.  
Then straight the son of Cronos strove to chafe  
Heré with cutting words of covert aim :  
“Two goddess helpers Menelaus hath,  
Heré of Argos and Athené queen  
Of Alalcomenae ; yet they apart  
Sit idle and amuse them looking on,  
While laughter-loving Aphrodité walks  
Ever beside his foe, and wards his doom,  
And now hath saved him when he thought to die.  
But victory full surely doth remain  
With Menelaus, him whom Ares loves.  
Debate we then what way these works shall end.  
Rouse we again fell war and baleful strife,  
Or knit we friendship now between these foes?  
If this be good and pleasing to us all,  
Then let king Priam’s city stand and thrive,  
And Argive Helen to her lord return.”  
He spake. Whereat low murmured twain who near  
Together sate and planned the Trojans’ bane,  
Ev’n Heré and Athené. Silent sate

ἦ τοι Ἀθηναίη ἀκέων ἦν οὐδέ τι εἶπεν,  
 σκυζομένη Διὶ πατρί, χόλος δέ μιν ἄγριος ἦρει·  
 "Ἡρῇ δ' οὐκ ἔχαδε στῆθος χόλον, ἀλλὰ προσηύδα·  
 "αἰνότατε Κρονίδη, ποῖον τὸν μῦθον ἔειπες.

25

πῶς ἐθέλεις ἄλιον θεῖναι πόνον ἢδ' ἀτέλεστον,  
 ἰδρῶ θ' ὃν ἴδρωσα μόγῳ, καμέτην δέ μοι ἵπποι  
 λαὸν ἀγειρούσῃ, Πριάμῳ κακὰ τοιό τε παισίν.  
 ἔρδ'· ἀτὰρ οὐ τοι πάντες ἐπαινέομεν θεοὶ ἄλλοι."

τὴν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς· 30  
 "δαιμονίη, τί νύ σε Πρίαμος Πριάμοιό τε παῖδες  
 τόσσα κακὰ ῥέζουσιν, ὅ τ' ἀσπερχὲς μενεαίνεις  
 Ἰλίου ἐξαλαπάξαι εὐκτίμενον πτολίεθρον.

εἰ δὲ σύ γ' εἰσελθοῦσα πύλας καὶ τείχεα μακρά  
 ὦμὸν βεβρώθοις Πριάμον Πριάμοιό τε παῖδας 35  
 ἄλλους τε Τρῶας, τότε κεν χόλον ἐξακέσαιο.

ἔρξον ὅπως ἐθέλεις, μὴ τοῦτό γε νεῖκος ὀπίσσω  
 σοὶ καὶ ἐμοὶ μέγ' ἔρισμα μετ' ἀμφοτέροισι γένηται.  
 ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω, σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῆσιν·  
 ὀππότε κεν καὶ ἐγὼ μεμαῶς πόλιν ἐξαλαπάξαι 40

τὴν ἐθέλω ὅθι τοι φίλοι ἀνέρες ἐγγεγάασιν,  
 μὴ τι διατρίβειν τὸν ἐμὸν χόλον, ἀλλὰ μ' ἐᾶσαι.  
 καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ σοὶ δῶκα ἐκὼν ἀέκοντί γε θυμῷ.

αἶ γὰρ ὑπ' ἡελίῳ τε καὶ οὐρανῷ ἀστερόεντι  
 ναιετάουσι πόλῃες ἐπιχθονίων ἀνθρώπων, 45

τάων μοι περὶ κῆρι τίεσκετο Ἴλιος ἱρή  
 καὶ Πρίαμος καὶ λαὸς ἐϋμμελίῳ Πριάμοιο.

οὐ γάρ μοί ποτε βωμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὸς εἵσης,  
 λοιβῆς τε κνίσσης τε· τὸ γὰρ λάχομεν γέρας ἡμεῖς."

τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρῃ· 50

Athené, nor spake aught, at father Zeus  
 Sullenly scowling, tho' wild wrath within  
 Was stirring her: but Heré in her breast  
 Pent not the swelling ire, and thus she spake:  
 "Dread Cronides, what word of thine is here?  
 How canst thou render vain and void of end  
 My toil and sweat? who laboured, while my steeds  
 Sore wearied them, in mustering such a host,  
 The bane of Priam and of Priam's sons.  
 Do as thou wilt: but know withal that we  
 The other gods in no wise praise the deed."

To whom indignant spake cloud-gathering Zeus:  
 "O wondrous consort mine, wherein, I pray,  
 Do Priam and his sons against thee work  
 Such wrong, that thou art thus relentless bent  
 To sack the well-built hold of Ilion?  
 Nay, couldst thou enter gates and lofty walls,  
 And couldst thou tear with thine own teeth the flesh  
 Of Priam, Priam's sons, and people all,  
 Methinks then only wouldst thou bate thy wrath.  
 Well, work thy will; let not this grievance grow  
 Hereafter to great strife 'twixt me and thee.  
 Yet further say I—lay it well to heart—  
 Whene'er it be that I in turn am bent  
 To sack some city where thy darlings dwell,  
 Impede not thou my wrath, but grant me way.  
 My heart wills not what now I will to give:  
 For of all cities that beneath the sun  
 And starry heaven are populous with men  
 That tread the face of earth, most highly prized  
 Within my heart was sacred Ilion,  
 And Priam's self, and tough-speared Priam's host.  
 For never stinted was my altar there  
 Of portioned feast, drink-offering, savoury fat,  
 The honour due that we immortals claim."

To whom made answer Heré, large-eyed queen:



“ ἢ τοι ἔμοι τρεῖς μὲν πολὺν φίλταταί εἰσι πόλῃες,  
 Ἄργος τε Σπάρτη τε καὶ εὐρυνάγκυια Μυκῆνη·  
 τὰς διαπέρσαι, ὅτ’ ἄν τοι ἀπέχθωνται περὶ κῆρι  
 τάων οὐ τοι ἐγὼ πρόσθ’ ἵσταμαι οὐδὲ μεγαίρω.  
 εἴ περ γὰρ φθονέω τε καὶ οὐκ εἰῶ διαπέρσαι, 55  
 οὐκ ἀνύω φθονέουσ’, ἐπεὶ ἦ πολὺ φέρτερος ἐσσί.  
 ἀλλὰ χρὴ καὶ ἐμὸν θέμεναι πόνον οὐκ ἀτέλεστον·  
 καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ θεός εἰμι, γένος δ’ ἐμοὶ ἔνθεν ὅθεν σοί,  
 καὶ με πρεσβυτάτην τέκετο Κρόνος ἀγκυλομήτης,  
 ἀμφότερον, γενεῇ τε καὶ οὐνεκα σὴ παράκοιτις 60  
 κέκλημαι· σὺ δὲ πᾶσι μετ’ ἀθανάτοισι ἀνάσσεις.  
 ἀλλ’ ἦ τοι μὲν ταῦθ’ ὑποείξομεν ἀλλήλοισιν,  
 σοὶ μὲν ἐγὼ σὺ δ’ ἐμοί, ἐπὶ δ’ ἔψονται θεοὶ ἄλλοι  
 ἀθάνατοι· σὺ δὲ θάσσον Ἀθηναίῃ ἐπιτεῖλαι  
 ἐλθεῖν ἐς Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν φύλοπιν αἰνῆν, 65  
 πειρᾶν δ’ ὥς κεν Τρῶες ὑπερκύδαντας Ἀχαιοὺς  
 ἄρξωσιν πρότεροι ὑπὲρ ὅρκια δηλήσασθαι.”  
 ὥς ἔφατ’, οὐδ’ ἀπίθησε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε.  
 αὐτίκ’ Ἀθηναίην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα.  
 “ αἴψα μάλ’ ἐς στρατὸν ἐλθὲ μετὰ Τρῶας καὶ Ἀχαιοὺς, 70  
 πειρᾶν δ’ ὥς κεν Τρῶες ὑπερκύδαντας Ἀχαιοὺς  
 ἄρξωσιν πρότεροι ὑπὲρ ὅρκια δηλήσασθαι.”  
 ὥς εἰπὼν ὤτρυνε πάρος μεμαυῖαν Ἀθήνην,  
 βῆ δὲ κατ’ Οὐλύμποιο καρήνων ἀΐξασα.  
 οἶον δ’ ἀστέρ’ ἔηκε Κρόνου πάϊς ἀγκυλομήτεω, 75  
 ἦ ναύτησι τέρας ἦε στρατῷ εὐρέϊ λαῶν,  
 λαμπρόν· τοῦ δέ τε πολλοὶ ἀπὸ σπινθῆρες ἵενται·  
 τῷ εἰκνὶ ἥϊξεν ἐπὶ χθόνα Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,  
 καδ’ δ’ ἔθορ’ ἐς μέσσον. θάμβος δ’ ἔχεν εἰσορόωντας  
 Τρῳάς θ’ ἵπποδάμους καὶ εὐκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς. 80  
 ὣδε δέ τις εἶπεςκε ἰδὼν ἐς πλησίον ἄλλον·

“I hold indeed three cities far most dear ;  
 Argos, and Sparta, and, with spacious streets,  
 Mycænæ. Sack thou these, whene’er thy heart  
 Shall hate them sore : it is not I will stand  
 A shield before them or begrudge their doom.  
 For if I grudge, and would forbid their fall,  
 Bootless my grudging : thou art stronger far.  
 But now my labour must not lack its end,  
 For I am god as thou, my birth as thine,  
 Of crooked-counselled Cronos eldest born,  
 Chiefest by birth, and in that I am called  
 Thy spouse, who art of all immortals king.  
 Then yield we each to the other, I to thee,  
 And thou to me : the rest will follow us,  
 The immortal gods. And now with speed command  
 Athené that she seek the baleful strife  
 Of Trojans and Achaïans, there to tempt  
 Troy’s sons to wrong Achaïa’s glorious host  
 By first transgression of the plighted oaths.”

She spake. The sire of gods and men obeyed :  
 And to Athené thus in winged words :  
 “Hie thee full swiftly to the host, and seek  
 The Trojans and Achaïans, there to tempt  
 Troy’s sons to wrong Achaïa’s glorious host  
 By first transgression of the plighted oaths.”

Thus urged he her who eager was before :  
 And swift down rushed she from Olympian heights.  
 And as a star swift-shooting, by the son  
 Of crooked-counselled Cronos sent, is seen,  
 To wondering mariners a portent dire  
 Or to the embattled host—bright doth it gleam,  
 Wide fly the scattered sparks—so seemed to view  
 Pallas Athené as to earth she shot.  
 Down leapt she in their midst. Awed at the sight  
 Were Troy’s steed-tamers and their well-greaved focs :  
 And to his neighbour each one turned and said :

“ ἢ ῥ’ αὖτις πόλεμός τε κακὸς καὶ φύλοπις αἰνὴ  
 ἔσσεται, ἢ φιλότητα μετ’ ἀμφοτέροισι τίθῃσιν  
 Ζεὺς, ὅς τ’ ἀνθρώπων ταμὴς πολέμοιο τέτυκται;”

ὥς ἄρα τις εἶπεσκεν Ἀχαιῶν τε Τρώων τε.

85

ἦ δ’ ἀνδρὶ ἱκέλη Τρώων κατεδύσεθ’ ὄμιλον,  
 Λαοδόκῳ Ἀντηνορίδῃ, κρατερῷ αἰχμητῇ,  
 Πάνδαρον ἀντίθεον διζημένη εἴ που ἐφεύροι.  
 εὔρε Λυκάονος υἷον ἀμύμονά τε κρατερόν τε  
 ἑσταότ’· ἀμφὶ δέ μιν κρατερὰὶ στίχες ἀσπιστάων  
 λαῶν, οἳ οἱ ἔποντο ἀπ’ Αἰσήποιο ῥοάων.

90

ἀγχοῦ δ’ ἵσταμένη ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·  
 “ ἢ ῥά νύ μοί τι πίθοιο, Λυκάονος υἱὲ δαΐφρον;

τλαίης κεν Μενελάῳ ἐπιπροέμεν ταχὺν ἰόν,  
 παῖσι δέ κεν Τρώεσσι χάριν καὶ κῦδος ἄροιο,  
 ἐκ πάντων δέ μάλιστα Ἀλεξάνδρῳ βασιλῇ.  
 τοῦ κεν δὴ πάμπρωτα παρ’ ἀγλαὰ δῶρα φέροιο,  
 εἴ κε ἴδῃ Μενέλαον ἀρήιον Ἀτρέος υἷον  
 σῶ βέλει δμηθέντα πυρῆς ἐπιβάντ’ ἀλεγεινῆς.

95

ἀλλ’ ἄγ’ οἷστευσον Μενελάου κυδαλίμοιο,

100

εὔχεο δ’ Ἀπόλλωνι λυκηγενεῖ κλυτοτόξῳ  
 ἀρνῶν πρῶτογόνων ῥέξειν κλειτὴν ἑκατόμβην  
 οἴκαδε νοστήσας ἱερῆς ἐς ἄστνυ Ζελείης.”

ὣς φάτ’ Ἀθηναίη, τῷ δὲ φρένας ἄφροني πεῖθεν.

αὐτίκ’ ἐσύλα τόξον εὖξοον ἰξάλου αἰγὸς  
 ἀγρίου, ὃν ῥά ποτ’ αὐτὸς ὑπὸ στέρνοιο τυχήσας  
 πέτρης ἐκβαίνοντα, δεδεγμένος ἐν προδοκῇσιν,  
 βεβλήκει πρὸς στήθος· ὃ δ’ ἵπτιος ἔμπεσε πέτρῃ.  
 τοῦ κέρα ἐκ κεφαλῆς ἐκκαϊδεκάδωρα πεφύκει  
 καὶ τὰ μὲν ἀσκήσας κεραοξόος ἥραρε τέκτων,

105

110

"Shall evil war and baleful strife again  
Be ours? or is it friendly peace that Zeus  
Would set between us, Zeus, who at his will  
Deals forth the lot of war to mortal men?"

Thus spake each Trojan and Achaian wight.  
Now in the Trojan throng the goddess plunged,  
In semblance like a man, Antenor's son  
Laodocus, stout spearman, seeking wide  
If she might find the godlike Pandarus.  
Lycaon's stout and blameless son she found,  
Ev'n as he stood begirt by sturdy ranks  
Of shielded followers from Aesepus' stream.  
And standing near these wingèd words she spake:  
"What! wouldst thou do my bidding, warlike wight,  
Lycaon's son? wouldst dare an arrow swift  
To launch at Menelaus? Thou wouldst win  
From all the Trojans thanks and high renown,  
And from king Alexander chief of all.  
From whom before all others thou wilt gain  
Rich guerdon, if he see brave Atreus' son,  
Slain by thine arrow, on the sad pyre laid.  
Come then, at glorious Menelaus shoot.  
But vow thou to Apollo Lycian-born,  
Archer renowned, of first-born lambs to slay  
A noble hecatomb when thou returnest  
Home to Zeleia's sacred citadel."

Athené spake and won his foolish wit.  
Then straightway from the case his polished bow  
He bared, from horns of bounding wild-goat made,  
Which erst himself beneath the breast had hit  
Waiting its issue from a rocky cleft  
In ambush: full in front 'twas struck, and fell  
Backward upon the rock. Eight palms twice told  
Measured the horns that from the head upgrew.  
And these a cunning polisher of horn  
Fashioned and joined together, and the whole

πᾶν δ' εὖ λειήνας χρυσέην ἐπέθηκε κοράνην.  
 καὶ τὸ μὲν εὖ κατέθηκε τανυσσάμενος, ποτὶ γαίῃ  
 ἀγκλίνας· πρόσθεν δὲ σάκεα σχέθον ἐσθλοὶ ἑταῖροι,  
 μὴ πρὶν ἀναΐξειαν ἀρήιοι υἱες Ἀχαιῶν  
 πρὶν βλῆσθαι Μενέλαον ἀρήιον Ἀτρείος υἱόν. 115  
 αὐτὰρ ὃ σύλα πῶμα φαρέτρης, ἐκ δ' ἔλετ' ἰόν  
 ἀβλήτα πτερόεντα, μελαινέων ἔρμ' ὀδυνάων·  
 αἶψα δ' ἐπὶ νευρῇ κατεκόσμεε πικρὸν οἷστόν,  
 εὐχετο δ' Ἀπόλλωνι λυκηγενεῖ κλυτοτόξῳ  
 ἀρνῶν πρωτογόνων ῥέξειν κλειτὴν ἑκατόμβην 120  
 οἴκαδε νοστήσας ἱερῆς ἐς ἄστυ Ζελεῖης.

ἔλκε δ' ὁμοῦ γλυφίδας τε λαβὼν καὶ νεῦρα βόεια·  
 νευρὴν μὲν μαζῷ πέλασεν, τόξῳ δὲ σίδηρον.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ κυκλοτερὲς μέγα τόξον ἔτεινεν,  
 λίγξε βιός, νευρὴ δὲ μέγ' ἴαχεν, ἄλτο δ' οἷστός 125  
 ὄξυβελῆς, καθ' ὁμίλον ἐπιπτέσθαι μενεαίνων.

οὐδὲ σέθεν, Μενέλαε, θεοὶ μάκαρες λελάθοντο  
 ἀθάνατοι, πρώτη δὲ Διὸς θυγάτηρ ἀγγελείη,  
 ἥ τοι πρόσθε στᾶσα βέλος ἐχεπευκὲς ἄμυνεν.  
 ἥ δὲ τόσον μὲν ἔργεν ἀπὸ χροός, ὥς ὅτε μήτηρ 130  
 παιδὸς ἐέργη μυῖαν, ὅθ' ἡδέϊ λέξεται ὕπνῳ·  
 αὐτὴ δ' αὐτ' ἴθυνεν ὅθι ζωστήρος ὀχῆς  
 χρύσειοι σύνεχον καὶ διπλόος ἦν τετο θώρηξ.  
 ἐν δ' ἔπεσε ζωστήρῃ ἀρηρότι πικρὸς οἷστός·  
 διὰ μὲν ἄρ' ζωστήρος ἐλήλατο δαιδαλέοιο, 135  
 καὶ διὰ θώρηκος πολυδαιδάλου ἡρήρειστο  
 μίτρης θ', ἣν ἐφόρει ἔρυμα χροός, ἔρκος ἀκόντων,



Right defly smoothed and tipped with golden crook.  
 This bow the hero strung, and with due care  
 Upon the ground down laid, while comrades true  
 Before him held their shields, lest up should start  
 Achaia's warrior sons too soon alarmed,  
 Ere yet the shaft might wound their warrior chief.  
 Then took he off the quiver lid, and chose  
 Therefrom an arrow, never shot before,  
 Well-feathered, laden sore with deathful pain.  
 This bitter shaft now laid he on the string,  
 And vowed to great Apollo Lycian-born,  
 Archer renowned, a noble hecatomb  
 Of first-born lambs to slay, when once returned  
 Home to Zeleia's sacred citadel.

Then notch and sinew-twisted string at once  
 He gripped and drew: close to his breast he brought  
 The string, and to the bow the arrow-head.  
 But when full stretched a mighty arc it showed,  
 Back sprang the whizzing bow, loud sang the string,  
 Forth leapt the pointed shaft, in eager haste  
 Down on the throng to urge its feathered flight.

Nor thee the blest immortal gods forgot,  
 O Menelaus. First to save was she,  
 The child of Zeus and driver of the spoil;  
 Who stood before and turned the arrow keen.  
 She from the skin so kept it ev'n as when  
 A mother from her child in sweet sleep laid  
 Brushes aside a fly: and thitherwards  
 She guided it where met the golden clasps  
 That knit the belt, and where with double fold  
 The opposing corslet lay. Full on the belt  
 Close-fitting to the man the keen shaft lit:  
 Through broidered belt then drove its forceful way,  
 Through corslet richly-wrought pressed firmly on,  
 Through under-girdle—which to save the skin  
 He wore, defence from missiles, chiefest guard,

ἢ οἱ πλείστον ἔρυτο· διαπρὸ δὲ εἷσατο καὶ τῆς.  
ἀκρότατον δ' ἄρ' οὔστὸς ἐπέγραψεν χροῖα φωτός,  
αὐτίκα δ' ἔρρεεν αἶμα κελαινεφές ἐξ ὠτειλῆς.

140

ὥς δ' ὅτε τίς τ' ἐλέφαντα γυνὴ φοῖνικι μῆνῃ  
Μηρονὶς ἠὲ Κάειρα, παρήιον ἔμμεναι ἵππῳ  
κεῖται δ' ἐν θαλάμῳ, πολέες τέ μιν ἡρήσαντο  
ἵππῃες φορέειν· βασιλῇ δὲ κεῖται ἄγαλμα,  
ἀμφότερον, κόσμος θ' ἵππῳ ἐλατῆρί τε κῦδος·  
τοιοῖ τοι, Μενέλαε, μιάνθην αἵματι μηροί  
εὐφυνέες κνῆμαί τε ἰδὲ σφυρὰ κάλ' ὑπένερθεν.

145

ρίγησεν δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,  
ὥς εἶδεν μέλαν αἶμα καταρρέον ἐξ ὠτειλῆς.

ρίγησεν δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς ἀρηίφιλος Μενέλαος·  
ἄς δὲ ἶδεν νεῦρόν τε καὶ ὄγκους ἐκτὸς ἔοντας,  
ἄψορρόν οἱ θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἀγέρθη.

150

τοῖς δὲ βαρὺ στενάχων μετέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,  
χειρὸς ἔχων Μενέλαον· ἐπεστενάχοντο δ' ἐταῖροι·  
“φίλε κασίγνητε, θάνατόν νύ τοι ὅρκι' ἔταμνον,  
οἶον προστήσας πρὸ Ἀχαιῶν Τρωσὶ μάχεσθαι,  
ὥς σ' ἔβαλον Τρῶες, κατὰ δ' ὅρκια πιστὰ πάτησαν.  
οὐ μὴν πῶς ἄλιον πέλει ὅρκιον αἱμά τε ἀρνῶν  
σπονδαί τ' ἄκρητοι καὶ δεξιαί, ἧς ἐπέπιθμεν.

155

εἴ περ γάρ τε καὶ αὐτίκ' Ὀλύμπιος οὐκ ἐτέλεσσεν,  
ἐκ δὲ καὶ ὄψ' ἐτελεῖ, σὺν τε μεγάλῳ ἀπέτισαν,  
σὺν σφῆσιν κεφαλῇσι γυναιξί τε καὶ τεκέεσσιν.  
εὖ γὰρ ἐγὼ τόδε οἶδα κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν·  
ἔσσεται ἡμᾶρ ὅτ' ἂν ποτ' ὀλώλῃ Ἴλιος ἱρή  
καὶ Πριάμος καὶ λαὸς εὐμμελίῳ Πριάμοιο,  
Ζεὺς δέ σφιν Κρονίδης ὑψίζυγος, αἰθέρι ναίων,

160

165

Yet forward e'en through this the arrow past  
Furrowing with surface scratch the warrior's skin,  
That straightway from the wound the dark blood flowed.

As ivory stained with crimson—woman's work  
Of Caria or Maeonia, wrought to deck  
The cheek of steeds, which in a chamber stored  
Charioted knights full many pray to wear,  
But for some king it lies, a double pride,  
The steed's adorning and the driver's boast—  
Such, Menelaus, stained with blood were seen  
Thy goodly thighs, thy knees, and ankles fair.

Then shuddered Agamemnon king of men  
To see the black blood from the wound down flow:  
And with him shuddered Menelaus' self  
By Ares loved. But when the sinew-cord  
That bound together head and shaft he saw  
With both the barbs outstanding from the wound,  
Returning courage gathered in his breast.  
But sovereign Agamemnon 'mid the chiefs  
Spake deeply groaning, while his brother's hand  
He held, and with him groaned his comrades all.  
"O brother dear, it was, meseems, thy death  
I sealed by oath, who set thee forth to fight  
Achaia's champion 'gainst the sons of Troy.  
For lo! the Trojans trampling under foot  
The trusted oaths have struck thee. Yet not vain  
The oath, the blood of lambs, the streams of wine,  
The plighted hands whereto we gave our trust.  
For tho' the Olympian lord work not the end  
At once, yet will he work it slow and sure:  
And sinners pay with heavy usury,  
With their own heads, their women, and their babes.  
For there will come—full well I know and feel—  
A day of doom to sacred Ilium  
And Priam's self and tough-speared Priam's host.  
Then Zeus the son of Cronos, high-enthroned

αὐτὸς ἐπισσεῖησιν ἐρεμνὴν αἰγίδα πᾶσιν  
 τῆσδ' ἀπάτης κοτέων. τὰ μὲν ἔσσεται οὐκ ἀτέλεστα·  
 ἀλλὰ μοι αἶνὸν ἄχος σέθεν ἔσσεται, ὦ Μενέλαε,  
 αἶ κε θάνης καὶ πότμον ἀναπλήσης βιότοιο.

170

καὶ κεν ἐλέγχιστος πολυδίψιον Ἄργος ἰκοίμην·  
 αὐτίκα γὰρ μνήσονται Ἀχαιοὶ πατρίδος αἷης,  
 καδ δέ κεν εὐχολὴν Πριάμῳ καὶ Τρῳσὶ λίποιμεν  
 Ἀργεῖην Ἑλένην. σέο δ' ὅστέα πύσει ἄρουρα  
 κειμένου ἐν Τροίῃ ἀτελευτήτῳ ἐπὶ ἔργῳ.

175

καὶ κέ τις ὦδ' ἐρέει Τρώων ὑπερηνορέοντων  
 τύμβῳ ἐπιθρώσκων Μενελάου κυδαλίμοιο·  
 'εἶθ' οὕτως ἐπὶ πᾶσι χόλον τελέσει' Ἀγαμέμνων,  
 ὥς καὶ νῦν ἄλιον στρατὸν ἤγαγεν ἐνθάδ' Ἀχαιῶν,  
 καὶ δὴ ἔβη οἰκόνδε φίλῃν ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν  
 ξὺν κεινῇσιν νηυσί, λιπὼν ἀγαθὸν Μενέλαον.  
 ὥς ποτέ τις ἐρέει· τότε μοι χάνοι εὐρεῖα χθών."

180

τὸν δ' ἐπιθαρσύνων προσέφη ξανθὸς Μενέλαος·  
 "θάρσει, μηδέ τί πω δειδίσσεο λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν.  
 οὐκ ἐν καιρίῳ ὅξυ πάγῃ βέλος, ἀλλὰ πάροιθεν  
 εἰρύσατο ζωστήρ τε παναίολος ἡδ' ὑπένερθεν  
 ζῶμά τε καὶ μήτηρ, τὴν χαλκῆες κάμον ἄνδρες."

185

τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων·  
 "αἶ γὰρ δὴ οὕτως εἶη, φίλος ὦ Μενέλαε.  
 ἔλκος δ' ἰητὴρ ἐπιμάσσεται, ἡδ' ἐπιθήσει  
 φάρμαχ' ἃ κεν παύσῃσι μελαινάων ὀδυνάων."

190

ἦ, καὶ Ταλθύβιον θεῖον κήρυκα προσηύδα·  
 "Ταλθύβι, ὅττι τάχιστα Μαχάονα δεῦρο κάλεσσον  
 φῶτ' Ἀσκληπιοῦ υἱὸν ἀμύμονος ἰητῆρος,  
 ὅφρα ἴδῃ Μενέλαον ἀρήιον ἀρχὸν Ἀχαιῶν  
 ὃν τις οὔστεύσας ἔβαλεν, τόξων εὖ εἰδώς,

195

In his ethereal home, shall o'er them all  
 His darkling aegis shake, wroth with their guile:  
 So this transgression shall not lack its end.  
 Yet, Menelaus, shouldst thou die and close  
 Thy fated span, for thee I much shall mourn,  
 And shall with shame to thirsty Argos come.  
 For of their fatherland Achaians all  
 Will straight bethink them, and behind us we  
 Shall leave, to Priam's and the Trojans' boast,  
 The Argive Helen, while thy bones in Troy  
 Will lie and crumble for a bootless quest.  
 And haply then some haughty son of Troy,  
 Leaping in scornful wise upon the tomb  
 Of glorious Menelaus, thus will say:  
 'Ever, as now, end Agamemnon's ire!  
 Who hither led for nought Achaia's host  
 And sought again his home with freightless ships,  
 The gallant Menelaus left behind.'  
 So some will say, belike. Then were I fain  
 Wide earth should gape and hide me evermore."

To whom with cheer his brother yellow-haired:  
 "Courage! alarm not yet Achaia's host.  
 No mortal part the keen shaft pierced, 'twas stayed  
 In time by supple belt, and underneath  
 By frock and girdle wrought by armourer's hand."

Then sovereign Agamemnon answering spake:  
 "I pray it be so, Menelaus dear!  
 But now a leech shall feel the wound, and lay  
 Kind salves thereon to lull the gloomy pains."

He spake, and to Talthybius turning him,  
 The sacred herald, thus to him gave charge:  
 "Talthybius, quickly call Machaon here  
 Son of Asclepius the blameless leech;  
 That warlike Menelaus he may see,  
 Achaia's chieftain, whom with arrow shot  
 Some bowman skilled has struck, a son of Troy



Τρώων ἢ Λυκίων, τῷ μὲν κλέος ἄμμι δὲ πένθος.”

ὥς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἄρα οἱ κῆρυξ ἀπίθησεν ἀκούσας,  
βῆ δ' ἰέναι κατὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων  
παπταίνων ἥρωα Μαχάονα. τὸν δὲ νόησεν 200  
ἑσταότ'· ἀμφὶ δέ μιν κρατερὰὶ στίχες ἀσπιστῶν  
λαῶν, οἳ οἱ ἔποντο Τρίκης ἐξ ἵπποβότοιο.

ἀγχοῦ δ' ἰστάμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“ὄρσ' Ἀσκληπιάδη. καλέει κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,  
ὄφρα ἴδῃς Μενέλαον ἀρήιον Ἀτρέος υἱόν, 205  
ὅν τις οἴστεύσας ἔβαλεν, τόξων εὖ εἰδώς,

Τρώων ἢ Λυκίων, τῷ μὲν κλέος ἄμμι δὲ πένθος.”

ὥς φάτο, τῷ δ' ἄρα θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ὄρινεν,  
βὰν δ' ἰέναι καθ' ὄμιλον ἀνὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺν Ἀχαιῶν.

ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἴκανον ὅτι ξανθὸς Μενέλαος 210

βλήμενος ἦν, περὶ δ' αὐτὸν ἀγηγέραθ' ὅσσοι ἄριστοι  
κυκλός', ὁ δ' ἐν μέσσοισι παρίστατο ἰσόθεος φῶς,  
αὐτίκα δ' ἐκ ζωστήρος ἀρηρότος ἔλκεν οἷστόν·

τοῦ δ' ἐξελκομένοιο πάλιν ἄγεν ὀξέες ὄγχοι.

λῦσε δέ οἱ ζωστήρα παναίολον ἠδ' ὑπένερθεν 215

ζῶμά τε καὶ μίτρην, τὴν χαλκῆς κάμον ἄνδρες.

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ἴδεν ἔλκος, ὅθ' ἔμπεσε πικρὸς οἷστός,

αἶμ' ἐκμυζήσας ἐπ' ἄρ' ἥπια φάρμακα εἰδώς

πάσσε, τά οἳ ποτε πατρὶ φίλα φρονέων πόρε Χείρων.

ὄφρα τοὶ ἀμφεπένοντο βοὴν ἀγαθὸν Μενέλαον, 220

τόφρα δ' ἐπὶ Τρώων στίχες ἤλυθον ἀσπιστῶν·

οἱ δ' αὖτις κατὰ τεύχε' ἔδυν, μνήσαντο δὲ χάρμης.

ἔνθ' οὐκ ἂν βρίζοντα ἴδοις Ἀγαμέμνονα δῖον,

οὐδὲ καταπτώσσουντ' οὐδ' οὐκ ἐθέλοντα μάχεσθαι,

ἀλλὰ μάλα σπεύδοντα μάχην ἐς κυδιάνειραν 225

ἵππους μὲν γὰρ ἔασε καὶ ἄρματα ποικίλα χαλκῷ·

καὶ τοὺς μὲν θεράπων ἀπάνευθ' ἔχε φυσιόωντας

Or Lycia, to his glory but our grief."

He spake: the herald heard, nor disobeyed,  
But hied him through the mailed Achaian host  
And for the hero gazed around. Full soon  
Standing he saw him 'mid the shielded ranks,  
His followers stout from Tricca's horse-cropt meads:  
And standing near in winged words he spake:  
"Arise, Asclepius' son! our sovereign calls,  
That warlike Menelaus thou mayst see,  
The son of Atreus, whom with arrow shot  
Some bowman skilled has struck, a son of Troy  
Or Lycia, to his glory but our grief."

He spake, and stirred the soul within his breast.  
Then through the throng they took their way, and crossed  
The wide Achaian host. But when they came  
Where wounded stood the hero yellow-haired,  
And gathered round him now were all the chiefs,  
Encircling him, as in their midst he showed  
A godlike wight; then straightway from the belt  
Close-fitting did Machaon draw the shaft,  
And, as he drew, the keen barbs backwards broke.  
The supple belt then loosed he, and, beneath,  
The frock and girdle wrought by armourer's hand.  
But when he saw the wound where the keen shaft  
Had lit, the blood he squeezed thereout, and spread  
Thereon with skill kind salves, that Chiron erst  
With friendly wisdom to his sire had given.

While thus round Menelaus good in fray  
His friends their tendance gave, meanwhile advanced  
The lines of Trojan shieldmen, and their foes  
\*Donned arms again, bethinking them of fight.

Then godlike Agamemnon might'st thou see  
No slumberer, no, nor skulking cowardlike,  
Nor loth to fight: but eager for the fray  
Man's field of glory. Steeds he left and car  
Inwrought with brass: and these his squire apart

Εὐρυμέδων, υἷος Πτολεμαίου Πειραΐδαο,  
 τῷ μάλα πόλλ' ἐπέτελλε παρίσχμεν ὅπποτε κέν μιν  
 γυῖα λάβῃ κάματος πολέας διὰ κοιρανέοντα· 230  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ πεζὸς ἐὼν ἐπεπωλεῖτο στίχας ἀνδρῶν.  
 καί ῥ' οὓς μὲν σπεύδοντας ἴδοι Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων,  
 τοὺς μάλα θαρσύνεσκε παριστάμενος ἐπέεσσιν·  
 “Ἀργεῖοι, μὴ πῶ τι μεθίετε θούριδος ἀλκῆς·  
 οὐ γὰρ ἐπὶ ψεύδεσσι πατήρ Ζεὺς ἔσσειτ' ἀρωγός, 235  
 ἀλλ' οἳ περ πρότεροι ὑπὲρ ὄρκια δηλήσαντο,  
 τῶν ἧ τοι αὐτῶν τέρενα χροῖα γῦπες ἔδονται,  
 ἡμεῖς αὐτ' ἀλόχους τε φίλας καὶ νήπια τέκνα  
 ἄξομεν ἐν νήεσσιν, ἐπὴν πτολίεθρον ἔλωμεν.”  
 οὓς τινὰς αὖ μεθιέντας ἴδοι στυγεροῦ πολέμοιο, 240  
 τοὺς μάλα νεικεῖεσκε χολωτοῖσιν ἐπέεσσιν.  
 “Ἀργεῖοι ἰόμωροι, ἐλεγχείες, οὐ νυ σέβεσθε;  
 τίφθ' οὕτως ἔστητε τεθηπότες ἤντε νεβροί,  
 αἷ τ' ἐπεὶ οὖν ἔκαμον πολέος πεδίοιο θέουσαι,  
 ἐστᾶσ', οὐδ' ἄρα τίς σφι μετὰ φρεσὶ γίγνεται ἀλκή. 245  
 ὥς ἡμεῖς ἔστητε τεθηπότες, οὐδὲ μάχεσθε.  
 ἦ μένετε Τρῶας σχεδὸν ἐλθέμεν, ἔνθα τε νῆες  
 εἰρύατ' εὐπρυμνοὶ, πολιῆς ἐπὶ θινὶ θαλάσσης,  
 ὄφρα ἴδῃτ' αἷ κ' ὕμμιν ὑπέρσχη χεῖρα Κρονίων;”  
 ὥς ὁ γε κοιρανέων ἐπεπωλεῖτο στίχας ἀνδρῶν. 250  
 ἦλθε δ' ἐπὶ Κρήτεσσι κιὼν ἀνὰ οὐλαμὸν ἀνδρῶν.  
 οἱ δ' ἀμφ' Ἰδομενῆα δαΐφρονα θωρήσσοντο·  
 Ἰδομενεὺς μὲν ἐνὶ προμάχοις, συὶ εἵκελος ἀλκῆν,  
 Μηριόνης δ' ἄρα οἱ πυμάτας ὦτρυνε φάλαγγας.  
 τοὺς δὲ ἰδὼν γήθησε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων, 255  
 αὐτίκα δ' Ἰδομενῆα προσήδα μελιχίοισιν·  
 “Ἰδομενεῦ, περὶ μὲν σε τίω Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων  
 ἡμὲν ἐνὶ πτολέμῳ ἡδ' ἀλλοίῳ ἐπὶ ἔργῳ,

Held snorting, ev'n Eurymedon the son  
 Of Ptolemaeus son of Piraos ;  
 To whom the king gave charge to hold them near,  
 Should e'er his limbs grow weary as he ranged  
 The numerous host : but he afoot moved on  
 Along the ranks. And whomso keen for fight  
 Among the swift-horsed Danaans he might see,  
 These stood he near, and spake full cheerily :  
 "Argives, your might impetuous slack not yet !  
 For Zeus the father will not aid a lie.  
 But they who first dared break the plighted oaths,  
 Their tender flesh, I trow, shall vultures eat,  
 While we their wives beloved and infant babes  
 Bear off in ships when we their hold have ta'en."  
 But whom he marked as slack for hateful war,  
 These with rough words of wrath he roundly chid :  
 "Ye arrow-shooting Argives, sons of shame,  
 Have ye no honour ? Wherefore stand ye thus  
 Palsied with fear ; as fawns who, when they tire  
 Scouring the spacious plain, stand idly still,  
 No courage in their breast ? So stand ye all  
 Palsied with fear, nor turn you to the fight.  
 What ! wait ye till your foes draw near, where ranged  
 Your fair-sterned vessels line the foam-flecked strand,  
 To see if Zeus will raise his hand to save ?"

So moved he through the ranks and marshalled all.  
 Now to the Cretans came he, as he passed  
 The throng. Around the brave Idomeneus  
 They armed them : with the vanguard was the king  
 Like to a boar in might, his squire the while  
 Meriones roused the columns of the rear.  
 Whom sovereign Agamemnon joyed to see,  
 And kindly thus address Idomeneus :  
 "Idomeneus, choice honour give I thee  
 Above the swift-horsed Danaans, as in war,  
 So in each other work ; and at the feast

ἦδ' ἐν δαίθ', ὅτε πέρ τε γερούσιον αἶθοπα οἶνον  
 Ἀργείων οἱ ἄριστοι ἐνὶ κρητῆρι κερῶνται. 260  
 εἷ περ γάρ τ' ἄλλοι γε κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ  
 δαιτρὸν πίνωσιν, σὸν δὲ πλείον δέπας αἰεὶ  
 ἔστηχ' ὥς περ ἐμοὶ, πιέειν ὅτε θυμὸς ἀνώγῃ.  
 ἀλλ' ἔρσεν πόλεμόνδ' οἷος πάρος εὐχεται εἶναι."

τὸν δ' αὖτ' Ἰδομενεὺς Κρητῶν ἀγὸς ἀντίον ηὔδα· 265  
 "Ἀτρεΐδῃ, μάλα μὲν τοι ἐγὼν ἐρίηρος ἑταῖρος  
 ἔσσομαι, ὥς τὸ πρῶτον ὑπέστην καὶ κατένευσα·  
 ἀλλ' ἄλλους ὄτρυνε κάρη κομόωντας Ἀχαιοὺς,  
 ὄφρα τάχιστα μαχώμεθ', ἐπεὶ σὺν γ' ὄρκι' ἔχεναν  
 Τρῶες. τοῖσιν δ' αὖ θάνατος καὶ κήδε' ὀπίσσω 270  
 ἔσσειτ', ἐπεὶ πρότεροι ὑπὲρ ὄρκια δηλήσαντο."

ὥς ἔφατ', Ἀτρεΐδης δὲ παρῶχετο γηθόσυνος κῆρ.  
 ἦλθε δ' ἐπ' Αἰάντεσσι κιὼν ἀνὰ οὐλαμὸν ἀνδρῶν·  
 τῷ δὲ κορυσσέσθην, ἅμα δὲ νέφος εἶπετο πεζῶν.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἀπὸ σκοπιῆς εἶδεν νέφος αἰπόλος ἀνὴρ 275  
 ἐρχόμενον κατὰ πόντον ὑπὸ Ζεφύροιο ἰωῆς·  
 τῷ δέ τ' ἀνευθεν ἐόντι μελάντερον ἤυτε πίσσα  
 φαίνεται ἰὸν κατὰ πόντον, ἄγει δέ τε λαίλαπα πολλήν·  
 ῥίγησέν τε ἰδὼν, ὑπὸ τε σπέος ἤλασε μῆλα·  
 τοῖαι ἅμ' Αἰάντεσσι διοτρεφέων αἰζιγῶν 280  
 δῆιον ἔς πόλεμον πυκινὰ κίνυντο φάλαγγες  
 κυάνεαι, σάκεσίν τε καὶ ἔγχεσι πεφρικυῖαι.  
 καὶ τοὺς μὲν γήθησε ἰδὼν κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,  
 καὶ σφῆας φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·  
 "Αἴαντ' Ἀργείων ἡγήτορε χαλκοχιτώνων, 285  
 σφῶδι μὲν, οὐ γὰρ ἔοικ', ὄτρυνέμεν οὐ τι κελεύω·  
 αὐτῷ γὰρ μάλα λαὸν ἀνώγετε ἴφι μάχεσθαι.  
 αἱ γάρ, Ζεῦ τε πάτερ καὶ Ἀθηναίῃ καὶ Ἀπολλων,  
 τοῖος πᾶσιν θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι γένοιτο·



Whene'er the dark-red wine, the elders' due,  
The bravest Argive chiefs mix in the bowl.  
For while the flowing-haired Achaians all  
A measured portion drink, thy cup, as mine,  
Stands ever full, to drink whene'er thou will.  
Rise then to war, and match thy former boast."

To whom Idomeneus the Cretan king:  
"Atrides, surely I thy comrade true  
Will be, as erst I promised and was pledged.  
But rouse the rest, Achaia's long-haired sons,  
That we at once may fight: for truce and oaths  
The Trojans now have broken: wherefore death  
And woe hereafter is their portion due,  
Who faithless and forsworn began the wrong."

He spake: Atrides glad at heart, passed on.  
Then came he to the Ajaces, as he ranged  
The throng of men. The twain were arming them,  
A cloud of footmen following as they led.  
As from some cliff the goatherd sees a cloud  
Advancing o'er the sea, by whistling blast  
Of west wind speed; to whom afar it looms  
Blacker, like pitch, as o'er the main it moves  
Full fraught with heavy squall—he at the sight  
Shudders, and drives his flock beneath the cave—  
So did the embattled squares of noble youths  
With either Ajax move to hostile war,  
Dense, dark, of shield and lance a bristling wood.  
These sovereign Agamemnon joyed to see,  
And thus aloud in wingèd words addressed:  
"Ajaces twain, of mail-clad Argive men  
Commanders, you I bid not—'twere unmeet—  
Your troops to rouse; for these ye freely urge  
To fight amain. I would—O Father Zeus  
Athené and Apollo—such a heart  
Were in the breast of all! for then full soon

τῷ κε τάχ' ἡμύσειε πόλις Πριάμοιο ἄνακτος 290  
 χερσὶν ὑφ' ἡμετέρησι ἀλοῦσά τε περθομένη τε."

ὥς εἰπὼν τοὺς μὲν λίπεν αὐτοῦ, βῆ δὲ μετ' ἄλλους.  
 ἔνθ' ὃ γε Νέστορ' ἔτετμε, λιγὺν Πυλίων ἀγορητήν,  
 οὓς ἐτάρους στέλλοντα καὶ ὑτρύνοντα μάχεσθαι,  
 ἀμφὶ μέγαν Πελάγοντα, Ἀλάστορά τε Χρομίον τε 295  
 Αἴμονά τε κρείοντα Βίαντά τε ποιμένα λαῶν.

ἱππῆας μὲν πρῶτα σὺν ἵπποισιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν,  
 πεζοὺς δ' ἐξόπιθε στηῆσεν πολέας τε καὶ ἐσθλοὺς,  
 ἔρκος ἔμεν πολέμοιο· κακοὺς δ' ἐς μέσσον ἔλασσειν,  
 ὄφρα καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλων τις ἀναγκαίῃ πολεμίζοι. 300

ἱππεῦσιν μὲν πρῶτ' ἐπετέλλετο· τοὺς γὰρ ἀνώγει  
 σφοῦς ἵππους ἐχέμεν μηδὲ κλονέεσθαι ὁμίλῳ·  
 "μηδέ τις ἱπποσύνη τε καὶ ἡγορήφει πεποιθὼς  
 οἷος πρόσθ' ἄλλων μεμάτω Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι,  
 μηδ' ἀναχωρεῖτω· ἀλαπαδνότεροι γὰρ ἔσεσθε· 305  
 ὃς δέ κ' ἀνὴρ ἀπὸ ὧν ὀχέων ἕτερ' ἄρμαθ' ἵκηται,  
 ἔγχει ὀρεξάσθω, ἐπεὶ ἡ πολὺ φέρτερον οὕτως.  
 ὧδε καὶ οἱ πρότεροι πόλιας καὶ τείχε' ἐπόρθεον,  
 τόνδε νόον καὶ θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἔχοντες."

ὥς ὃ γέρων ὥτρυνε πάλαι πολέμων εὖ εἰδώς. 310  
 καὶ τὸν μὲν γήθησε ἰδὼν κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,  
 καὶ μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·  
 "ὦ γέρον, εἴθ' ὥς θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι φίλοισιν,  
 ὥς τοι γούναθ' ἔποιτο, βίη δέ τοι ἔμπεδος εἴη.  
 ἀλλὰ σε γῆρας τείρει ὁμοίον· ὥς ὄφελέν τις 315  
 ἀνδρῶν ἄλλος ἔχειν, σὺ δὲ κουροτέροισι μετεῖναι."

τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα Γερῆνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·  
 "Ἀτρεΐδη, μάλα μὲν κεν ἐγὼν ἐθέλοιμι καὶ αὐτός  
 ὥς ἔμεν ὥς ὅτε δῖον Ἑρευθαλίῳνα κατέκταν.

King Priam's town were nodding to its fall,  
Taken and spoiled beneath our conquering hands."

He spake, and leaving these to others went.  
Then found he Nestor, Pylian speaker clear,  
Ranging his comrades, whom he urged to fight,  
Around their captains, stalwart Pelagon,  
Chromius, Alastor, royal Haemon too,  
And Bias, princely shepherd of his folk.  
Horsemen with steeds and cars in front he set:  
Footmen behind, full many they and brave—  
The bulwark of the battle. But the weak  
Midmost of all he drave, that they enclosed  
Might, tho' unwilling, on compulsion fight.  
Then charged he first the horsemen; whom he bade  
Keep horse in hand, nor throng disorderly.  
"Let none" said he, "in horsecraft overbold  
And manly strength, alone before the rest  
Be hot to engage the foe, nor yet behind  
Fall back, for so ye will the weaker prove.  
And whoso from his chariot can attain  
The foeman's chariot, let him thrust with lance  
Still held in hand: far better is it so.  
So did our sires of old o'erthrow and spoil  
Cities and walls; such was their wisdom then,  
And such the spirit in their breasts that burned."

Thus urged the greybeard, skilled of old in war.  
Whom sovereign Agamemnon joyed to see,  
And thus aloud in wingèd words addressed:  
"Father, I would that as thy spirit is  
Within thy breast so were thy knees and strength  
Still firm! But age outwears thee, age alike  
Waster of all. O were some other man  
Thus old, and thou among the younger born!"

Whom Nestor answered then, Gerenian knight,  
"I too, Atrides, fain would be as when  
The godlike Ereuthalion I slew:

ἀλλ' οὐ πῶς ἅμα πάντα θεοὶ δόσαν ἀνθρώποισιν. 320  
 εἰ τότε κοῦρος ἔα, νῦν αὐτέ με γῆρας ὑπάξει·  
 ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς ἱππεῦσι μετέσσομαι ἡδὲ κελεύσω  
 βουλῇ καὶ μύθοισι· τὸ γὰρ γέρας ἐστὶ γερύτων.  
 αἰχμὰς δ' αἰχμάσσουσι νεώτεροί, οἳ περ ἐμεῖο  
 ὀπλότεροι γεγάασι πεποιθάσιν τε βίηφιν." 325

ὥς ἔφατ', Ἀτρεΐδης δὲ παρῶχετο γηθόσυνος κῆρ.  
 εὖρ' υἱὸν Πετεῶο Μενεσθῆα πλήξιππον  
 ἔσταότ'· ἀμφὶ δ' Ἀθηναῖοι, μῆστωρες αὐτῆς.  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ πλησίον ἐστήκει πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς,  
 παρ δὲ Κεφαλλήνων ἀμφὶ στίχες οὐκ ἀλαπαδναί 330  
 ἔστασαν· οὐ γὰρ πῶ σφιν ἀκούετο λαὸς αὐτῆς,  
 ἀλλὰ νέον ξυνορινόμεναι κίνυντο φάλαγγες  
 Τρώων ἵπποδάμων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν· οἳ δὲ μένοντες  
 ἔστασαν, ὅππότε πύργος Ἀχαιῶν ἄλλος ἐπελθὼν  
 Τρώων ὀρμήσειε καὶ ἄρξειαν πολέμοιο. 335  
 τοὺς δὲ ἰδὼν νείκεσσε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,  
 καὶ σφεας φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·  
 "ὦ υἱὲ Πετεῶο διοτρεφέος βασιλῆος,  
 καὶ σύ, κακοῖσι δόλοισι κεκασμένε, κερδαλεόφρον,  
 τίπτε καταπτώσσουντες ἀφέστατε, μίμνετε δ' ἄλλους; 340  
 σφῶιν μὲν τ' ἐπέοικε μετὰ πρώτοισιν ἔοντας  
 ἑστάμεν ἡδὲ μάχης καυστειρῆς ἀντιβολῆσαι·  
 πρώτῳ γὰρ καὶ δαιτὸς ἀκουάζεσθον ἐμεῖο,  
 ὅππότε δαῖτα γέρουσιν ἐφοπλίζωμεν Ἀχαιοί.  
 ἔνθα φίλ' ὀπταλέα κρέα ἔδμεναι ἡδὲ κύπελλα 345  
 οἴνου πινέμεναι μελιηδέος, ὅφρ' ἐθέλητον.  
 νῦν δὲ φίλως χ' ὀρόωτε καὶ εἰ δέκα πύργοι Ἀχαιῶν  
 ὑμείων προπάροιθε μαχοίατο νηλεῖ χαλκῶ."

τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς.  
 "Ἀτρεΐδη, ποῖόν σε ἔπος φύγεν ἕρκος ὀδόντων. 350

But all at once the gods ne'er grant to man.  
 If young I was long since, and now am old,  
 Old as I am, yet with the knights I go,  
 Counsel and words to give—an old man's right.  
 Spears let the younger throw, who, later born,  
 For arms are fitter and in strength are bold."

He spake: Atrides glad at heart passed on.  
 Menestheus son of Peteos next he found,  
 Smiter of steeds. He stood, and round him thronged  
 Athenians, counsellors of fray: hard by  
 Odysseus stood, the many-counselled man;  
 And with him, round about, no feeble ranks,  
 The Cephallenians. Idle stood they all:  
 Whose host not yet had heard the battle-cry,  
 For 'twas but now the advancing columns moved  
 Of Troy's steed-tamers and Achaia's sons.  
 Wherefore they kept their ground, and looked to see  
 When some battalion of Achaia's troops  
 Should charge the Trojans and begin the war.  
 These Agamemnon king of men beheld  
 And chid, and thus in wingèd words addressed:  
 "O son of Peteos a Zeus-nurtured king,  
 And thou in harmful wiles well skilled, shrewd heart,  
 Why cowering hold ye back and wait the rest?  
 You twain it fits amid the foremost ranged  
 To stand and meet the burning fire of fight.  
 For to the feast first bidden are ye both  
 By me, when for our elders it is spread.  
 There gladly eat ye of the roast, and drink  
 The cups of honeyed wine whene'er ye will:  
 But gladly now would see battalions ten  
 Before yourselves wield ruthless blade in fray."

Then with grim glance the many-counselled man:  
 "What word hath leapt the barrier of thy teeth,



πῶς δὴ φῆς πολέμοιο μεθιέμεν; ὁππότε Ἀχαιοὶ  
 Τρωσὶν ἐφ' ἵπποδάμοισιν ἐγείρομεν ὅξυν Ἄρῃα,  
 ὄψεαι, ἣν ἐθέλῃσθα καὶ εἴ κέν τοι τὰ μεμήλη,  
 Τηλεμάχοιο φίλον πατέρα προμάχοισι μιγέντα  
 Τρώων ἵπποδάμων. σὺ δὲ ταῦτ' ἀνεμώλια βάζεις.” 355

τὸν δ' ἐπιμειδήσας προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,  
 ὥς γυνῶ χωρόμενοιο· πάλιν δ' ὃ γε λάξετο μῦθον  
 “διογενὲς Λαερτιάδη, πολυμήχαν' Ὀδυσσεῦ,  
 οὔτε σε νεικείω περιώσιον οὔτε κελεύω·  
 οἶδα γὰρ ὥς τοι θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι φίλοισιν 360  
 ἥπια δήνεα οἶδε· τὰ γὰρ φρονέεις ἅ τ' ἐγὼ περ·  
 ἀλλ' ἴθι, ταῦτα δ' ὀπισθεν ἀρεσσόμεθ', εἴ τι κακὸν νῦν  
 εἴρηται· τὰ δὲ πάντα θεοὶ μεταμώνια θεῖιν.”

ὥς εἰπὼν τοὺς μὲν λίπεν αὐτοῦ, βῆ δὲ μετ' ἄλλους.  
 εὖρε δὲ Τυδέος υἱὸν ὑπέρθυμον Διομήδεα 365  
 ἑσταότ' ἔν θ' ἵπποισι καὶ ἄρμασι κολλητοῖσιν·  
 παρ δέ οἱ ἐστήκει Σθένελος Καπανήιος υἱός.  
 καὶ τὸν μὲν νείκεσσε ἰδὼν κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,  
 καί μιν φωνίσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·  
 “ὦ μοι, Τυδέος υἱὲ δαΐφρονος ἵπποδάμοιο, 370  
 τί πτώσσεις, τί δ' ὀπιπτεύεις πολέμοιο γεφύρας;  
 οὐ μὲν Τυδέϊ γ' ὥδε φίλον πτωσκαζέμεν ἦεν,  
 ἀλλὰ πολὺ πρὸ φίλων ἐτάρων δηίοισι μάχεσθαι,  
 ὥς φάσαν οἳ μιν ἰδοντο πονεύμενον· οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ γε  
 ἦντησ' οὐδὲ ἰδον· περὶ δ' ἄλλων φασὶ γενέσθαι. 375  
 ἦ τοι μὲν γὰρ ἄτερ πολέμου εἰσῆλθε Μυκῆνας  
 ξεῖνος ἅμ' ἀντιθέῳ Πολυνείκεϊ, λαὸν ἀγείρων,  
 οἳ ῥα τότε στρατόωνθ' ἱερὰ πρὸς τείχεα Θήβης·

Atrides? how canst call us slack in war?  
When we Achaians rouse the onset keen  
'Gainst Troy's steed-taming sons, then, if thou wilt  
And to such gear thou hast a mind, thou'lt see  
The loving father of Telemachus  
Blent in the battle with the Trojan van.  
But these thy words are surely words of wind."

To whom the sovereign, when he knew him wroth,  
Soft smiling spake, with words of altered mood:  
"Zeus-born Laertes' son, of many wiles,  
I chide thee not o'er much, nor yet command,  
For, well I know, the soul within thy breast  
Kind counsels holds, thou thinkest ev'n as I.  
Go to, hereafter make we good if aught  
Of ill hath now been said: and may the gods  
Scatter such empty words adown the winds!"

He spake, and leaving these to others passed.  
Then found he Diomedes Tydeus' son,  
High-couraged chief, upon his well-framed car  
Standing with steeds all yoked: and by his side  
Stood Sthenelus the son of Capaneus.  
Him sovereign Agamemnon saw and chid,  
And thus aloud in wingèd words addressed:  
"Ah me! Thou son of Tydeus, valiant knight,  
Why skulking cowardlike, why scanning thus  
The battle bridge? Sure Tydeus loved not so  
Timorous to cower, but of his comrades still  
By far the foremost with the foe to fight:  
As they have told who saw him at such work:  
Myself nor met nor saw him; but, they say,  
Peerless above all other men was he.  
For to Mycenæ not in war he came  
With godlike Polynices, as a guest,  
To gather men, for those who then were bound  
To march a host on Thebé's sacred walls.

καί ῥα μάλα λίσσοντο δόμεν κλειτούς ἐπικούρους.  
 οἱ δ' ἔθελον δόμεναι καὶ ἐπήνεον ὥς ἐκέλευον 380  
 ἀλλὰ Ζεὺς ἔτρεψε παραΐσια σήματα φαίνων.  
 οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν ὥχοντο ἰδὲ πρὸ ὁδοῦ ἐγένοντο,  
 Ἄσωπὸν δ' ἵκοντο βαθύσχοινον λεχεποίην,  
 ἔνθ' αὖτ' ἀγγελίην ἐπὶ Τυδῇ στεῖλαν Ἀχαιοί.  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ, πολέας δὲ κῆχῆσατο Καδμεΐωνας 385  
 δαινυμένους κατὰ δῶμα βίης Ἑτεοκληείης.  
 ἔνθ' οὐδὲ ξεινός περ ἐὼν ἱππηλάτα Τυδεὺς  
 τάρβει, μῦνος ἐὼν πολέσιν μετὰ Καδμείοισιν.  
 ἀλλ' ὅ γ' ἀεθλεύειν προκαλίζετο, πάντα δ' ἐνῖκα  
 ῥηιδίως· τοίη οἱ ἐπίρροθος ἦεν Ἀθήνη. 390  
 οἱ δὲ χολωσάμενοι Καδμεῖοι, κέντορες ἵππων,  
 ἄψ ἄρ' ἀνερχομένῳ πυκινὸν λόχον εἶσαν ἄγοντες,  
 κούρους πεντήκοντα· δύω δ' ἡγήτορες ἦσαν,  
 Μαίων Αἰμονίδης ἐπιείκελος ἀθανάτοισιν  
 υἱὸς τ' Αὐτοφόνοιο μενεπτόλεμος Λυκοφόντης. 395  
 Τυδεὺς μὴν καὶ τοῖσιν ἀεικέα πότμον ἐφῆκεν·  
 πάντας ἔπεφν', ἕνα δ' οἶον ἵη οἰκόνδε νέεσθαι  
 Μαίον' ἄρα προέηκε, θεῶν τεράεσσι πιθήσας.  
 τοῖος ἔην Τυδεὺς Αἰτώλιος. ἀλλὰ τὸν υἱόν  
 γείνατο εἰο χέρηρα μάχη, ἀγορῇ δέ τ' ἀμείνω." 400  
 ὥς φάτο, τὸν δ' οὐ τι προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης,  
 αἰδεσθεὶς βασιλῆος ἐνιπὴν αἰδοίοιο.  
 τὸν δ' υἱὸς Καπανῆος ἀμείψατο κυδαλίμοιο·  
 "Ἄτρεΐδῃ, μὴ ψεύδε' ἐπιστάμενος σάφα εἰπείν.  
 ἡμεῖς τοι πατέρων μέγ' ἀμείνουες εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι. 405  
 ἡμεῖς καὶ Θήβης ἔδος εἵλομεν ἑπταπύλοιο,  
 παυρότερον λαὸν ἀγαγόνθ' ὑπὸ τείχος ἄρειον,  
 πειθόμενοι τεράεσσι θεῶν καὶ Ζηνὸς ἀρωγῇ·

And much the Mycenaean they besought  
To give them famed allies : and they to give  
Were willing, and consented as they bade :  
But Zeus by threatening signs their purpose changed.  
So these departing forward on their way  
Came to Asopus' stream, deep-fringed with rush,  
Banked with soft lawns. Tydeus to Thebé thence  
In embassy Achaia's army sent.

Who came and found full many of Cadmus' sons  
Feasting in mighty Eteocles' hall :

Nor trembled there, although a stranger guest  
Alone amid the whole Cadmean throng,  
Steed-driving Tydeus, but he challenged them  
Their prowess to essay, and conquered all  
With ease : such aid Athené to him lent.

Then Cadmus' sons, spurrers of steeds, enraged  
Led out and placed for him, as back he went,  
Close ambush—fifty youths—with leaders twain,  
The son of Haemon, to immortals peer,  
Maeon, and with him Lycophontes joined,  
Son of Autophonus and staunch in war.

These also Tydeus sent to shameful doom :  
He slew them all save one, whom he released  
Home to return, ev'n Maeon, whom he spared  
Obedient to the portents of the gods.  
Such was Aetolian Tydeus, who a son  
Begot in council better, worse in fight."

He spake : stout Diomedes answered nought,  
Awed at the chiding of the reverend king.  
Spake then the son of glorious Capaneus :  
"Atrides speak not lies, who know'st the truth.  
We boast ourselves far better than our sires.  
We too seven-gated Thebé's city took,  
Tho' neath its warrior walls a lesser host  
We led ; for to the portents of the gods  
We gave good heed and earned the help of Zeus,

κεῖνοι δὲ σφετέρησιν ἀτασθαλίησιν ὄλοντο.

τῷ μὴ μοι πατέρας ποθ' ὁμοίῃ ἔνθεο τιμῇ." 410

τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·

“ τέττα, σιωπῇ ἦσο, ἐμῷ δ' ἐπιπείθεο μύθῳ.

οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ νεμεσῶ Ἀγαμέμνονι ποιμένι λαῶν

ὀτρύνοντι μάχεσθαι εὐκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς·

τούτῳ μὲν γὰρ κῦδος ἄμ' ἔψεται, εἴ κεν Ἀχαιοί 415

Τρῶας δηώσωσιν ἔλωσί τε Ἴλιον ἱρήν,

τούτῳ δ' αὖ μέγα πένθος Ἀχαιῶν δηωθέντων.

ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ καὶ νῶι μεδώμεθα θούριδος ἀλκῆς.”

ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἐξ ὀχέων ξὺν τεύχεσιν ἄλτο χαμᾶζε,

δεινὸν δὲ βράχε χαλκὸς ἐπὶ στήθεσσι ἄνακτος 420

ὀρτυμένον· ὑπὸ κεν ταλασίφρονά περ δέος εἶλεν.

ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἐν αἰγιαλῷ πολυηχεῖ κύμα θαλάσσης

ὀρτυτ' ἐπασσύτερον Ζεφύρου ὑπο κινήσαντος·

πόντῳ μὲν τε πρῶτα κορύσσεται, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα

χέρσῳ ῥηγνύμενον μεγάλα βρέμει, ἀμφὶ δέ τ' ἄκρας 425

κυρτὸν ἰὸν κορυφοῦται, ἀποπτύει δ' ἄλδος ἄχνην·

ὥς τότε ἐπασσύτεραι Δαναῶν κίνυντο φάλαγγες

νωλεμέως πόλεμόνδε. κέλευε δὲ οἷσι ἕκαστος

ἡγεμόνων· οἱ δ' ἄλλοι ἀκὴν ἴσαν—οὐδέ κε φαίης

τόσσον λαὸν ἔπεσθαι ἔχοντ' ἐν στήθεσιν αὐδὴν— 430

σιγῇ δειδιότες σημάντορας. ἀμφὶ δὲ πᾶσιν

τεύχεα ποικίλ' ἔλαμπε, τὰ εἰμένοι ἐστιχόωντο.

Τρῶες δ', ὥς τ' οἷες πολυπάμονος ἀνδρὸς ἐν αὐλῇ

μυρίαί ἐστήκασιν ἀμελγόμεναι γάλα λευκόν,

ἄζηχες μεμακυῖαι, ἀκούουσαι ὅπα ἄρνων, 435

ὥς Τρώων ἀλαλητὸς ἀνὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺν ὁρώρει·

οὐ γὰρ πάντων ἦεν ὁμὸς θρόος οὐδ' ἴα γῆρυς,

ἀλλὰ γλῶσσ' ἐμέμικτο, πολύκλητοι δ' ἔσαν ἄνδρες.



But they by their own folly were undone.  
So prize me not our fathers as our peers."

To whom stout Diomedes, stern in glance :  
"Friend, sit thou silent and obey my word.  
With Agamemnon shepherd of the host  
I fret not, that Achaia's well-greaved sons  
He stirs to fight. His will the glory be,  
If we Achaians rout the sons of Troy  
And sacred Ilion fall, and his the grief,  
Be we Achaians routed. Wherefore come  
And let us twain take thought of valorous might."

He spake, and from his chariot to the ground  
Leapt all in arms : and fearful rang the mail  
Upon the monarch's breast, as swift he moved ;  
That e'en the stoutest heart had quailed to hear.

As when upon a far-resounding shore  
Wave after wave incessant following moves  
By west wind roused ;—far out at sea his crest  
Each rears at first, then on the hard beach breaks  
With mighty roar, and round the rocky points  
Towers concave, spitting far the salt sea foam—  
So then incessant following, square on square,  
Nor pause between, the Danaans moved to war.  
Each leader gave his men the word ; the rest  
Marched mute (within their breasts all voice so checked  
That none would deem so vast a host was there),  
And silent feared their captains. Gleamed on all  
The varied mail wherewith their ranks were clad.  
But for the Trojans—as within the fold  
Of some broad-acred lord the assembled ewes  
Unnumbered stand, yielding the fresh white milk  
With ceaseless bleating as they hear their lambs ;  
So through the Trojans' ample host arose  
Confused din—Not one the shout of all,  
Nor one their accent ; but their tongues were mixed,  
And many were they called from many a land.

ὦρσε δὲ τοὺς μὲν Ἄρης, τοὺς δὲ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη  
 Δειμός τ' ἠδὲ Φόβος καὶ Ἔρις ἄμοτον μεμανῖα, 440  
 Ἄρεος ἀνδροφόνιοι κασιγνήτη ἐτάρη τε,  
 ἥ τ' ὀλίγη μὲν πρῶτα κορύσσεται, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα  
 οὐρανῷ ἐστήριξε κάρη καὶ ἐπὶ χθονὶ βαίνει.  
 ἥ σφιν καὶ τότε νεῖκος ὁμοίον ἔμβαλε μέσσω  
 ἐρχομένη καθ' ὁμίλον, ὀφέλλουσα στόνον ἀνδρῶν. 445

οἷ δ' ὅτε δῆ ῥ' ἐς χῶρον ἓνα ξυνιόντες ἴκοντο,  
 σύν ῥ' ἔβαλον ῥινούς· σύν δ' ἔγχεα καὶ μέν' ἀνδρῶν  
 χαλκεοθωρήκων· ἀτὰρ ἀσπίδες ὀμφαλόεσσαι  
 ἔπληντ' ἀλλήλησι, πολὺς δ' ὀρυμαγδὸς ὀρώρει.  
 ἔνθα δ' ἅμ' οἰωγὴ τε καὶ εὐχολὴ πέλεν ἀνδρῶν 450  
 ὀλλύντων τε καὶ ὀλλυμένων, ῥέε δ' αἷματι γαῖα.

ὥς δ' ὅτε χεῖμαρροι ποταμοὶ κατ' ὄρεσφι ῥέοντες  
 ἐς μισγάγκειαν ξυμβάλλετον ὄβριμον ὕδωρ  
 κρουνῶν ἐκ μεγάλων κοίλης ἔντοσθε χαράδρης·  
 τῶν δέ τε τηλόσε δοῦπον ἐν οὐρεσιν ἔκλυε ποιμήν· 455  
 ὥς τῶν μισγομένων γένετο ἰαχὴ τε φόβος τε.

πρῶτος δ' Ἀντίλοχος Τρώων ἔλεν ἄνδρα κορυστήν  
 ἐσθλὸν ἐνὶ προμάχοισι, Θαλυσιάδην Ἐχέπωλον·  
 τὸν ῥ' ἔβαλεν πρῶτος κόρυθος φάλον ἵπποδασείης,  
 ἐν δὲ μετώπῳ πῆξε, πέρησε δ' ἄρ' ὀστέον εἴσω 460  
 αἰχμὴ χαλκείῃ· τὸν δὲ σκότος ὅσσε κάλυψεν·  
 ἥριπε δ', ὥς ὅτε πύργος, ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ.  
 τὸν δὲ πεσόντα ποδῶν ἔλαβεν κρείων Ἐλεφήνωρ  
 Χαλκωδοντιάδης, μεγαθύμων ἀρχὸς Ἀβάντων,  
 ἔλκε δ' ὑπὲκ βελέων λελημένος ὄφρα τάχιστα 465  
 τεύχεα συλήσειε· μίνυνθα δέ οἱ γένεθ' ὀρμή·  
 νεκρὸν γὰρ ἐρύοντα ἰδὼν μεγάλθυμος Ἀγήνωρ  
 πλευρά, τὰ οἱ κύψαντι παρ' ἀσπίδος ἐξεφαάνθη,  
 οὔτησε ξυστῶ χαλκήρεϊ, λῦσε δὲ γυῖα.

These Ares roused ; stern-eyed Athené these .  
Terror withal, and Rout, and Discord there  
Relentless raging stood, the sister she  
Of slaughtering Ares and his comrade true ;  
Who small at first uprises, but anon  
Her head strikes heaven, her tread is on the earth.  
She now between them sowing common strife  
Plunged in the throng, and swelled the warriors' groans.

But when upon one field the armies closed,  
They met with targe, with spear, and strength of men  
In brazen corslet clad : while bossy shield  
Pressed shield, and loud arose the various din.  
Wailing at once and glorying shouts were there,  
Slayers and dying—streamed with blood the ground.

As rivers twain, storm-flooded, from the heights  
Down streaming, where the glens converging meet  
Join all their watery weight from mighty wells  
Within one hollow chasm ;—whose throbbing beat  
The distant shepherd in the mountains hears—  
So met the hosts with terror and with roar.

And first Antilochus slew a helmèd wight  
Brave in Troy's vanguard, Echepolus named,  
Thalysius' son. Him first his foeman's spear  
Struck on the thick-plumed helmet's foremost cone :  
The brazen point, fixed in the forehead, passed  
Within the bone, and darkness veiled his eyes.  
Down crashed he tower-like in the stubborn fight.  
Whose feet, as thus he lay, Chalcodon's son  
King Elephenor seized—the ruler he  
Of the great-souled Abantes—and aside  
From out the missile shower 'gan drag in haste  
To strip his arms, but short-lived was his speed.  
For, as he dragged the corse, Agenor saw,  
Great-souled Agenor, and his side that showed  
Beyond the buckler, as he stooped, thrust through  
With brass-tipped spear, and loosed in death his limbs.

ὥς τὸν μὲν λίπε θυμός, ἐπ' αὐτῷ δ' ἔργον ἐτύχθη 470  
 ἀργαλέον Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν· οἱ δὲ λύκοι ὥς  
 ἀλλήλοις ἐπόρουσαν, ἀνὴρ δ' ἄνδρ' ἐδνοπάλιζεν.

ἔνθ' ἔβαλ' Ἀνθεμίωνος υἱὸν Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,  
 ἦίθεον θαλερὸν Σιμοείσιον, ὃν ποτε μήτηρ  
 Ἰδῆθεν κατιοῦσα παρ' ὄχθησιν Σιμόεντος 475  
 γείνατ', ἐπεὶ ῥα τοκεῦσιν ἅμ' ἔσπετο μῆλα ἰδέσθαι.  
 τούνεκά μιν κάλεον Σιμοείσιον· οὐδὲ τοκεῦσιν  
 θρέπτρα φίλοις ἀπέδωκε, μινυνθάδιος δέ οἱ αἰὼν  
 ἔπλεθ' ὑπ' Αἴαντος μεγαθύμου δουρὶ δαμέντι.  
 πρῶτον γάρ μιν ἰόντα βάλε στῆθος παρὰ μαζόν 480  
 δεξιόν· ἀντικρὺς δὲ δι' ὤμου χάλκεον ἔγχος  
 ἦλθεν. ὃ δ' ἐν κονίησι χαμαὶ πέσεν, αἵγειρος ὥς,  
 ἥ ῥά τ' ἐν εἵαμενῇ ἔλεος μεγάλοιο πεφύκη  
 λείη, ἀτάρ τέ οἱ ὄζοι ἐπ' ἀκροτάτῃ πεφύασιν·  
 τὴν μὲν θ' ἄρματοπηγὸς ἀνὴρ αἰθωνι σιδήρῳ 485  
 ἐξέταμ', ὄφρα ἔτυν κάμψῃ περικαλλέϊ δίφρῳ·  
 ἥ μὲν τ' ἀζομένη κεῖται ποταμοῖο παρ' ὄχθας.  
 τοῖον ἄρ' Ἀνθεμίδην Σιμοείσιον ἐξενάριξεν  
 Αἴας διογενῆς. τοῦ δ' Ἀντιφός αἰολοθώρηξ  
 Πριαμίδης καθ' ὅμιλον ἀκόντισεν ὀξείῃ δουρί. 490  
 τοῦ μὲν ἄμαρθ', ὃ δὲ Λεῦκον Ὀδυσσεὺς ἐσθλὸν ἑταῖρον  
 βεβλήκει βουβῶνα, νέκυν ἐτέρωσ' ἐρύοντα·  
 ἥριπε δ' ἀμφ' αὐτῷ, νεκρὸς δέ οἱ ἔκπεσε χειρός.

τοῦ δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς μάλα θυμὸν ἀποκταμένοιο χολώθη,  
 βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων κεκορυθμένος αἰθοπι χαλκῷ, 495  
 στῆ δὲ μάλ' ἐγγὺς ἰών, καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ  
 ἀμφὶ ἑ παπτήνας. ὑπὸ δὲ Τρώες κεκάδοντο  
 ἀνδρὸς ἀκοντίσσαντος. ὃ δ' οὐχ ἄλιον βέλος ἦκεν,  
 ἀλλ' υἱὸν Πριάμοιο νόθον βάλε Δημοκώοντα,

So fled his soul. But o'er him was dread work  
Of Trojans and Achaïans, who as wolves  
Rushed each at other grappling man with man.

There Telamonian Ajax threw and hit  
Anthemion's son, young Simoïsius,  
In blooming prime : whom erst his mother bare  
By banks of Simois, from Ida's height  
Descending,—for in tendance on their flocks  
She with her parents followed—whence his name  
Was Simoïsius. Never paid he back  
His parents meed of nurture, for his span  
Was short, by spear of great-souled Ajax slain.  
For him advancing first he struck in front  
Near the right breast. Straight through the shoulder came  
The brazen spear, and he upon the ground  
Fell prone in dust ; ev'n as a poplar falls,  
That in a meadow of some wide fen grows  
Smooth-stemmed, whose boughs are clustered on its head :—  
And this some chariot-framer with bright blade  
Cuts down to bend the fellow for a wheel  
Of beauteous car. Adrying there it lies,  
Along the river bank ; and such lay he,  
Young Simoïsius Anthemion's son,  
By Zeus-born Ajax slain. Whom Antiphus  
Of flashing corslet, son of Priam, sought  
To strike, and hurled his keen lance 'mid the throng.  
And him he missed, but struck upon the groin  
Leucus—brave comrade of Odysseus he—  
While dragging off a corse : who spear and all  
Down fell, and from his hand the body slipped.

But at his death Odysseus much in wrath  
Strode through the vanguard armed in burning mail,  
And stood hard by and hurled a gleaming spear,  
Gazing around him. Back the Trojans shrank  
Soon as the hero hurled : nor flew the shaft  
In vain, but hit Democoon, bastard son



ὅς οἱ Ἀβυδόθεν ἦλθε, παρ' ἵππων ὠκείων. 500  
 τὸν ῥ' Ὀδυσσεὺς ἐτάριοιο χολωσάμενος βάλε δουρί  
 κόρσῃν· ἣ δ' ἐτέριοιο διὰ κροτάφοιο πέρησεν  
 αἰχμὴ χαλκείῃ· τὸν δὲ σκότος ὅσσε κάλυψεν  
 δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ.  
 χώρησαν δ' ὑπὸ τε πρόμαχοι καὶ φαίδιμος Ἑκτώρ 505  
 Ἀργεῖοι δὲ μέγα ἱαχον, ἐρύσαντο δὲ νεκρούς,  
 ἴθυσαν δὲ πολὺ προτέρω. νεμέσησε δ' Ἀπόλλων  
 Περγάμου ἐκκατιδών, Τρώεσσι δὲ κέκλετ' αὖσας·  
 “ὄρνησθ', ἱππόδαμοι Τρῶες· μὴ εἴκετε χάρμης  
 Ἀργείοις, ἐπεὶ οὐ σφι λίθος χρώς οὐδὲ σίδηρος 510  
 χαλκὸν ἀνασχέσθαι ταμεσίχροα βαλλομένοισιν.  
 οὐ μὴν οὐδ' Ἀχιλεὺς Θέτιδος πάϊς ἡνκόμοιο  
 μάρναται, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶ χόλον θυμαλγέα πέσσει.”  
 ὣς φάτ' ἀπὸ πτόλιος δεινὸς θεός· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς  
 ὦρσε Διὸς θυγάτηρ κυδίστη τριτογένεια, 515  
 ἐρχομένη καθ' ὅμιλον, ἄθι μεθιέντας ἴδοιτο.  
 ἔνθ' Ἀμαρυγκεῖδην Διώρεα μοῖρα πέδησεν.  
 χερμαδίῳ γὰρ βλήτο παρὰ σφυρὸν ὀκριόεντι  
 κνήμην δεξιτερήν· βάλε δὲ Θρηκῶν ἀγὸς ἀνδρῶν,  
 Πείροος Ἰμβρασίδης, ὃς ἄρ' Αἰνόθεν εἰληλούθει 520  
 ἀμφοτέρω δὲ τένοντε καὶ ὀστέα λᾶας ἀναιδής  
 ἄχρῃς ἀπηλοίησεν· ὃ δ' ὕπτιος ἐν κονίῃσιν  
 κάππεσεν, ἄμφω χεῖρε φίλοις ἐτάριοισι πετάσσας,  
 θυμὸν ἀποπνείων. ὃ δ' ἐπέδραμεν ὅς ῥ' ἔβαλέν περ,  
 Πείροος, οὐτα δὲ δουρὶ παρ' ὀμφαλόν· ἐκ δ' ἄρα πᾶσαι 525  
 χύντο χαμαὶ χολάδες, τὸν δὲ σκότος ὅσσε κάλυψεν.  
 τὸν δὲ Θόας Αἰτωλὸς ἐπεσσύμενος βάλε δουρί

Of Priam, from Abydos—where he fed  
 The fleet mares of his father—now returned.  
 Him then Odysseus, for his comrade wroth,  
 Smote with his spear, a side-stroke on the skull,  
 And through and out of the other temple passed  
 The brazen point ; and darkness veiled his eyes.  
 Heavy he fell, his armour on him rang.  
 The van with glorious Hector then gave ground.  
 But loud the Argives shouted, and the dead  
 They dragged away, and forward far they rushed.  
 Whereat Apollo chafed, as from the tower  
 He viewed the strife below ; and thus he cried :  
 “ Rouse ye, steed-taming Trojans ! yield not thus  
 To Argive foes in fray. Not stone their flesh  
 Nor iron, to resist the sharing blade,  
 So they be hit. No truly, nor does he  
 Achilleus son of fair-haired Thetis fight,  
 But nurses at the ships his heartfelt wrath.”

So spake the dread god from the citadel.  
 Achaia's sons the while the child of Zeus  
 Tritogenia roused, most glorious queen,  
 Threading the throng where'er she saw them slack.

Dioreus son of Amarynceus there  
 Stern fate enchained : for him a jagged stone  
 On the right leg beside the ankle struck,  
 By Piros thrown, the son of Imbrasmus,  
 A Thracian leader who from Aenus came.  
 The tendons twain and bones the ruthless stone  
 Deep entering shattered ; backward in the dust  
 He fell, both hands outspreading to his friends  
 As forth he breathed his life. Upon him ran  
 Piros who threw the stone, and thrust with spear  
 Close by the navel ; on the ground gushed out  
 His bowels all, and darkness veiled his eyes.  
 On Piros then Aetolian Thoas rushed,  
 And cast his spear and struck him on the breast

στέρνον ὑπὲρ μαζοῖο, πάγη δ' ἐν πνεύμονι χαλκός.  
 ἀγχίμολον δέ οἱ ἦλθε Θόας, ἐκ δ' ὄβριμον ἔγχος  
 ἐσπάσατο στέρνοιο, ἐρύσσατο δὲ ξίφος ὀξύ, 530  
 τῷ ὃ γε γαστέρα τύψε μέσσην, ἐκ δ' αἶνυτο θυμόν.  
 τεύχεα δ' οὐκ ἀπέδυσε· περίστησαν γὰρ ἑταῖροι  
 Θρήικες ἀκρόκομοι, δολίχ' ἔγχεα χερσὶν ἔχοντες,  
 οἳ ἔ μέγαν περ εἶοντα καὶ ἰφθιμον καὶ ἀγανόν  
 ὦσαν ἀπὸ σφείων· ὃ δὲ χασσάμενος πελεμίχθη. 535  
 ὥς τώ γ' ἐν κονίησι παρ' ἀλλήλοισι τετάσθην,  
 ἦ τοι ὃ μὲν Θρηκῶν ὃ δ' Ἐπειὼν χαλκοχιτώνων  
 ἡγεμόνες· πολλοὶ δὲ περικτείνοντο καὶ ἄλλοι.

ἔνθα κεν οὐκέτι ἔργον ἀνὴρ ὀνόσαιτο μετελθών,  
 ὅς τις ἔτ' ἄβλητος καὶ ἀνούτατος ὀξείῃ χαλκῷ 540  
 δινεύοι κατὰ μέσσον, ἄγοι δέ ἐ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη  
 χειρὸς ἐλοῦσ', αὐτὰρ βελέων ἀπερύκοι ἐρωήν.  
 πολλοὶ γὰρ Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν ἡματι κείνῳ  
 πρηνέες ἐν κονίησι παρ' ἀλλήλοισι τέταντο.

Above the pap. Fast in the lung was fixed  
The brazen point; but Thoas came full near  
And forced the weighty lance from out his chest;  
And drew his keen-edged sword, with which he smote  
Full on the belly, and reft his foe of life.  
Yet stripped he not his arms; for round him stood  
His comrades—Thracians they, with tufted\* locks  
Crowning their heads, and lances long in hand—  
Who, tall and strong and awful though he was,  
Yet thrust him back, and he perforce gave ground.  
Thus side by side in dust those twain were stretched,  
Of Thracians one, of mailed Epeans one  
The chief: and many more around them fell.

There no man sure, who had among them come,  
Had scorned their warlike work—whoe'er unhurt  
By throw or thrust of brazen point had roamed  
Amid the fight, Athené as his guide  
Holding his hand and warding forceful shafts.  
For Trojans and Achaians prone in dust  
That day full many side by side were laid.

## ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Ε.

Διομήδους ἀριστεία.

Ἐνθ' αὖ Τυδεΐδῃ Διομήδεϊ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη  
δῶκε μένος καὶ θάρσος, ἵν' ἔκδηλος μετὰ πᾶσιν  
Ἀργείοισι γένοιτο ἰδὲ κλέος ἐσθλὸν ἄροιτο.  
δαϊέ οἱ ἐκ κόρυθός τε καὶ ἀσπίδος ἀκάματον πῦρ,  
ἀστέρ' ὀπωρινῷ ἐναλίγκιον, ὅς τε μάλιστα  
λαμπρὸν παμφαίνῃσι λελουμένος Ὠκεανοῖο.  
τοῖόν οἱ πῦρ δαΐεν ἀπὸ κρατός τε καὶ ὤμων,  
ῶρσε δέ μιν κατὰ μέσσον, ὅθι πλείστοι κλονέοντο.

ἦν δέ τις ἐν Τρώεσσι Δάρης ἀφνειὸς ἀμύμων,  
ἱρεὺς Ἡφαίστοιο· δύω δέ οἱ υἱέες ἦστην,  
Φηγεὺς Ἰδαῖός τε, μάχης εὖ εἰδότε πάσης.  
τῷ οἱ ἀποκριθέντε ἐναντίῳ ὠρμήθητήν,  
τῷ μὲν ἀφ' ἵπποιιν, ὃ δ' ἀπὸ χθονὸς ὠρнуτο πεζός.  
οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,  
Φηγεὺς ῥα πρότερος προτὴ δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος·  
Τυδεΐδew δ' ὑπὲρ ὤμον ἀριστερόν ἦλυθ' ἀκωκὴ  
ἔγχεος, οὐδ' ἔβαλ' αὐτόν. ὃ δ' ὕστερος ὠρнуτο χαλκῷ  
Τυδεΐδης· τοῦ δ' οὐχ ἄλιον βέλος ἔκφυγε χειρός,  
ἀλλ' ἔβαλε στῆθος μεταμάζιον, ὥσε δ' ἀφ' ἵππων.  
Ἰδαῖος δ' ἀπόρουσε λιπὼν περικαλλέα δίφρον,  
οὐδ' ἔτλη περιβῆναι ἀδελφειοῦ κταμένοιο·

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## ILIAD V.

### *The prowess of Diomedes.*

AND now to Diomedes Tydeus' son  
Pallas Athené might and daring gave,  
That so mid all the Argives he might shine  
Conspicuous forth, and win him brave renown.  
From helm and buckler unabating fire  
She kindled, fire as of the summer star  
Rising all-glorious from his ocean bath:  
Such fire from head and shoulders kindled she  
And spurred him to the midmost throng of fight.

A man there was of Troy, Dares his name,  
Rich, blameless, of Hephaestos priest, and sire  
To Phegeus and Idaeus, stalwart sons,  
A pair well-skilled in every feat of arms.  
These issuing from their host opposing rushed  
On Diomedes, charioted they twain,  
He on the ground a footman moved to war.  
And to each other when they now drew near,  
First Phegeus threw long-shadowed lance, whose point  
O'er the left shoulder of Tydides came,  
Nor hit him: second then with brazen spear  
Tydides rose, whose shaft left not his hand  
In vain, but hit his breast between the paps  
And hurled him from his steeds. Away in haste  
Idaeus sped and left his beauteous car,  
Nor dared to stand and shield his brother slain:

οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδέ κεν αὐτὸς ὑπέκφυγε κῆρα μέλαιναν,  
 ἀλλ' Ἥφαιστος ἔρυτο, σάωσε δὲ νυκτὶ καλύψας,  
 ὥς δὴ οἱ μὴ πάγχυ γέρων ἀκαχήμενος εἶη.

ἵππους δ' ἐξελάσας μεγαθύμου Τυδέος υἱός  
 δῶκεν ἐταίροισιν κατάγειν κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας.

Τρῶες δὲ μεγάθυμοι ἐπεὶ ἴδον υἷε Δάρητος  
 τὸν μὲν ἀλευάμενον τὸν δὲ κτάμενον παρ' ὄχεσφιν,  
 πᾶσιν ὀρίνθη θυμός. ἀτὰρ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη  
 χειρὸς ἐλοῦσα ἐπέσσι προσηύδα θούρον Ἀρηα.

“Ἄρες Ἄρες, βροτολοιγὲ, μαιφόνε, τειχεσιπλήτα,  
 οὐκ ἂν δὴ Τρῶας μὲν ἐάσαιμεν καὶ Ἀχαιοὺς  
 μάρνασθ', ὅπποτέροισι πατήρ Ζεὺς κῦδος ὀρέξῃ,  
 νῶϊ δὲ χαζώμεσθα, Διὸς δ' ἀλεώμεθα μῆνιν;”

ὥς εἰποῦσα μάχης ἐξήγαγε θσύρον Ἀρηα.

τὸν μὲν ἔπειτα καθεῖσεν ἐπ' ἡϊόεντι Σκαμάνδρῳ,  
 Τρῶας δὲ κλῖναν Δαναοί. ἔλε δ' ἄνδρα ἕκαστος  
 ἡγεμόνων. πρῶτος δὲ ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων  
 ἀρχὸν Ἀλιζώνων, Ὀδίων μέγαν, ἔκβαλε δίφρου  
 πρώτῳ γὰρ στρεφθέντι μεταφρένῳ ἐν δόρῳ πῆξεν  
 ὤμων μεσσηγύς, διὰ δὲ στήθεσφιν ἔλασεν.

δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ.

Ἴδομενεὺς δ' ἄρα Φαῖστον ἐνήρατο, Μήονος υἱόν  
 Βώρον, ὃς ἐκ Τάρνης ἐριβώλακος εἰληλούθει.

τὸν μὲν ἄρ' Ἴδομενεὺς δουρικλυτὸς ἔγχεϊ μακρῷ  
 νύξ' ἵππων ἐπιβησόμενον κατὰ δεξιὸν ὦμον·

ἥριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων, στυγερὸς δ' ἄρα μιν σκότος εἶλεν.  
 τὸν μὲν ἄρ' Ἴδομενῆος ἐσύλευον θεράποντες.

For thus himself had surely not escaped  
 Black fate; but now Hephaestos rescued him  
 Close-veiled in night, that so his aged sire  
 Might not be grieved with utter loss of all.  
 But those his steeds the great-souled Tydeus' son  
 Drove from the throng and to his comrades gave  
 In charge to lead them to the hollow ships.  
 And all the great-souled Trojans, when they saw  
 Of Dares' sons one saved by flight, one slain  
 And prostrate by his car, were stirred in soul.  
 Then did stern-eyed Athené by the hand  
 Impetuous Ares seize, and thus she spake:  
 "O Ares, Ares, bloodstained, bane of men,  
 Thou rampart-stormer, shall not now we twain  
 Leave Trojans and Achaïans here to fight,  
 The Father granting glory where he will,  
 While we retire and shun the wrath of Zeus?"

The goddess spake, and from the battle-field  
 Led out impetuous Ares, whom anon  
 She seated on Scamander's grassy bank.  
 Then did the Danaans turn the sons of Troy,  
 And every Danaan leader slew a foe.  
 First Agamemnon king of men dislodged  
 Tall Hodius from his car—a prince was he  
 Of Halizonians: for, as first he turned,  
 Between the shoulders in the back his spear  
 Atrides fixed, and drave it through his breast.  
 Heavy he fell, his armour on him rang.

Then by Idomeneus was Phaestus slain,  
 Son of Maeonian Borus, who had come  
 From Tarné's clodded soil. Him with long lance  
 Spear-famed Idomeneus, when now in act  
 To mount his steeds, through the right shoulder pierced.  
 Down from his car he dropt, in hateful night  
 Soon veiled: whom then the victor's squires despoiled.

υἷὸν δὲ Στροφίοιο Σκαμάνδριον, αἶμονα θήρης,  
 Ἀτρεΐδης Μενέλαος ἔλ' ἔγχεϊ ὀξύνοντι,  
 ἐσθλὸν θηρητῆρα· δίδαξε γὰρ Ἀρτεμις αὐτὴ  
 βάλλειν ἄγρια πάντα τὰ τε τρέφει οὖρεσιν ὕλη.  
 ἀλλ' οὐ οἱ τότε γε χραῖσμ' Ἀρτεμις ἰοχέαιρα,  
 οὐδὲ ἐκηβολίαι, ἧσιν τὸ πρὶν γε κέκαστο·  
 ἀλλὰ μιν Ἀτρεΐδης δουρικλειτὸς Μενέλαος,  
 πρόσθε ἔθεν φεύγοντα, μετάφρενον οὐτασε δουρί  
 ὤμων μεσσηγύς, διὰ δὲ στήθεσφιν ἔλασσε.  
 ἤριπε δὲ πρηνής, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ.

Μηριόνης δὲ Φέρεκλον ἐνήρατο, τέκτονος υἷὸν  
 Ἀρμονίδεω, ὃς χερσὶν ἐπίστατο δαίδαλα πάντα  
 τεύχειν· ἔξοχα γὰρ μιν ἐφίλατο Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη·  
 ὃς καὶ Ἀλεξάνδρῳ τεκτῆνατο νῆας εἵσας  
 ἀρχεκάκους, αἱ πᾶσι κακὸν Τρώεσσι γένοντο  
 οἳ τ' αὐτῷ, ἐπεὶ οὐ τι θεῶν ἐκ θέσφατα ἦδη.  
 τὸν μὲν Μηριόνης ὅτε δὴ κατέμαρπτε διώκων,  
 βεβλήκει γλουτὸν κάτα δεξιόν· ἡ δὲ διαπρὸ  
 ἀντικρὺς κατὰ κύστιν ὑπ' ὀστέον ἤλυθ' ἀκωκή.  
 γυνῆ δ' ἔριπ' οἰμῶξας, θάνατος δὲ μιν ἀμφεκάλυψεν.

Πήδαιον δ' ἄρ' ἔπεφνε Μέγης, Ἀντήνορος υἷόν,  
 ἕς ῥα νόθος μὲν ἦεν, πύκα δὲ τρέφε διὰ Θεανώ,  
 ἴσα φίλοισι τέκεσσι, χαριζομένη πόσει ᾧ.  
 τὸν μὲν Φυλεΐδης δουρικλυτὸς ἐγγύθεν ἐλθὼν  
 βεβλήκει κεφαλῆς κατὰ ἰνίον ὀξείῃ δουρί·  
 ἀντικρὺς δ' ἀν' ὀδόντας ὑπὸ γλῶσσαν τάμε χαλκός.  
 ἤριπε δ' ἐν κονίῃ, ψυχρὸν δ' ἔλε χαλκὸν ὁδοῦσιν.

Εὐρύπυλος δ' Εὐαιμονίδης Ὑψήνορα δῖον,  
 υἷὸν ὑπερθύμου Δολοπίονος, ὃς ῥα Σκαμάνδρου  
 ἀρητῆρ ἐτέτυκτο, θεὸς δ' ὥς τίετο δήμῳ,  
 τὸν μὲν ἄρ' Εὐρύπυλος Εὐαίμονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός,

But Menelaus slew with beechen spear  
Scamandrius son of Strophius. In the chase  
A cunning wight was he, a hunter good,  
For Artemis herself had taught his hand  
To strike all game that woodland mountains rear.  
Yet nought could Artemis the arrow-queen  
Avail him then, nor that far-shooting skill,  
His former pride: but him did Atreus' son  
The spear-famed Menelaus, as he fled,  
Full on the back between the shoulders smite  
With thrust of spear, and drave it through his breast.  
Prone fell he, and his armour on him rang.

Meriones slew Phereclus—son was he  
Of worker deft in wood, Harmonides,  
And knew himself all artful handiwork,  
For Pallas loved him well. 'Twas he that first  
For Alexander wrought the balanced ships,  
Sad source of woe to Troy and to himself,  
Since nought he knew of what the gods had doomed.  
Him now Meriones o'ertook and smote  
On the right buttock; 'neath the bone straight on  
The point came through the bladder. With a cry  
Upon his knee he fell, death veiled his sight.

Meges Pedaeus slew, Antenor's son,  
A bastard born, whom yet with kindly care  
Divine Theano nurtured as her own,  
To please her lord. Him spear-famed Phyleus' son  
Approached and smote with keen lance 'neath the head  
Upon the nape; right on between the teeth  
Below the tongue the broad point shared. In dust  
He fell, and with his teeth the cold brass bit.

There did Evaemon's son Eurypylus  
Divine Hypsenor slay: the son was he  
Of high-souled Dolopion, whom a priest,  
Scamander's priest, in honour as a god  
The people held. Him then Eurypylus



πρόσθε ἔθεν φεύγοντα, μεταδρομάδην ἔλασ' ὦμον 80  
 φασγάνῳ αἵξας, ἀπὸ δὲ ξέσε χεῖρα βαρεῖαν.  
 αἵματόεσσα δὲ χεῖρ πεδίῳ πέσε· τὸν δὲ κατ' ὅσσε  
 ἔλλαβε πορφύρεος θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα· κραταιή.

ὥς οἱ μὲν πονέοντο κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην  
 Τυδεΐδην δ' οὐκ ἂν γνοίης ποτέροισι μετείη, 85  
 ἥ ἐ μετὰ Τρώεσσιν ὁμιλέοι ἢ μετ' Ἀχαιοῖς.  
 θῦνε γὰρ ἅμ πεδίον ποταμῷ πλήθοντι ἐοικώς  
 χειμάρρῳ, ὅς τ' ὦκα ῥέων ἐκέδασσε γεφύρας·  
 τὸν δ' οὐτ' ἄρ τε γέφυραι ἐεργμέναι ἰσχανόωσιν  
 οὐτ' ἄρα ἔρκεα ἴσχει ἀλωάων ἐριθηλέων, 90  
 ἐλθόντ' ἐξαπίνης, ὅτ' ἐπιβρίση Διὸς ὄμβρος·  
 πολλὰ δ' ὑπ' αὐτοῦ ἔργα κατήριπε κάλ' αἰζηῶν.  
 ὥς ὑπὸ Τυδεΐδῃ πυκινὰ κλονέοντο φάλαγγες  
 Τρώων, οὐδ' ἄρα μιν μῖνον πολέες περ ἑόντες.

τὸν δ' ὥς οὖν ἐνόησε Λυκάονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός 95  
 θύνοντ' ἅμ πεδίον, πρὸ ἔθεν κλονέοντα φάλαγγας,  
 αἶψ' ἐπὶ Τυδεΐδῃ ἐτιταίνετο καμπύλα τόξα,  
 καὶ βάλ' ἐπαῖσσοντα, τυχὼν κατὰ δεξιὸν ὦμον,  
 θώρηκος γύαλον· διὰ δὲ πτάτο πικρὸς οἰστός,  
 ἀντικρὺς δὲ διέσχε, παλάσσετο δ' αἵματι θώρηξ. 100  
 τῷ δ' ἐπὶ μακρὸν αὔσε Λυκάονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός·  
 “ὄρνυσθε, Τρῶες μεγάθυμοι, κέντορες ἵππων·  
 βέβληται γὰρ ἄριστος Ἀχαιῶν, οὐδέ ἐ φημί  
 δῆθ' ἀνσχῆσθαι κρατερὸν βέλος, εἰ ἐτεόν με  
 ὦρσε ἄναξ Διὸς υἱὸς ἀπορνύμενον Λυκίην.” 105

ὥς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος· τὸν δ' οὐ βέλος ὠκὺ δάμασσευ,  
 ἀλλ' ἀναχωρήσας πρόσθ' ἵπποιιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν  
 ἔστη, καὶ Σθένελον προσέφη Καπανήιον υἱόν·

Evaemon's noble son, ev'n as he fled  
Before him, chased, outran, and swooping down  
With falchion smote his shoulder. Severed clean  
Fell arm and heavy hand upon the plain  
All dripping blood, and o'er his eyes was spread  
The veil of dark death and resistless doom.

Thus toiled the rest throughout the stubborn fray.  
But—for Tydides—none might know with whom  
He ranged, with Trojan or Achaian throng:  
For o'er the plain he rushed, as in full flood  
A storm-swoln torrent, that with hurrying stream  
Breaks dyke and dam—Nor dam compact may stay,  
Nor stony fence of orchard rich in fruit  
Stem the fierce tide, so sudden on it comes,  
What time the heavy rains of Zeus down pour,  
Wide wasting the fair works of vigorous hands.  
So Troy's close ranks before Tydides fled,  
Nor, many though they were, abode his might.

Whom when Lycaon's noble son perceived,  
As o'er the plain he rushed and drove before  
The routed columns, quick at Tydeus' son  
He drew his curvèd bow, and with true aim  
By the right shoulder struck him, as he charged,  
Upon the hollow corslet. Through it flew  
The arrow keen and onwards held its way;  
And straight the corslet showed the stain of blood.  
Whereat loud cried Lycaon's noble son:  
"Rise, great-souled Trojans, spurrers ye of steeds:  
Achaia's best is smit, nor long, I ween,  
Will bear the forceful shaft, if me in truth  
The king, the son of Zeus, sped on my way,  
When hitherwards from Lycia's land I came."

Boastful he spake: yet the keen shaft his foe  
Quelled not: but from the throng retiring he  
Before his steeds and chariot stood, and there  
Thus spake to Sthenelus son of Capaneus:

“ ὄρσο, πέπον Καπανηιάδῃ, καταβήσῃο δίφρου,  
ὄφρα μοι ἐξ ὧμοιο ἐρύσσης πικρὸν οὔστον.” 110

ὥς ἄρ' ἔφη, Σθένελος δὲ καθ' ἵππων ἄλτο χαμᾶζε,  
πὰρ δὲ στὰς βέλος ὠκὺ διαμπερές ἐξέρυσ' ὦμον·  
αἶμα δ' ἀνηκόντιζε διὰ στρεπτοῖο χιτῶνος.  
δὴ τότε ἔπειτ' ἡρᾶτο βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·  
“ κλῦθί μευ, αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς τέκος, ἀτρυτῶνῃ. 115  
εἴ ποτέ μοι καὶ πατρὶ φίλα φρονέουσα παρέστης  
δήϊω ἐν πολέμῳ, νῦν αὖτ' ἐμὲ φίλαι, Ἀθήνη,  
δὸς δέ τέ μ' ἄνδρα ἐλεῖν, καὶ ἐς ὄρμην ἔγχεος ἐλθεῖν,  
ὅς μ' ἔβαλε φθάμενος καὶ ἐπεύχεται, οὐδέ με φῆσιν  
δηρὸν ἔτ' ὄψεσθαι λαμπρὸν φάος ἡελίοιο.” 120

ὥς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος· τοῦ δὲ κλύε Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,  
γυῖα δ' ἔθηκεν ἐλαφρά, πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ὑπερθεν,  
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἰσταμένη ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·  
“ θαρσέων νῦν, Διόμηδες, ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι·  
ἐν γάρ τοι στήθεσσι μένος πατρώιον ἦκα 125  
ἄτρομον, οἷον ἔχεσκε σακέσπαλος ἵππότα Τυδεύς.  
ἀχλὺν δ' αὖ τοι ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν ἔλουν, ἥ πρὶν ἐπῆεν,  
ὄφρ' εὖ γιγνώσκῃς ἡμὲν θεὸν ἠδὲ καὶ ἄνδρα.  
τῷ νῦν, εἴ τε θεὸς πειρώμενος ἐνθάδ' ἵκηται,  
μή τι σύ γ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖς ἀντικρὺ μάχεσθαι 130  
τοῖς ἄλλοις· ἀτὰρ εἴ κε Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη  
ἔλθῃσ' ἐς πόλεμον, τήν γ' οὐτάμεν ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ.”

ἣ μὲν ἄρ' ὥς εἰποῦσ' ἀπέβη γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη.  
Τυδεΐδης δ' ἐξαὐτίς ἰὼν προμάχοισιν ἐμίχθη·  
καὶ πρὶν περ θυμῷ μεμαῶς Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι, 135  
δὴ τότε μιν τρὶς τόσσον ἔλεν μένος, ὥς τε λέοντα  
ὄν ῥά τε ποιμὴν ἀγρῷ ἐπ' εἰροπόκοις ὀίεσσιν  
χραύσῃ μὲν τ' αὐλῆς ὑπεράλμενον, οὐδὲ δαμάσῃ·

“Rouse thee, kind son of Capaneus, quit the car  
And from my shoulder draw this arrow keen.”

So spake the chief: and Sthenelus from his steeds  
Leapt to the ground, and by him stood, and drew  
Right through and from the shoulder the swift shaft.  
The blood upspirted through the twisted mail.  
Then loud prayed Diomedes good in fray :

“Hear me, thou child of ægis-bearing Zeus,  
Untamed ; if ever by my sire of yore  
With kindly will in hostile war thou stood'st,  
Befriend me now, Athené, and grant withal  
That he may come within my lance's throw,  
By me to fall, who me but now forestalled  
And hit, and o'er me boasts, nor deems that I  
Shall long behold the Sun-god's glorious light.”

He spake in prayer: Pallas Athené heard,  
Made light his feet below, his hands above,  
And standing near in wingèd words addressed :

“Now, Diomedes, on the sons of Troy  
Charge boldly: in thy breast I have inbreathed  
Thy father's dauntless courage, such as erst  
Shield-shaking Tydeus had, that noble knight.  
Nay more, from veiling mist I purge thine eyes  
That thou may'st well discern both god and man.  
Wherefore, if god draw near to try thy force,  
With other gods immortal fight thou not  
Opposing ; but if Aphrodité come,  
Daughter of Zeus, and dare the brunt of war,  
Spare not at her to thrust thy piercing point.”

Stern-eyed Athené spake, and went her way.  
Tydides then amid the foremost throng  
Plunged him again: whom, hotly bent before  
To charge the foe, now threefold fury filled.  
Ev'n as a lion, whom, his woolly flocks  
While watching in the field, a shepherd wounds  
With a light scratch as o'er the fence he leaps

τοῦ μέν τε σθένος ὤρσεν, ἔπειτα δέ τ' οὐ προσαμύνει  
 ἀλλὰ κατὰ σταθμοὺς δύεται, τὰ δ' ἐρήμα φοβεῖται 140  
 αἶ μέν τ' ἀγχιστῖναι ἐπ' ἀλλήλησι κέχυνται,  
 αὐτὰρ ὃ ἐμμεμαὺς βαθέης ἐξάλλεται αὐλῆς.  
 ὥς μεμαὺς Τρώεσσι μίγῃ κρατερὸς Διομήδης.

ἔνθ' ἔλε Ἀστύνοον καὶ Ὑπείρονα ποιμένα λαῶν,  
 τὸν μὲν ὑπὲρ μαζοῖο βαλὼν χαλκῆρεϊ δουρί, 145  
 τὸν δ' ἕτερον ξίφεϊ μεγάλῳ κληῖδα παρ' ὦμον  
 πληξ', ἀπὸ δ' αὐχένος ὦμον ἐέργαθεν ἠδ' ἀπὸ νώτου.  
 τοὺς μὲν ἔασ', ὃ δ' Ἀβαντα μετώχετο καὶ Πολύϊδον,  
 υἱέας Εὐρυδάμαντος ὄνειροπόλοιο γέροντος,  
 τοῖς οὐκ ἐρχομένοις ὃ γέρων ἐκρίνατ' ὀνείρους, 150  
 ἀλλὰ σφεας κρατερὸς Διομήδης ἐξενάριξεν.  
 βῆ δὲ μετὰ Ξάνθον τε Θόωνά τε Φαίνοπος υἱε,  
 ἄμφω τηλυγέτω· ὃ δ' ἐτείρετο γήραϊ λυγρῷ,  
 υἱὸν δ' οὐ τέκετ' ἄλλον ἐπὶ κτεάτεσσι λιπέσθαι.  
 ἔνθ' ὃ γε τοὺς ἐνάριζε, φίλον δ' ἐξαίνυντο θυμόν 155  
 ἀμφοτέρω, πατέρι δὲ γόον καὶ κήδεα λυγρὰ  
 λείπ', ἐπεὶ οὐ ζῶοντε μάχης ἐκνοστήσαντε  
 δέξατο· χηρωσταὶ δὲ διὰ κτῆσιν दाτέοντο.

ἔνθ' υἱας Πριάμοιο δύω λάβε Δαρδανίδαο,  
 εἰν ἐνὶ δίφρῳ ἑόντας, Ἐχήμενά τε Χρομίον τε. 160  
 ὥς δὲ λέων ἐν βουσί θορῶν ἐξ αὐχένα ἄξῃ  
 πόρτιος ἢ βοός, ξύλοχον κάτα βοσκομενάων,  
 ὥς τοὺς ἀμφοτέρους ἐξ ἵππων Τυδέος υἱός



Into the fold, nor quells him, but his strength  
Provokes the more:—The man stays not to guard,  
But hides him in the sheep-sheds, while the flock  
Defenceless all are scared and huddled close  
One on the other crowd; the furious beast  
Successful leaps from out the high-walled fold—  
So fiercer yet in fury for his wound  
Stout Diomedes mid the Trojans plunged.

Astynöüs and Hypiron there he slew,  
Hypiron shepherd of his folk: the first  
Above the breast he hit with brass-tipped lance,  
The other with his mighty sword he smote  
Close by the shoulder on the collar-bone,  
And clove the shoulder from the neck and back.  
Then these he left, and after Abas hied  
And Polyidus, of Eurydamas  
The sons: an aged dream-expounder he,  
Whose dreams availed him nought to warn his sons  
Of coming doom as to the war they went;  
For stalwart Diomedes slew them both.  
Xanthus and Thöon next he turned to seek,  
Two sons of Phaenops they, late-born, well-loved,  
Whose sire by sad age worn no other son  
Begot to leave as lord of all his wealth.  
Both these the hero spoiled and reft of life,  
And to their father nought but bitter grief  
And wailing left: for nevermore alive  
Welcomed he them returning from the war,  
And strangers shared the orphaned heritage.

Two sons of Priam son of Dardanus  
Now slew he, in one chariot mounted both,  
Echemon named and Chromius: and as when  
Leaping upon the kine a lion fells  
With broken neck a heifer or a cow,  
As through the copse they feed, so from their steeds  
The son of Tydeus hurled them both tho' sore

βῆσε κακῶς ἀέκοντας, ἔπειτα δὲ τεύχε' ἐσύλα·  
ἵππους δ' οἷς ἐτάροισι δίδου μετὰ νῆας ἐλαύνειν. 165

τὸν δὲ ἴδ' Αἰνείας ἀλαπάζοντα στίχας ἀνδρῶν,  
βῆ δ' ἵμεν ἄν τε μάχην καὶ ἀνὰ κλόνον ἐγχεσθῆναι.  
Πάνδαρον ἀντίθεον διζήμενος εἴ που ἐφεύροι.  
εὔρε Λυκάονος υἱὸν ἀμύμονά τε κρατερόν τε,  
στῇ δὲ πρόσθ' αὐτοῖο, ἔπος τέ μιν ἀντίον ἠὔδα. 170

“ Πάνδαρε, ποῦ τοι τόξα ἰδὲ πτερόεντες ὀϊστοί  
καὶ κλέος; ᾧ οὐ τίς τοι ἐρίζεται ἐνθάδε γ' ἀνὴρ,  
οὐδέ τις ἐν Λυκίῃ σέο γ' εὔχεται εἶναι ἀμείνων.  
ἀλλ' ἄγε τῷδ' ἔφες ἀνδρὶ βέλος, Διὶ χεῖρας ἀνασχών,  
ὅς τις ὅδε κρατέει καὶ δὴ κακὰ πολλὰ ἔοργεν 175

Τρῶας, ἐπεὶ πολλῶν τε καὶ ἐσθλῶν γούνατ' ἔλυσεν·  
εἰ μὴ τις θεὸς ἐστὶ κοτεσσάμενος Τρώεσσιν,  
ἱρῶν μηνίσας· χαλεπὴ δὲ θεοῦ ἐπὶ μῆνις.”

τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε Λυκάονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός·  
“ Αἰνεΐα Τρώων βουλευφόρε χαλκοχιτώνων, 180

Τυδεΐδῃ μιν ἐγὼ γε δαΐφρονι πάντα ἔϊσκω,  
ἀσπίδι γιγνώσκων αὐλώπιδί τε τρυφαλείῃ,  
ἵππους τ' εἰσορόων· σάφα δ' οὐκ οἶδ' ἢ θεὸς ἐστίν.  
εἰ δ' ὅ γ' ἀνὴρ ὅν φημι, δαΐφρων Τυδέος υἱός,  
οὐχ ὅ γ' ἄνευθε θεοῦ τάδε μαίνεται, ἀλλὰ τις ἄγχι 185

ἔστηκε· ἀθανάτων, νεφέλῃ εἰλυμένος ὦμους,  
ὃς τούτου βέλος ὠκὺ κιχήμενον ἔτραπεν ἄλλῃ.  
ἦδη γάρ οἱ ἐφῆκα βέλος, καὶ μιν βάλλον ὦμον  
δεξιόν, ἀντικρὺς διὰ θώρηκος γυάλοιο,

καὶ μιν ἐγὼ γ' ἐφάμην Ἀἰδωνῇ προιάψειν, 190  
ἔμπης δ' οὐκ ἐδάμασσα· θεὸς νύ τίς ἐστὶ κοτήεις.  
ἵπποι δ' οὐ παρέασι καὶ ἄρματα, τῶν κ' ἐπιβαίην.

Unwilling. Then their arms he stript, and gave  
Their steeds for comrades to the ships to drive.

Him, as he wasted wide the ranks of men,  
Æneas marked, and hied him through the fight  
And through the storm of spears to seek around—  
If he might find him—godlike Pandarus.  
Lycaon's stout and blameless son he found,  
And stood before his face, and thus he spake:  
“Where, Pandarus, where thy bow and feathered shafts  
And fame? wherein none here with thee may vie,  
And none in Lycia boasts a better skill.  
Nay, come; an arrow shoot, thy hands to Zeus  
Duly upraised, at yonder conquering man  
Whoe'er he be, that now hath wrought great scathe  
Upon the Trojans and hath loosed the knees  
Of many a gallant chief: if man he be,  
And not some god who venges him on Troy  
In wrath for holy dues unpaid: for then  
The wrath of god doth press full heavily.”

To whom replied Lycaon's noble son:  
“Æneas, of the mail-clad sons of Troy  
Sage counsellor, to Tydeus' valiant son  
I liken him in all. His shield I know,  
And crested helm; his steeds withal I see.  
Yet know I not for sure he is no god.  
But if the man I say, the valiant son  
Of Tydeus, not unaided by a god  
He rages thus, but some immortal power  
Stands ever near, with shoulders wrapt in mist,  
Who the swift shaft that reached him turned aside.  
For I but now, who loosed a shaft at him,  
On the right shoulder struck him, piercing through  
The corslet's hollow plate, and fully thought  
To hurl him down to Hades: yet withal  
I quelled him not. Some wrathful god is here.  
And steeds or car to mount with me are none:

ἀλλὰ που ἐν μεγάροισι Λυκάονος ἔνδεκα δίφροι  
 καλοὶ πρωτοπαγεῖς νεοτευχέες, ἀμφὶ δὲ πέπλοι  
 πέπτανται· παρὰ δέ σφι ἐκάστω δίζυγες ἵπποι 195  
 ἐστᾶσιν κρὶ λευκὸν ἑρεπτόμενοι καὶ ὀλύρας.  
 ἦ μὴν μοι μάλα πολλὰ γέρων αἰχμητὰ Λυκάων  
 ἐρχομένῳ ἐπέτελλε δόμοις ἔνι ποιητοῖσιν·  
 ἵπποισιν μ' ἐκέλευε καὶ ἄρμασιν ἐμβεβαῶτα  
 ἀρχεύειν Τρώεσσι κατὰ κρατερὰς ὑσμίνας· 200  
 ἀλλ' ἐγὼ οὐ πιθόμην—ἦ τ' ἂν πολὺ κέρδιον ἦεν—  
 ἵππων φειδόμενος, μή μοι δευοίατο φορβῆς  
 ἀνδρῶν εἰλομένων, εἰωθότες ἔδμεναι ἄδην.  
 ὥς λίπον, αὐτὰρ πεζὸς ἐς Ἴλιον εἰλήλουθα,  
 τόξοισιν πίσυνος· τὰ δέ μ' οὐκ ἄρα μέλλον ὀνήσειν. 205  
 ἦδη γὰρ δοιοῖσιν ἀριστήεσσιν ἐφῆκα,  
 Τυδεΐδῃ τε καὶ Ἀτρεΐδῃ, ἐκ δ' ἀμφοτέρουιν  
 ἀτρεκὲς αἶμ' ἔσσευα βαλὼν, ἥγαιρα δὲ μᾶλλον.  
 τῷ ῥα κακῇ αἴσῃ ἀπὸ πασσάλου ἀγκύλα τόξα  
 ἤματι τῷ ἐλόμην ὅτε Ἴλιον εἰς ἐρατεινὴν 210  
 ἡγεόμην Τρώεσσι, φέρων χάριν Ἑκτορι δῖῳ.  
 εἰ δέ κε νοστήσω καὶ ἐσόψομαι ὀφθαλμοῖσιν  
 πατρίδ' ἐμὴν ἄλοχόν τε καὶ ὑψερεφὲς μέγα δῶμα,  
 αὐτίκ' ἔπειτ' ἀπ' ἐμεῖο κάρη τάμοι ἀλλότριος φῶς,  
 εἰ μὴ ἐγὼ τάδε τόξα φαεινῷ ἐν πυρὶ θείην 215  
 χερσὶ διακλάσσας· ἀνεμώλια γάρ μοι ὀπηδεῖ."  
 τὸν δ' αὖτ' Αἰνείας Τρώων ἀγὸς ἀντίον ἠΰδα·  
 "μηδ' οὕτως ἀγόρευε· πάρος δ' οὐκ ἔσσεται ἄλλως  
 πρίν γ' ἐπὶ νῶ τῷδ' ἀνδρὶ σὺν ἵπποισιν καὶ ὕχεσφιν  
 ἀντιβίην ἐλθόντε σὺν ἔντεσι πειρηθῆναι. 220  
 ἀλλ' ἄγ' ἐμῶν ὀχέων ἐπιβήσεο, ὄφρα ἴδῃαι

But in Lycaon's halls, I ween, are left  
 Chariots eleven, fair, newly-joined, fresh-made,  
 And o'er them cloths are spread; and by them all,  
 Two for the yoke of each, their horses stand  
 Champng white barley and the grain of spelt.  
 To me indeed Lycaon, warrior old,  
 Within our well-built home gave frequent charge,  
 When to the war I went; and bade me oft  
 On steeds and chariot mounted to lead on  
 The Trojan warriors through the stubborn fray.  
 But I obeyed him not—tho' better far  
 Had been obedience—for I spared my steeds,  
 Lest food should fail them, when our men were pent  
 In Troy, and they aye wont to eat their fill.  
 So them I left, and came to Ilion  
 Afoot, my bow my trust, and that methinks  
 Doomed to be bootless. For at chieftains twain  
 Already have I shot, at Tydeus' son,  
 And at the son of Atreus. Both I hit,  
 From both true blood I drew, yet roused the more.  
 Wherefore with evil luck my curvèd bow  
 Down from the peg I took upon that day  
 When I, to do the godlike Hector grace,  
 To lovely Ilion led my Trojan band.  
 But if I e'er return, and if my eyes  
 See country, wife, and high-roofed ample house,  
 May stranger foeman straight cut off my head,  
 If bow and shafts I break not with my hands,  
 And cast their splinters in the blazing fire:  
 For vain and helpless followers they are found."

To him Æneas Trojan chief replied:  
 "Nay, say not so: we will not deem it vain  
 Too soon, till thou and I against this man  
 With steeds and car have gone, and might to might  
 With weapons proved him. Wherefore come, and mount  
 My car, that thou mayst see what strain they be



οἷοι Τρώιοι ἵπποι, ἐπιστάμενοι πεδίοιο  
 κραιπνὰ μάλ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα διωκέμεν ἠδὲ φέβεσθαι·  
 τῷ καὶ νῶϊ πόλινδε σαώσεται, εἴ περ ἂν αὐτε  
 Ζεὺς ἐπὶ Τυδεΐδῃ Διομήδεϊ κῦδος ὀρέξῃ. 225

ἀλλ' ἄγε νῦν μάστιγα καὶ ἡνία σιγαλόεντα  
 δέξαι, ἐγὼ δ' ἵππων ἐπιβήσομαι ὄφρα μάχωμαι  
 ἢ σὺ τόνδε δέδεξο, μελήσουσιν δ' ἐμοὶ ἵπποι.”

τὸν δ' αὐτε προσέειπε Λυκάονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός·  
 “Αἰνεΐα, σὺ μὲν αὐτὸς ἔχ' ἡνία καὶ τεῶ ἵππω· 230  
 μᾶλλον ὑφ' ἡνιόχῳ εἰωθότι καμπύλον ἄρμα  
 οἴσεται, εἴ περ ἂν αὐτε φεβώμεθα Τυδέος υἱόν·  
 μὴ τῷ μὲν δείσαντε ματήσεται, οὐδ' ἐθέλητον  
 ἐκφερέμεν πολέμοιο, τεὸν φθόγγον ποθέοντε,  
 νῶϊ δ' ἐπαΐξας μεγαθύμου Τυδέος υἱός 235

αὐτῷ τε κτείνῃ καὶ ἐλάσῃ μώνυχας ἵππους.  
 ἀλλὰ σύ γ' αὐτὸς ἔλαυνε τ' ἄρματα καὶ τεῶ ἵππω,  
 τόνδε δ' ἐγὼν ἐπιόντα δεδέξομαι ὀξέϊ δουρί.”

ὥς ἄρα φωνήσαντες, ἐς ἄρματα ποικίλα βάντες,  
 ἐμμεμαῶτ' ἐπὶ Τυδεΐδῃ ἔχον ὠκέας ἵππους. 240

τοὺς δὲ ἶδε Σθένελος Καπανήιος ἀγλαὸς υἱός,  
 αἶψα δὲ Τυδεΐδην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·  
 “Τυδεΐδῃ Διόμηδες ἐμῷ κεχαρισμένε θυμῷ,  
 ἄνδρ' ὀρόω κρατερῶ ἐπὶ σοὶ μεμαῶτε μάχεσθαι,  
 ἵν' ἀπέλεθρον ἔχοντας. ὁ μὲν τόξων εὖ εἰδώς, 245

Πάνδαρος, υἱὸς δ' αὐτε Λυκάονος εὐχεται εἶναι  
 Αἰνεΐας δ' υἱὸς μεγαλήτορος Ἀγχίσαιο  
 εὐχεται ἐκγεγάμεν, μήτηρ δέ οἱ ἔστ' Ἀφροδίτη.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ χαζώμεθ' ἐφ' ἵππων, μηδέ μοι οὕτως  
 θῦνε διὰ προμάχων, μή πως φίλον ἦτορ ἐλέσσης.” 250

τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης.

These steeds of Tros, well knowing to and fro  
 Swift o'er the plain to follow or to fly.  
 These twain will to the city bear us back  
 In safe retreat, if Zeus again shall grant  
 Glory to Diomedes Tydeus' son.  
 Then come, take thou the whip and shining reins,  
 And I will mount the car to fight the foe :  
 Or meet thou him, and be the steeds my care."

To whom replied Lycaon's noble son :  
 " Æneas, keep the reins, and thine own steeds  
 Guide thou thyself : reined by the wonted hand  
 They will the better draw the curvèd car,  
 If back from Tydeus' son perforce we fly :  
 But may with fear be wild, and from the fray  
 Refuse to bear us, if they miss thy voice.  
 So, rushing on us, great-souled Tydeus' son  
 Shall slay us and drive off our firm-hoofed steeds.  
 Drive then thyself thy chariot and thy steeds,  
 While I his onset meet with pointed lance."

They spake, and mounting on the well-wrought car  
 Their fleet steeds on Tydides hotly urged.  
 Whom Sthenelus, noble son of Capaneus, saw,  
 And straight with wingèd words addressed his chief :  
 " O Diomedes, of my soul beloved,  
 Two warriors stout I see, full hotly bent  
 'Gainst thee to fight, with giant strength endued.  
 One is the skilful bowman Pandarus,  
 Lycaon's son he boasts himself; and one  
 Æneas, of Anchises, blameless sire,  
 Who boasts him born, and Aphrodité's self  
 His mother is. But come, and on our car  
 Retire we now, nor through the vanguard thus  
 Impetuous rush thou, lest thy life thou lose."

To whom stout Diomedes with stern glance :

“μή τι φόβονδ’ ἀγόρευ’, ἐπεὶ οὐδέ σε πεισέμεν οἶω·  
 οὐ γάρ μοι γενναῖον ἀλυσκάζοντι μάχεσθαι  
 οὐδὲ καταπτώσσειν· ἔτι μοι μένος ἔμπεδον ἐστίν.  
 ὀκνεῖω δ’ ἵππων ἐπιβαινέμεν, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτως 255  
 ἀντίον εἰμ’ αὐτῶν· τρεῖν μ’ οὐκ ἔᾶ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη.  
 τούτῳ δ’ οὐ πάλιν αὐτὶς ἀποίσειτον ὠκέες ἵπποι  
 ἄμφω ἀφ’ ἡμείων, εἴ γ’ οὖν ἕτερός γε φύγησιν.  
 ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω, σὺ δ’ ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῆσιν,  
 εἴ κέν μοι πολύβουλος Ἀθήνη κῦδος ὀρέξῃ 260  
 ἄμφοτέρῳ κτείνειν, σὺ δὲ τούσδε μὲν ὠκέας ἵππους  
 αὐτοῦ ἐρυκακέειν. ἐξ ἄντυγος ἡνία τείνας,  
 Αἰνεῖαο δ’ ἐπαῖξαι μεμνημένος ἵππων,  
 ἐκ δ’ ἐλάσαι Τρώων μετ’ εὐκνήμιδας Ἀχαιούς.  
 τῆς γάρ τοι γενεῆς ἧς Τρωί περ εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς 265  
 δῶχ’ υἱὸς ποινήν Γανυμήδεος· οὐνεκ’ ἄριστοι  
 ἵππων ὅσσοι ἔασιν ὑπ’ ἡῶ τ’ ἡέλιόν τε.  
 τῆς γενεῆς ἔκλεψε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγχίσης,  
 λάθρῃ Λαομέδοντος ὑποσχῶν θήλεας ἵππους.  
 τῶν οἱ ἐξ ἐγένοντο ἐνὶ μεγάροισι γενέθλη· 270  
 τοὺς μὲν τέσσαρας αὐτὸς ἔχων ἀτίταλλ’ ἐπὶ φάτνῃ,  
 τῷ δὲ δὺ’ Αἰνεΐα δῶκεν, μήστῳρε φόβοιο.  
 εἰ τούτῳ γε λάβοιμεν, ἀροίμεθά κεν κλέος ἐσθλόν.”  
 ὥς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον,  
 τῷ δὲ τάχ’ ἐγγύθεν ἦλθον, ἐλαύνοντ’ ὠκέας ἵππους. 275  
 τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε Λυκάονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός·  
 “καρτερόθυμε δαΐφρον, ἀγαυοῦ Τυδεὸς υἱέ,  
 ἦ μάλα σ’ οὐ βέλως ὠκὺ δαμάσσατο, πικρὸς οἷστός·  
 νῦν αὖτ’ ἐγχείῃ πειρήσομαι αἶ κε τύχωμι.”  
 ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἀμπεπαλὼν προῖτη δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος, 280  
 καὶ βάλε Τυδεΐδαο κατ’ ἀσπίδα· τῆς δὲ διαπρό  
 αἶχμῃ χαλκείῃ πταμένη θώρηκι πελάσθη.

"Speak nought of flight : thou'lt not, I ween, prevail.  
'Tis not my inborn mood to skulk in war,  
Or cower afraid : my courage still is firm.  
And steeds to mount I am full loth : nay thus,  
E'en as I am, will I to meet them go :  
Pallas Athené doth forbid me fear.  
Not both of these shall their swift steeds from us  
Bear back again, if haply one escape.  
This too I say, which lay thou well to heart :  
If now Athené, many-counselled maid,  
Grant glory to me, that I slay them both,  
Then stay thou here our swift steeds, from the rail  
Stretching the reins ; but on Æneas' steeds  
Mind that thou rush, and from the Trojan host  
To the well-greaved Achaians drive them off.  
For they are of that strain which loud-voiced Zeus  
Gave erst to Tros, a price for Ganymede  
His son ; and therefore of all steeds the best  
That live beneath the morning and the sun.  
Anchises king of men stole of that stock ;  
For, to Laomedon unknown, his mares  
He to these stallions put : and of their breed  
Were born within his stalls six foals. Of these  
Himself kept four fed at the rack, but two  
Gave to Æneas, counsellors of flight.  
These could we take, brave glory we should win."

So spake they to each other : swift the while  
With flying steeds came on the foemen twain.  
And first out spake Lycaon's noble son :  
"Stout-hearted, valiant wight, brave Tydeus' son,  
My swift shaft quelled thee not, my arrow keen ;  
The spear now try I, hoping better speed."

He spake, and poising the long-shadowed lance  
Cast it, and smote upon Tydides' shield :  
And through it onwards flew the brazen point  
And neared the corslet. Glorifying o'er his foe

τῷ δ' ἐπὶ μακρὸν αὔσε Λυκάονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός·  
 “βέβλῃαι κενεῶνα διαμπερές, οὐδέ σ' οἶτω  
 δηρὸν ἔτ' ἀνσχήσεσθαι· ἐμοὶ δὲ μέγ' εὖχος ἔδωκας.” 285  
 τὸν δ' οὐ ταρβήσας προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·  
 “ἥμβροτες, οὐδ' ἔτυχες· ἀτὰρ οὐ μὴν σφῶί γ' οἶτω  
 πρὶν ἀποπαύσεσθαι πρὶν ἢ ἕτερόν γε πεσόντα  
 αἵματος ἄσαι Ἄρηα ταλαύρινον πολεμιστήν.”

ὥς φάμενος προέηκε· βέλος δ' ἔθυνεν Ἀθήνη 290  
 ῥίνα παρ' ὀφθαλμίν, λευκοὺς δ' ἐπέρησεν ὀδόντας.  
 τοῦ δ' ἀπὸ μὲν γλῶσσαν πρυμνὴν τάμε χαλκὸς ἀτειρής,  
 αἰχμὴ δ' ἐξελύθη παρὰ νείατον ἀνθερεῶνα.  
 ἥριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ  
 αἰόλα παμφανόωντα, παρέτρεσαν δέ οἱ ἵπποι 295  
 ὠκύποδες· τοῦ δ' αὖθι λύθη ψυχὴ τε μένος τε.

Αἰνείας δ' ἀπόρουσε σὺν ἀσπίδι δουρί τε μακρῷ,  
 δείσας μὴ πῶς οἱ ἐρυσάλατο νεκρὸν Ἀχαιοί,  
 ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ βαῖνε λέων ὥς ἀλκὶ πεποιθώς,  
 πρόσθε δέ οἱ δόρυ τ' ἔσχε καὶ ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἐτίσῃν, 300  
 τὸν κτάμεναι μεμαῶς ὅς τις τοῦ γ' ἀντίος ἔλθοι,  
 σμερδαλέα ἰάχων. ὃ δὲ χερμάδιον λάβε χειρὶ  
 Τυδείδης, μέγα ἔργον, ὃ οὐ δύο γ' ἄνδρε φέροιεν,  
 οἶοι νῦν βροτοὶ εἰς· ὃ δέ μιν ῥέα πάλλε καὶ οἶος.  
 τῷ βάλεν Αἰνείαιο κατ' ἰσχίον, ἔνθα τε μηρός 305  
 ἰσχύϊ ἐνστρέφεται, κοτύλην δέ τέ μιν καλέουσιν·  
 θλάσσε δέ οἱ κοτύλην, πρὸς δ' ἄμφω ῥῆξε τένοντε·  
 ᾧσε δ' ἀπὸ ῥινὸν τρηχὺς λίθος. αὐτὰρ ὃ γ' ἥρως  
 ἔσση γυνὴ ἐριπών, καὶ ἐρείσατο χειρὶ παχείῃ  
 γαίης· ἀμφὶ δὲ ὕσσε κελαινὴ νύξ ἐκάλυψεν. 310



Loud shouted then Lycaon's noble son :

"Thou'rt smit right through the side, nor long, I trow,  
Wilt bear the wound : great praise on thee I win."

To whom stout Diomedes nought affrayed :

"Missed is thy mark, not hit : but of you twain  
Not both, I trow, shall this encounter end,  
Ere one at least shall fall and glut with blood  
Ares the warrior god of bull's-hide targe."

He spake and threw : Athené sped the shaft,  
That on the nose beside the eye it struck,  
And by the white teeth passed : then at the root  
The unyielding brass severed the tongue, and showed  
With point protruding underneath the chin.  
Down fell he from his car, upon him rang  
His armour flexible of dazzling sheen,  
While his fleet-footed steeds stood trembling by :  
And there his life and strength were loosed and fled.

Out leapt Æneas with long lance and shield,  
In fear Achaians should drag off the dead ;  
And paced around him lion-like, in strength  
Reliant, and before him held both spear  
And orbèd shield, eager to slay whoe'er  
Should dare attack, and shouting terribly.  
But he, the son of Tydeus, in his hand  
A boulder seized, a mighty mass ; not two  
Could bear it, such as mortals now are seen,  
Yet lightly did he poise it, he alone.  
With this he smote Æneas on the hip  
Just where the thigh-bone in the socket turns—  
The cup 'tis called : crushed was the cup, and snapt  
Were both the tendons, and the rugged stone  
Tare off the skin : whereat upon his knee  
The hero fell, and rested with broad hand  
Propped on the ground, and dark night veiled his eyes.

καὶ νύ κεν ἔνθ' ἀπόλοιτο ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Αἰνείας,  
 εἰ μὴ ἄρ' ὀξὺ νόησε Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη,  
 μήτηρ ἧ μιν ὑπ' Ἀγχίση τέκε βουκολέοντι  
 ἀμφὶ δ' ἐὼν φίλον υἷον ἐχεύατο πῆχες λευκῶ,  
 πρόσθε δέ οἱ πέπλοιο φαεινοῦ πτύγμα κάλυψεν,  
 ἔρκος ἔμεν βελέων, μὴ τις Δαναῶν ταχυπῶλων  
 χαλκὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι βαλὼν ἐκ θυμὸν ἔλοιτο.

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ἧ μὲν ἐὼν φίλον υἷον ὑπεξέφερεν πολέμοιο·  
 οὐδ' υἱὸς Καπανῆος ἐλήθετο συνθεσιῶν  
 τάων ἃς ἐπέτελλε βοῆν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης,  
 ἀλλ' ὃ γε τοὺς μὲν ἐοὺς ἡρύκακε μώνυχας ἵππους  
 νόσφιν ἀπὸ φλοίσβου, ἐξ ἄντυγος ἡνία τείνας,  
 Αἰνείαιο δ' ἐπαΐξας καλλίτριχας ἵππους  
 ἐξέλασεν Τρώων μετ' εὐκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς,  
 δῶκε δὲ Δηιπύλῳ ἐτάρῳ φίλῳ, ὃν περὶ πάσης  
 τίεν ὁμηλικίης ὅτι οἱ φρεσὶν ἄρτια ἦδη,  
 νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσιν ἐλαυνέμεν. αὐτὰρ ὃ γ' ἥρως  
 ὦν ἵππων ἐπιβὰς λάβεν ἡνία σιγαλόεντα,  
 αἶψα δὲ Τυδεΐδην μέθεπεν κρατερόνυχας ἵππους  
 ἐμμεμαῶς. ὃ δὲ Κύπριν ἐπώχετο νηλεῖ χαλκῷ,  
 γιγνώσκων ὃ τ' ἀναλκίς ἔην θεός, οὐδὲ θεάων  
 τάων αἷ τ' ἀνδρῶν πόλεμον κάτα κοιρανέουσιν,  
 οὔτ' ἄρ' Ἀθηναίῃ οὔτε πτολίπορθος Ἐννώ.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἐκίχανε πολὺν καθ' ὅμιλον ὁπάζων,  
 ἔνθ' ἐπορεξάμενος μεγαθύμου Τυδέος υἱός  
 ἄκρην οὔτασε χεῖρα μετάλμενος ὀξέϊ δουρὶ  
 ἀβληχρὴν· εἶθαρ δὲ δόρυ χροδὸς ἀντετόρησεν  
 ἀμβροσίῳ διὰ πέπλου, ὃν οἱ Χάριτες κάμον αὐταί,  
 πρυμνὸν ὑπὲρ θέναρος. ῥέε δ' ἄμβροτον αἶμα θεοῖο,

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And then and there Æneas king of men  
 Had died, but Aphrodité child of Zeus  
 Was keen to mark his plight ; his mother she,  
 Who bare him to Anchises 'mid his herds.  
 She round her own dear son her white arms cast,  
 And of her shining robe before him threw  
 The veiling fold, to shield him from the shafts ;  
 Lest with the lance some fleet-horsed Danaan foe  
 Might pierce his breast and reave him of his life.

Thus from the field the goddess stole her son.  
 Nor then forgot the son of Capaneus  
 That compact and the charge upon him laid  
 By Diomedes good in fray, but checked  
 Apart from din of battle his own steeds  
 Firm-hoofed, by reins stretched from the chariot rail :  
 And rushing on Æneas' fair-maned steeds  
 Drove them toward Achaia's well-greaved host  
 From out the lines of Troy ; these to his friend  
 Deïpylus, 'bove all his fellows dear,  
 Who knew to please his heart, he gave in charge  
 To drive to the hollow ships. To his own car  
 The hero then returned, and mounting grasped  
 The shining reins, and urged the hard-hoofed steeds  
 In eager gallop after Tydeus' son.

Cypris with ruthless point he now pursued,  
 Who was a weakling goddess, as he knew,  
 Nor of those twain that in the work of war  
 Do marshal men, Athené's self to wit,  
 Or dread Enyo, city-spoiler she.

But when he overtook her, following still  
 Throughout the throng, then great-souled Tydeus' son  
 Lunged out, and bounding on her with keen point  
 Smote on her tender hand ; at once the spear  
 Brake through the skin, passing the ambrosial robe,  
 The Graces' handiwork, above the palm,  
 Where hand joins wrist. Forth flowed ethereal blood—

ἰχώρ, οἷός πέρ τε ῥέει μακάρεσσι θεοῖσιν·  
οὐ γὰρ σίτον ἔδουσ', οὐ πίνουσ' αἶθοπα οἶνον·  
τούνεκ' ἀναΐμονές εἰσι καὶ ἀθάνατοι καλέονται.

ἦ δὲ μέγα ἰάχουσα ἀπὸ ἔο κάββαλεν υἷόν.  
καὶ τὸν μὲν μετὰ χερσὶ ἐρύσσατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων  
κυανέῃ νεφέλῃ, μὴ τις Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων

χαλκὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι βαλὼν ἐκ θυμὸν ἔλοιτο·  
τῇ δ' ἐπὶ μακρὸν ἄϋσε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·  
“εἴκε, Διὸς θύγατερ, πολέμου καὶ δηιοτήτος.

ἦ οὐ ἄλῃς ὅττι γυναιίκας ἀνάλκιδας ἠπεροπεύεις;  
εἰ δὲ σύ γ' ἐς πόλεμον πωλήσῃαι, ἦ τέ σ' οὔτω  
ρίγῃσιν πόλεμόν γε, καὶ εἴ χ' ἐτέρωθι πύθῃαι.”

ὥς ἔφαθ', ἦ δ' ἀλύουσ' ἀπεβήσετο, τείρετο δ' αἰνῶς.  
τὴν μὲν ἄρ' Ἴρις ἐλούσα ποδῆνεμος ἔξαγ' ὀμίλου  
ἀχθομένην ὀδύνῃσι· μελαίνετο δὲ χροά καλόν.

εὗρεν ἔπειτα μάχης ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ θοῦρον Ἄρῃα  
ἥμενον· ἥερι δ' ἔγχος ἐκέκλιτο καὶ ταχέ' ἵππῳ.  
ἦ δὲ γνῦξ ἐριποῦσα κασιγνήτοιο φίλοιο,  
πολλὰ λισσομένη, χρυσάμπυκας ἤτεεν ἵππους.

“φίλε κασίγνητε, κόμισαί τέ με δός τέ μοι ἵππους,  
ὄφρ' ἐς Ὀλυμπον ἵκωμαι, ἵν' ἀθανάτων ἔδος ἐστίν.  
λίην ἀχθομαι ἔλκος, ὃ με βροτὸς οὔτασεν ἀνὴρ  
Τυδεΐδης, ὃς νῦν γε καὶ ἂν Διὶ πατρὶ μάχοιτο.”

ὥς φάτο, τῇ δ' ἄρ' Ἄρης δῶκεν χρυσάμπυκας ἵππους.  
ἦ δ' ἐς δίφρον ἔβαινε ἀκηχεμένη φίλον ἦτορ.  
παρ δέ οἱ Ἴρις ἔβαινε καὶ ἡνία λάζετο χερσίν,  
μάστιξεν δ' ἐλάαν· τῷ δ' οὐκ ἀέκοντε πετέσθην.  
αἶψα δ' ἔπειθ' ἵκοντο θεῶν ἔδος, αἶπὺν Ὀλυμπον.

Nor blood, but juice such as to blessèd gods  
 May flow, for earthly bread they eat not, no,  
 Nor drink they sparkling wine, wherefore their veins  
 Are bloodless, and of death they nothing know.  
 Then Aphrodité with a mighty cry  
 Dropped from her hold her son ; whom in his hands  
 Receiving straight Phoebus Apollo saved  
 Veiled in dark cloud, lest swift-horsed Danaan foe  
 Should smite with lance and reave him of his life.  
 But loud cried Diomedes, good in fray :  
 "Yield, daughter thou of Zeus, from war and strife.  
 Art not content weak women to beguile?  
 But if thou wilful wilt to war, I trow  
 That roughlier handled thou may'st come to quake  
 At very fame of war tho' elsewhere waged."

He spake. The goddess fled away distraught,  
 In anguish dire : whom wind-foot Iris took  
 And from the throng led out, burdened by pain,  
 Her fair skin dark distained. Anon she found  
 Impetuous Ares on the battle's left  
 Sitting. Beside him lay his spear in mist,  
 Beside him his fleet steeds. There knelt she down,  
 And of her brother dear with earnest prayer  
 She begged his steeds with golden frontlet bound :  
 "O brother dear, bear thou me out, and lend  
 Thy steeds, that to Olympus I may go,  
 The immortals' home. Sore burdened with a wound  
 Am I, a wound wherewith a mortal man  
 Smote me, the son of Tydeus, now so bold  
 That e'en with Zeus the Father he would fight."

She spake : his steeds with golden frontlet bound  
 The brother lent. She mounted straight the car,  
 Sorrowing at heart ; and Iris by her side  
 Mounted and grasped the reins, then with the lash  
 Drave on, and nothing loth the horses flew.  
 Swiftly they reached Olympus' towering height,  
 Home of the gods. Fleet wind-foot Iris there



ἔνθ' ἵππους ἔστησε ποδὴνεμος ὠκέα Ἴρις  
 λύσας' ἐξ ὀχέων, παρὰ δ' ἀμβρόσιον βάλεν εἶδαρ'  
 ἣ δ' ἐν γούνασι πίπτε Διώνης δι' Ἀφροδίτῃ, 370  
 μητρὸς ἐῆς. ἣ δ' ἀγκὰς ἐλάζετο θυγατέρα ἦν,  
 χειρὶ τέ μιν κατέρεξε, ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·  
 "τίς νύ σε τοιάδ' ἔρεξε, φίλον τέκος, Οὐρανιῶνων  
 μαψιδίως, ὥς εἴ τι κακὸν ῥέζουσαν ἐνωπῇ;"

τὴν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα φιλομμειδῆς Ἀφροδίτῃ· 375  
 "οὐτά με Τυδέος υἱὸς ὑπέρθυμος Διομήδης,  
 οὔνεκ' ἐγὼ φίλον υἱὸν ὑπεξέφερον πολέμοιο  
 Αἰνείαν, ὃς ἐμοὶ πάντων πολὺ φίλτατος ἐστίν.  
 οὐ γὰρ ἔτι Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν φύλοπις αἰνῇ,  
 ἀλλ' ἤδη Δαναοί γε καὶ ἀθανάτοισι μάχονται." 380

τὴν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα Διώνη διὰ θεάων·  
 "τέτλαθι, τέκνον ἐμόν, καὶ ἀνάσχεο κηδομένη περ·  
 πολλοὶ γὰρ δὴ τλήμεν Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες  
 ἐξ ἀνδρῶν, χαλέπ' ἄλγε' ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι τιθέντες.  
 τλῇ μὲν Ἄρης, ὅτε μιν Ὠτος κρατερός τ' Ἐφιάλτης, 385  
 παῖδες Ἀλωῆος, δῆσαν κρατερῶ ἐνὶ δεσμῶ·  
 χαλκῶ δ' ἐν κεράμῳ δέδετο τρεισκαίδεκα μῆνας.  
 καὶ νύ κεν ἔνθ' ἀπόλοιτο Ἄρης ἄτος πολέμοιο,  
 εἰ μὴ μητρυνὴ περικαλλῆς Ἥερίβοια  
 Ἑρμῇ ἐξήγγειλεν· ὃ δ' ἐξέκλεψεν Ἄρηα 390  
 ἥδη τειρόμενον, χαλεπὸς δέ ἐ δεσμὸς ἐδάμνα.  
 τλῇ δ' Ἥρῃ, ὅτε μιν κρατερὸς παῖς Ἀμφιτρύγιος  
 δεξιτερὸν κατὰ μαζὸν οἷστῶ τριγλώχινι  
 βεβλήκει· τότε καὶ μιν ἀνήκεστον λάβεν ἄλγος.  
 τλῇ δ' Ἀἶδης ἐν τοῖσι πελώριος ὠκὺν οἷστόν, 395  
 εὐτέ μιν ὠτύος ἀνὴρ, υἱὸς Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο,

The steeds from car unloosing placed in stall,  
And provender divine before them cast :  
But on Dioné's lap, her mother dear,  
The goddess Aphrodité fell, who clasped  
In fond embrace her daughter, and with hand  
Caressing stroked, and thus found words and spake :  
"Who now, dear child, hath done thee this sad hurt,  
Who of the sons of heaven, in wanton spite,  
As though thyself hadst wrought some open wrong?"

And answer made the laughter-loving queen :  
"The son of Tydeus, Diomedes proud,  
Smote me, because I fain would bear from fight  
Æneas my own son, whom dear I hold  
Above all other. Surely now no more  
Troy and Achaia wage the direful strife,  
But Danaans e'en against immortals fight."

To whom divine Dioné made reply :  
"Endure, my child, and bear, altho' distrest.  
Ofttimes we dwellers in Olympian halls  
From men have much endured, while on ourselves  
We lay full grievous woes. Ares endured,  
When Otus with strong Ephialtes once,  
Sons of Alöeus, bound him in strong chain ;  
And in the brazen cell three months and ten  
Fast bound he lay. And there had been an end  
Of Ares the insatiate power of war,  
Had not the step-dame of the rebel twain,  
Fair Eriboea, his sad plight disclosed  
To Hermes, who the war-god stole away  
Now well-nigh worn and quelled by grievous bond.  
And Heré too endured, when with the shaft  
Of triple barb Amphytryon's mighty son  
Upon the right breast smote her. Anguish sore  
Gat hold upon her then. And, with the rest,  
Hades, that giant god, endured to feel  
The arrow swift : whom that same wight, the child

ἐν Πύλῳ ἐν νεκύεσσι βαλὼν ὀδύνῃσιν ἔδωκεν.  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ πρὸς δῶμα Διὸς καὶ μακρὸν Ὀλυμπον  
 κῆρ ἄχεων, ὀδύνῃσι πεπαρμένος· αὐτὰρ οἷστος  
 ὦμῳ ἐνι στιβαρῷ ἠλήλατο, κῆδε δὲ θυμόν. 400  
 τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Παιήων ὀδυνήφата φάρμακα πάσσων  
 ἠκέσατ'· οὐ μὲν γάρ τι καταθνητός γε τέτυκτο.  
 σχέτλιος, ὀβριμοεργός, ὃς οὐκ ὄθετ' αἷσυλα ῥέζων,  
 ὃς τόξοισιν ἔκηδε θεοὺς οἱ Ὀλυμπον ἔχουσιν.  
 σοὶ δ' ἐπὶ τοῦτον ἀνῆκε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη. 405  
 νήπιος, οὐδὲ τὸ οἶδε κατὰ φρένα Τυδέος υἱός,  
 ὅττι μάλ' οὐ δηναῖος ὃς ἀθανάτοισι μάχεται,  
 οὐδέ τί μιν παῖδες ποτὶ γούνασι παππάζουσιν  
 ἐλθόντ' ἐκ πολέμοιο καὶ αἰνῆς δημοτῆτος.  
 τῷ νῦν Τυδεΐδης, εἰ καὶ μάλα καρτερός ἐστιν, 410  
 φραζέσθω μή τίς οἱ ἀμείνων σείῳ μάχεται,  
 μὴ δὴν Αἰγιάλεια περίφρων Ἀδρηστίην  
 ἐξ ὕπνου γοῶσα φίλους οἰκῆας ἐγείρῃ,  
 κουρίδιον ποθέουσα πόσιν, τὸν ἄριστον Ἀχαιῶν,  
 ἰφθίμη ἄλοχος Διομήδεος ἵπποδάμοιο." 415  
 ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἀμφοτέρησιν ἀπ' ἰχῶ χειρὸς ὁμόργυν  
 ἄλθετο χεῖρ, ὀδύναι δὲ κατηπιόωντο βαρεῖαι.  
 αἰ δ' αὖτ' εἰσορόωσαι Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ Ἥρη  
 κερτομίοις ἐπέεσσι Δία Κρονίδην ἐρέθιζον.  
 τοῖσι δὲ μύθων ἦρχε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη· 420  
 "Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἦ ῥα τί μοι κεχολώσεται ὅττι κε εἶπω;  
 ἦ μάλα δὴ τινα Κύπρις Ἀχαιιάδων ἀνιείσα  
 Τρῳσὶν ἅμα σπέσθαι, τοὺς νῦν ἔκπαγλα φίλησεν,  
 τῶν τινὰ καρρέζουσα Ἀχαιιάδων εὐπέπλων  
 πρὸς χρυσῇ περόνῃ καταμύξατο χεῖρα ἀραιήν." 425  
 ὥς φάτο, μείδησεν δὲ πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε,

Of aegis-bearing Zeus, at Pylos smote  
 Among the dead, and gave him o'er to pain.  
 Then sought he high Olympus, hall of Zeus,  
 Grieving at heart, and pierced with pain, the shaft  
 Fast in his brawny arm, to vex his soul.  
 But Paeon spread his pain-assuaging salves  
 Upon the wound and healed him, for in sooth  
 Not wrought of mortal tissue was his frame.  
 A dauntless wight was he, of mighty works!  
 Nor recked of lawless deeds: who with his bow  
 Vexed e'en the gods who hold Olympian halls.  
 But now on thee Athené, stern-eyed power,  
 Hath urged this man. Poor fool! nor in his mind  
 Doth Tydeus' son know this, that of a truth  
 He lives not long who with immortals fights.  
 Wherefore let Tydeus' son, for all his strength,  
 Look well, lest mightier foe than thee he meet:  
 Lest so Adrastus' daughter, prudent dame,  
 Steed-taming Diomedes' mighty spouse,  
 Aegialea, weeping wake from sleep  
 Through many a night her household, as she mourns  
 The husband of her youth, Achaia's prime."

She spake, and with both hands she wiped away  
 The juice ethereal from the wounded hand.  
 Healed was the hand, the heavy pains assuaged.  
 But Heré and Athené, as they saw,  
 With mocking words the son of Cronos stirred:  
 And thus Athené, stern-eyed power, began:  
 "O Father Zeus, wilt thou be much in wrath  
 At what I say? Full surely, as I ween,  
 Cypris was tempting some Achaian dame  
 To follow with the Trojans, whom she now  
 So strangely loves: and, with caressing touch  
 While some long-robed Achaian dame she urged,  
 On golden brooch she scratched her slender hand."

So spake she, and the sire of gods and men

καί ῥα καλεσσάμενος προσέφη χρυσέην Ἀφροδίτην·  
 “οὐ τοι, τέκνον ἐμόν, δέδοται πολεμήια ἔργα,  
 ἀλλὰ σύ γ' ἱμερόεντα μετέρχαιο ἔργα γάμοιο·  
 ταῦτα δ' Ἀρηι θεῶ καὶ Ἀθήνῃ πάντα μελήσει.”

430

ὥς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον.  
 Αἰνεία δ' ἐπόρουσε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης,  
 γιγνώσκων ὅ οἱ αὐτὸς ὑπείρεχε χεῖρας Ἀπόλλων·  
 ἀλλ' ὅ γ' ἄρ' οὐδὲ θεὸν μέγαν ἄζετο, ἴετο δ' αἰεὶ  
 Αἰνείαν κτεῖναι καὶ ἀπὸ κλυτὰ τεύχεα δῦσαι.

435

τρὶς μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐπόρουσε κατακτάμεναι μενεαίνων,  
 τρὶς δέ οἱ ἐστυφέλιξε φαεινὴν ἀσπίδ' Ἀπόλλων.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τὸ τέταρτον ἐπέσσυτο δαίμονι ἴσος,  
 δεινὰ δ' ὁμοκλήσας προσέφη ἐκάεργος Ἀπόλλων·  
 “φράζεο Τυδεΐδῃ καὶ χάζεο, μηδὲ θεοῖσιν

440

ἴσ' ἔθελε φρονέειν, ἐπεὶ οὐ ποτε φῦλον ὁμοῖον  
 ἀθανάτων τε θεῶν χαμαὶ ἐρχομένων τ' ἀνθρώπων.”

ὥς φάτο, Τυδεΐδης δ' ἀνεχάζετο τυτθὸν ὀπίσσω,  
 μῆνιν ἀλευάμενος ἑκατηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος.

Αἰνείαν δ' ἀπάτερθεν ὁμίλου θῆκεν Ἀπόλλων

445

Περγάμῳ εἰν ἱερῇ, ὅθι οἱ νηὸς γε τέτυκτο.  
 ἦ τοι τὸν Λητώ τε καὶ Ἄρτεμις ἰοχέαιρα  
 ἐν μεγάλῳ ἀδύτῳ ἀκέοντό τε κύδαινόν τε·  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ εἰδῶλον τεῦξ' ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων  
 αὐτῷ τ' Αἰνείᾳ ἵκελον καὶ τεύχεσι τοῖον,  
 ἀμφὶ δὲ εἰδῶλῳ Τρῶες καὶ δῖοι Ἀχαιοί  
 δῆρουν ἀλλήλων ἀμφὶ στήθεσσι βοείας  
 ἀσπίδας εὐκύκλους λαισήϊά τε πτερόεντα.

450

δὴ τότε θοῦρον Ἀρηα προσηύδα Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων·



Was fain to smile : then called he to his side  
 And golden Aphrodité thus addressed :  
 "Not given to thee, dear child, are works of war.  
 The works of wedlock seek thou and of love :  
 Those shall swift Ares and Athené tend."

Such converse mid themselves immortals held.  
 But now did Diomedes good in fray  
 Upon Æneas rush. Full well he knew  
 Apollo's sheltering hands were o'er him held,  
 Yet he not ev'n before the mighty god  
 Was awed to fear, but still pressed eager on  
 To slay the foe and strip his glorious arms.  
 Thrice then he rushed upon him, keen to slay,  
 And thrice Apollo dashed his glittering shield  
 Back with stern shock. But when in fourth assault,  
 As one divine, he charged, then with dread voice  
 Of warning spake the god who shoots from far :  
 "Beware, thou son of Tydeus, get thee back !  
 Nor hope to match thy spirit with the gods :  
 For never can the race be equal made  
 Of gods immortal and earth-walking men."

So spake he, and Tydides gat him back  
 A little space, shunning Apollo's wrath  
 Whose arrow rangeth far. But he apart  
 From battle-throng in holy Pergamos,  
 There where his temple stood, Æneas laid.  
 And him indeed within the ample shrine  
 Leto with Artemis the arrow queen  
 Healed, and restored the glory of his limbs.  
 Meanwhile Apollo of the silver bow  
 A phantom framed, Æneas' very self  
 And armed exact ; around which phantom form  
 The Trojans and divine Achaians hewed  
 Each on the others' breasts the orbèd shields  
 Of ox-hide and the wingèd bucklers light.  
 Then to swift Ares did Apollo speak ;

“Ἄρες Ἄρες βροτολοιγέ, μαιιφόνε, τειχεσιπλήτα, 455  
οὐκ ἂν δὴ τόνδ’ ἄνδρα μάχης ἐρύσαιο μετελθών,  
Τυδεΐδην; ὃς νῦν γε καὶ ἂν Διὶ πατρὶ μάχοιτο.  
Κύπριδα μὲν πρῶτα σχεδὸν οὔτασε χεῖρ’ ἐπὶ καρπῷ,  
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ’ αὐτῷ μοι ἐπέσσυτο δαίμονι ἴσος.”

ὥς εἰπὼν αὐτὸς μὲν ἐφέζετο Περγάμῳ ἄκρῃ, 460  
Τρώας δὲ στίχας οὖλος Ἄρης ὤτρυνε μετελθών,  
εἰδόμενος Ἀκάμαντι θεῷ ἡγήτορι Θρηκῶν.

νιάσι δὲ Πριάμοιο διοτρεφέεσσι κέλευεν·  
“ὦ νιεῖς Πριάμοιο διοτρεφέος βασιλῆος, 465  
εἰς τί ἔτι κτείνεσθαι ἐάσετε λαὸν Ἀχαιοῖς;

ἦ εἰς ὃ κεν ἀμφὶ πύλης εὐποιήτησι μάχωνται;  
κεῖται ἀνὴρ ὃν ἴσον ἐτίομεν Ἑκτορι διῶ,  
Αἰνείας υἱὸς μεγαλήτορος Ἀγχίσαο.  
ἀλλ’ ἄγετ’ ἐκ φλοίσβοιο σαώσομεν ἐσθλὸν ἑταῖρον.”

ὥς εἰπὼν ὤτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἐκάστου. 470

ἔνθ’ αὖ Σαρπηδὼν μάλα νείκεσεν Ἑκτορα δῖον·  
“Ἑκτορ, πῇ δὴ τοι μένος οἴχεται ὃ πρὶν ἔχεσκες;  
φῆς που ἄτερ λαῶν πόλιν ἐξέμεν ἢδ’ ἐπικούρων  
οἶος, σὺν γαμβροῖσι κασιγνήτοισί τε σοῖσιν·  
τῶν νῦν οὐ τιν’ ἐγὼ ἰδέειν δύναμ’ οὐδὲ νοῆσαι, 475  
ἀλλὰ καταπτώσσουσι, κύνες ὥς ἀμφὶ λέοντα·  
ἡμεῖς δ’ αὖ μαχόμεσθ’, οἳ πέρ τ’ ἐπίκουροι ἔννεμεν.  
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼν ἐπίκουρος ἐὼν μάλα τηλόθεν ἴκω·  
τηλοῦ γὰρ Λυκίῃ, Ξάνθῳ ἔπι δινήεντι,  
ἔνθ’ ἄλοχόν τε φίλην ἔλιπον καὶ νήπιον υἱόν, 480  
καδὲ κτήματα πολλὰ, τὰ ἔλδεται ὅς κ’ ἐπιδευής.  
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς Λυκίους ὀτρύνω καὶ μέμον’ αὐτός  
ἀνδρὶ μαχήσασθαι· ἀτὰρ οὐ τί μοι ἐνθάδε τοῖον  
οἶόν κ’ ἢ φέροιεν Ἀχαιοὶ ἢ κεν ἄγοιεν.  
τύνῃ δ’ ἔστηκας, ἀτὰρ οὐδ’ ἄλλοισι κελεύεις 485

"O Ares, Ares, bloodstained, bane of men,  
Thou rampart-stormer, canst not seek the fray  
And force this man from fight, this Tydeus' son,  
Who now ev'n with our Father Zeus would fight?  
Cypris upon the wrist first wounded he,  
Then on myself he charged, as one divine."

He spake, and sat on Pergamos' high tower,  
While baneful Ares sought the Trojan lines,  
And spurred them on. The form of Acamas  
The Thracians' leader swift he took, and thus  
The Zeus-descended sons of Priam urged :  
"O sons of Priam Zeus-descended king,  
How long yet will ye by Achaian hands  
Suffer your people slain? Is't till they fight  
Close on our well-framed gates? A man is fall'n  
Whom ev'n as godlike Hector's self we prized,  
Æneas, of great-souled Anchises son.  
Come, save we from the throng our comrade true."

He spake, and spurred the mood and soul of each.  
Sarpedon then the godlike Hector chid :  
"Where, Hector, where is now that spirit fled  
Which once thou hadst? Thou surely saidst that thou,  
Without or people or allies to aid,  
Wouldst hold the city safe : ay, thou alone,  
With but thy brethren and thy sisters' lords.  
Of these not one can I now see or find ;  
But close they crouch, as hounds when lion's near ;  
And we allies in Troy are they that fight.  
For hither as ally I come from far—  
Far Lycia's land by Xanthus' eddying flood,  
Where a loved wife and infant son I left  
And store of wealth for needy men to crave.  
Yet urge I on my Lycians, spite of all,  
And burn to fight my foeman, though of mine  
Nought here from field or house Achaian hand  
Can drive or pillage. But thou standest still

λαοῖσιν μενέμεν καὶ ἀμυνέμεναι ὄρεσσιν.  
 μή πως, ὥς ἀψῖσι λίνου ἀλόντε πανάγρου,  
 ἀνδράσι δυσμενέεσσι ἔλωρ καὶ κῦρμα γέννησθε,  
 οἱ δὲ τάχ' ἐκπέρσουσ' εὖ ναιομένην πόλιν ὑμήν.  
 σοὶ δὲ χρὴ τάδε πάντα μέλειν νύκτας τε καὶ ἡμαρ, 490  
 ἀρχοὺς λισσομένῳ τηλεκλειτῶν ἐπικούρων  
 νωλεμέως ἐχέμεν, κρατερὴν δ' ἀποθέσθαι ἐνιπὴν."

ὥς φάτο Σαρπηδών, δάκε δὲ φρένας "Ἐκτορι μῦθος.  
 αὐτίκα δ' ἐξ ὀχέων ξὺν τεύχεσιν ἄλτο χαμάζε,  
 πάλλων δ' ὀξέα δοῦρε κατὰ στρατὸν ὥχετο πάντη, 495  
 ὀτρύνων μαχέσασθαι, ἔγειρε δὲ φύλοπιν αἰνὴν.  
 οἱ δ' ἐλελίχθησαν καὶ ἐναντίοι ἔσταν Ἀχαιῶν.  
 Ἀργεῖοι δ' ὑπέμειναν ἀολλέες οὐδὲ φόβηθεν.  
 ὥς δ' ἄνεμος ἄχνας φορέει ἱερὰς κατ' ἀλωάς  
 ἀνδρῶν λικμώντων, ὅτε τε ξανθὴ Δημήτηρ 500  
 κρίνη ἐπειγομένων ἀνέμων καρπὸν τε καὶ ἄχνας,  
 αἱ δ' ὑπολευκαίνονται ἀχυρμιαί, ὥς τότε Ἀχαιοὶ  
 λευκοὶ ὑπερθ' ἐγένοντο κονισάλῳ, ὃν ῥα δι' αὐτῶν  
 οὐρανὸν ἐς πολὺχαλκον ἐπέπληγον πόδες ἵππων,  
 ἀψ' ἐπιμισγομένων· ὑπὸ δὲ στρέφον ἡνιοχῆες. 505  
 οἱ δὲ μένος χειρῶν ἰθὺς φέρον. ἀμφὶ δὲ νύκτα  
 θοῦρος Ἄρης ἐκάλυψε μάχῃ Τρώεσσι ἀρήγων,  
 πάντοσ' ἐποιχόμενος· τοῦ δὲ κραΐαινεν ἐφετμάς  
 Φοῖβου Ἀπόλλωνος χρυσαόρου, ὅς μιν ἀνώγει  
 Τρωσὶν θυμὸν ἐγείρει, ἐπεὶ ἶδε Παλλάδ' Ἀθήνην 510  
 οἰχομένην· ἥ γάρ ῥα πέλεν Δαναοῖσιν ἀρηγών·  
 αὐτὸς δ' Αἰνείαν μάλα πίοнос ἐξ ἀδύτοιο  
 ἦκε, καὶ ἐν στήθεσσι μένος βάλε ποιμένι λαῶν.  
 Αἰνείας δ' ἐτάροισι μεθίστατο· τοὶ δὲ χάρησαν  
 ὥς εἶδον ζῶόν τε καὶ ἀρτεμέα προσιόντα 515

Nor even bidst the rest abide the fight  
And save their wives. Nay see ye be not caught,  
As in the meshes of a sweeping net,  
And prove a prize and booty to your foes,  
Who shall full soon your well-built city spoil.  
But night and day be this thy double care,  
While suing chiefs allied who come from far,  
Flinch not thyself, but scape stern blame like mine."

So spake Sarpedon, and the biting word  
Pierced Hector's soul. Down from his car straightway  
Armed as he was he leapt upon the ground,  
And waving two keen spears ranged through the host  
Spurring to fight, and roused the combat dire.  
Round wheeled the lines and faced the Achaian foe.  
Close-massed the Argives waited, void of fear.  
And as by wind the flying chaff is borne  
O'er sacred threshing-floor at winnowing time,  
When grain and chaff beneath the sweeping blast  
Are parted by the yellow Queen of corn,  
And husky heaps rise white; so then with dust  
Bloomed white the Achaian host, by hoof of horse  
Struck upward to the brazen vault of heaven,  
As now again they plunged them in the fight,  
Their drivers turning rein. Foes straight on foes  
Aimed furious hands: in night swift Ares veiled  
The battle, as he moved him everywhere  
Aiding the Trojans: for he thus fulfilled  
Apollo's charge, that golden-falchioned god,  
Who bade him rouse the Trojans' might, when now  
Pallas Athené from the fray retired  
He knew, for she was still the Danaans' aid.  
But Phoebus' self from his rich-gifted shrine  
Sent forth Æneas, shepherd of his folk,  
And in his royal breast new courage breathed.  
Amid his friends Æneas stood, who joyed  
To see him in their midst alive and sound



καὶ μένος ἐσθλὸν ἔχοντα. μετᾱλλησάν γε μὲν οὐ τι  
οὐ γὰρ ἕα πόνος ἄλλος, ὃν Ἀργυρότοξος ἔγειρεν  
Ἄρης τε βροτολοιγὸς Ἔρις τ' ἄμοτον μεμανῦα.

τοὺς δ' Αἴαντε δύω καὶ Ὀδυσσεὺς καὶ Διομήδης  
ῶτρυνον Δαναοὺς πολεμιζέμεν· οἳ δὲ καὶ αὐτοί 520  
οὔτε βίας Τρώων ὑπεδείδισαν οὔτε ἰωκάς,  
ἀλλ' ἔμενον νεφέλῃσι ἑοικότες, ἅς τε Κρονίων  
νηνεμῖης ἔστησεν ἐπ' ἀκροπόλοισιν ὄρεσσιν  
ἀτρέμας, ὅφρ' εὐδῇσι μένος Βορέας καὶ ἄλλων  
ζαχρηῶν ἀνέμων, οἳ τε νέφεα σκιόεντα 525  
πνοιῇσιν λιγυρῇσι διασκιδνᾷσιν αἶντες.

ὥς Δαναοὶ Τρώας μένον ἔμπεδον οὐδὲ φέβοντο.  
Ἄτρεΐδης δ' ἀν' ὅμιλον ἐφοίτα πολλὰ κελεύων·  
“ὦ φίλοι, ἀνέρες ἔστε καὶ ἀλκιμον ἦτορ ἔλεσθε,  
ἀλλήλους τ' αἰδεῖσθε κατὰ κρατερὰς ὑσμίνας. 530  
αἰδομένων δ' ἀνδρῶν πλέονες σόοι ἢ ἐπέφανται,  
φευγόντων δ' οὔτ' ἄρ κλέος ἔρνυται οὔτε τις ἀλκή.”

ἦ, καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ θοῶς, βάλε δὲ πρόμον ἄνδρα,  
Αἰνείω ἔταρον μεγαθύμου Δηϊκόωντα

Περγασίδην, ὃν Τρώες ὁμῶς Πριάμοιο τέκεσσιν 535  
τίον, ἐπεὶ θοὺς ἔσκε μετὰ πρώτοισι μάχεσθαι.  
τόν ῥα κατ' ἀσπίδα δουρὶ βάλεν κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων  
ἢ δ' οὐκ ἔγχος ἔρυτο, διαπρὸ δὲ εἷσατο χαλκός,  
νειαίρῃ δ' ἐν γαστρὶ διὰ ζωστήρος ἔλασεν.

δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ. 540

ἔνθ' αὐτ' Αἰνείας Δαναῶν ἔλεν ἄνδρας ἀρίστους,  
νῖε Διοκλῆος Κρήθωνά τε Ὀρσίλοχόν τε,  
τῶν ῥα πατὴρ μὲν ἔναιεν εὐκτιμένη ἐνὶ Φηρῇ  
ἀφνειὸς βιότοιο, γένος δ' ἦν ἐκ ποταμοῖο  
Ἀλφειοῦ, ὅς τ' εὐρὺ ρέει Πυλίων διὰ γαίης, 545

And with good courage filled ; yet questioned nought :  
Question their work forbade, which Silver-bow  
With Ares bane of men amid them roused,  
And Discord, that relentless raging power.

Meanwhile the Danaan host Ajaces twain  
And Diomedes with Odysseus joined  
Urged to the war, who of themselves full fain  
Feared not the Trojans' might nor rapid charge,  
But stood unmoved, as clouds in breathless calm  
Stayed by Cronion on the mountain ridge  
Lie motionless, while angry Boreas sleeps  
And all the raging winds that blow amain  
And scatter with shrill blast the shadowy rack.  
So stood the Danaans firm, nor fled the foe.  
Atrides ranged the throng, with words of cheer :  
"O friends, be men, and bear a valiant heart ;  
Feel shame each one before his fellow's eye  
Through the stern fight : where'er with shame are fired  
The warriors' spirits, more are saved than slain ;  
But they that fly nor glory gain nor life."

He spake, and swiftly launched a spear, and smote  
Great-souled Æneas' comrade, foremost chief,  
Deicoön named, the son of Pergasus,  
Whom like to Priam's sons the Trojans prized,  
For keen he was amid the first to fight.  
Him sovereign Agamemnon with the spear  
Smote on his shield, which could not stay the lance,  
For through and onward passed the point, and pierced  
The belt beneath and in his belly stood.  
Heavy he fell, his arms around him rang.

There did Æneas of the Danaans slay  
Brave warriors, Crethon and Orsilochus :  
Diocles' sons were they, whose father dwelt  
In well-built Pheré, rich in worldly store.  
He from Alpheüs' river drew his birth,  
Whose water broad divides the Pylian land.

ὃς τέκετ' Ὀρσίλοχον πολέεσσ' ἀνδρεσσι ἀνακτα·  
 Ὀρσίλοχος δ' ἄρ' ἔτικτε Διοκλῆα μεγάλθυμον,  
 ἐκ δὲ Διοκλῆος διδυμάονε παῖδε γενέσθην  
 Κρήθων Ὀρσίλοχός τε, μάχης εὖ εἰδότε πάσης.  
 τὼ μὲν ἄρ' ἠβήσαντε μελαινάων ἐπὶ νηῶν  
 Ἴλιον εἰς εὐπωλον ἄμ' Ἀργείοισιν ἐπέσθην,  
 τιμὴν Ἀτρεΐδης Ἀγαμέμνονι καὶ Μενελάῳ  
 ἀρνυμένῳ· τὼ δ' αὖθι τέλος θανάτοιο κάλυψεν.  
 οἷω τὼ γελέοντε δύω ὄρεος κορυφῇσιν  
 ἐτραφέτην ὑπὸ μητρὶ βαθείης τάρφεσιν ὕλης·  
 τὼ μὲν ἄρ' ἀρπάζοντε βόας καὶ ἵφια μῆλα  
 σταθμούς ἀνθρώπων κερατίζετον, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτῷ  
 ἀνδρῶν ἐν παλάμησι κατέκταθεν ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ·  
 τοίῳ τὼ χεῖρεσσιν ὑπ' Αἰνείαιο δαμέντε  
 καππεσέτην, ἐλάττησι ἐοικότες ὑψηλῇσιν.

τὼ δὲ πεσόντ' ἐλέησεν ἀρηίφιλος Μενέλαος,  
 βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων κεκορυθμένος αἶθοπι χαλκῷ,  
 σείων ἐγχείη· τοῦ δ' ὄτρυνεν μένος Ἄρης  
 τὰ φρονέων, ἵνα χερσὶν ὑπ' Αἰνείαιο δαμείη.  
 τὸν δὲ ἴδ' Ἀντίλοχος μεγαθύμου Νέστορος υἱός,  
 βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων· περὶ γὰρ δῖε ποιμένι λαῶν,  
 μή τι πάθοι, μέγα δέ σφας ἀποσφήλειε πόνοιο.  
 τὼ μὲν δὴ χεῖράς τε καὶ ἔγχεα ὀξυόεντα  
 ἀντίον ἀλλήλων ἐχέτην μεμαῶτε μάχεσθαι,  
 Ἀντίλοχος δὲ μάλ' ἄγχι παρίστατο ποιμένι λαῶν.  
 Αἰνείας δ' οὐ μείνε, θοός περ ἐὼν πολεμιστής,  
 ὥς εἶδεν δύο φῶτε παρ' ἀλλήλοισι μένοντε.  
 οἳ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν νεκροὺς ἔρυσαν μετὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν,  
 τὼ μὲν ἄρα δειλὴν βαλέτην ἐν χερσὶν ἐταίρων,  
 αὐτῷ δὲ στρεφθέντε μετὰ πρῶτοισι μαχέσθην.

The river-god begat Orsilochus  
 O'er many men a king, and he in turn  
 Great-souled Diocles ; from Diocles then  
 Twin-brothers Crethon and Orsilochus  
 Were born, well-skilled in every art of war.  
 And these, to manhood grown, on dark-hulled ships  
 With Argive host to Ilion rich in steeds  
 Followed, to win renown for Atreus' sons,  
 For Agamemnon and his brother king :  
 But there by death's dark veil they found their end.  
 As lions twain, upon the mountain tops  
 Bred by their dam in deep and tangled wood,  
 Preying upon the kine and lusty sheep  
 Make havoc of the folds, until themselves  
 By hand and weapon keen of man are slain :  
 So by Æneas' hand o'ercome these twain  
 Fell prone, as fall the lofty forest pines.

Then stirred with pity for the fallen pair  
 Was warlike Menelaus. Through the van  
 Forward he hied him, armed in burning mail,  
 With brandished spear ; whose spirit Ares urged  
 Willing him by Æneas' hand to die.  
 But great-souled Nestor's son Antilochus  
 Descried him as he went, and through the van  
 Followed in haste, for much he feared lest harm  
 Should take the royal shepherd of the host,  
 And so their labour all be spent in vain.  
 Ev'n now with hands and beechen spears upraised  
 The twain stood face to face, full fain to fight,  
 When lo ! beside the shepherd of the host  
 Antilochus stood close : Æneas then  
 Stayed not, keen warrior though he was, when thus  
 Two foemen waiting side by side he saw.  
 So to the Achaian host they dragged the dead,  
 And placed in friendly hands that luckless pair,  
 Then turned them back and mid the foremost fought.

ἔνθα Πυλαιομένεα ἐλέτην ἀτάλαντον Ἄρηι,  
 ἀρχὸν Παφλαγόνων μεγαθύμων ἀσπιστάων.  
 τὸν μὲν ἄρ' Ἀτρεΐδης δουρικλειτὸς Μενέλαος  
 ἐσταότ' ἔγχεϊ νύξε, κατὰ κληῖδα τυχήσας  
 Ἀντίλοχος δὲ Μύδωνα βάλ' ἡνίοχον θεράποντα, 580  
 ἐσθλὸν Ἀτυμνιάδην—ὃ δ' ὑπέστρεφε μώνυχας ἵππους—,  
 χερμαδίῳ ἀγκῶνα τυχὼν μέσον· ἐκ δ' ἄρα χειρῶν  
 ἡνία λεύκ' ἐλέφαντι χαμαὶ πέσον ἐν κονίῃσιν.  
 Ἀντίλοχος δ' ἄρ' ἐπαΐξας ξίφει ἤλασε κόρσῃν·  
 αὐτὰρ ὃ γ' ἀσθμαίνων εὐεργέος ἔκπεσε δίφρου 585  
 κύμβαχος ἐν κονίῃσιν ἐπὶ βρεχμὸν τε καὶ ὤμους.  
 δηθὰ μάλ' ἐστήκει (τύχε γάρ ῥ' ἀμάθοιο βαθείης),  
 ὃφρ' ἵππῳ πλήξαντε χαμαὶ βάλλον ἐν κονίῃσιν.  
 τοὺς δ' ἵμας Ἀντίλοχος, μετὰ δὲ στρατὸν ἤλας Ἀχαιῶν.  
 τοὺς δ' Ἔκτωρ ἐνόησε κατὰ στίχας ὦρτο δ' ἐπ' αὐτοῦς  
 κεκληγώς· ἅμα δὲ Τρώων εἶποντο φάλαγγες 591  
 καρτεραί. ἦρχε δ' ἄρα σφιν Ἄρης καὶ πότνι' Ἐννώ,  
 ἥ μὲν ἔχουσα κυδοιμὸν ἀναιδέα δηιοτήτος·  
 Ἄρης δ' ἐν παλάμῃσι πελώριον ἔγχος ἐνώμα,  
 φοίτα δ' ἄλλοτε μὲν πρόσθ' Ἔκτορος ἄλλοτ' ὀπισθεν. 595  
 τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ῥίγητε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἀνὴρ ἀπάλαμνος, ἰὼν πολέος πεδίοιο,  
 στήῃ ἐπ' ὠκυρόῳ ποταμῷ ἄλαδε πρარέοντι,  
 ἀφρῷ μορμύροντα ἰδὼν, ἀνά τ' ἔδραμ' ὀπίσσω,  
 ὥς τότε Τυδεΐδης ἀνεχάζετο, εἶπέ τε λαῷ· 600  
 “ὦ φίλοι, οἶον δὴ θαυμάζομεν Ἔκτορα δῖον  
 αἰχμητὴν τ' ἔμεναι καὶ θαρσαλέον πολεμιστὴν.



Pylaemenes, the war-god's peer, who led  
 The great-souled Paphlagonians' shielded lines,  
 There slew they. Menelaus spear-renowned,  
 The son of Atreus, pierced him as he stood  
 By thrust of lance, struck on the collar-bone.  
 And Mydon his attendant charioteer,  
 Atymnius' gallant son, ev'n as he turned  
 The firm-hoofed steeds, Antilochus hit with stone  
 Right on the elbow. From his hands the reins  
 Decked white with ivory dropped upon the ground.  
 Then rushed Antilochus on, and with the sword  
 Smote him upon the temple, that he fell  
 From out the well-wrought chariot, gasping sore,  
 Prone plunging head and shoulders in the dust.  
 There long he stood, for deep and soft the sand  
 Whereon he lit, till striking out his steeds  
 Laid him in dust. And these the victor lashed  
 And to the Achaian army drove away.

But Hector through the ranks descried their work,  
 And sped against them, shouting shrill: with whom  
 Followed the Trojan squares, in stout array,  
 By Ares and by queen Enyo led.  
 Beside Enyo Tumult, in the fray  
 Relentless, went; Ares, his giant spear  
 Still brandishing in hand, with Hector moved,  
 And now before and now behind him strode.

Him shuddered Diomedes good in fray  
 To see: as one who roams some weary waste  
 Stands helpless at a river swift of stream  
 Down flowing to the sea—the roaring foam  
 He sees, and backward starts;—so sudden then  
 Tydides gat him back: and thus he spake:  
 "O friends, on godlike Hector how amazed  
 We look, as spearman and as warrior bold.

τῷ δ' αἰεὶ πάρα εἰς γε θεῶν, ὃς λαιγὸν ἀμύνει  
καὶ νῦν οἱ πάρα κείνος Ἄρης, βροτῷ ἀνδρὶ ἐοικώς.  
ἀλλὰ πρὸς Τρῶας τετραμμένοι αἰὲν ὀπίσσω  
εἵκετε, μηδὲ θεοῖς μενεαίνετε ἱφί μάχεσθαι.” 605

ὥς ἄρ' ἔφη, Τρῶες δὲ μάλα σχεδὸν ἤλυθον αὐτῶν.  
ἔνθ' Ἐκτωρ δῖο φῶτε κατέκτανε εἰδότε χάρμης,  
εἰν ἐνὶ δίφρῳ ἔοντε, Μενέσθην Ἀγχιάλόν τε.  
τῷ δὲ πεσόντ' ἐλέησε μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας, 610  
στῇ δὲ μάλ' ἐγγὺς ἰὼν, καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ,  
καὶ βάλεν Ἀμφιον Σελάγου υἱόν, ὃς ῥ' ἐνὶ Παισῷ  
ναῖε πολυκτῆμων πολυλῆιος· ἀλλὰ ἑ μοῖρα  
ἦγ' ἐπικουρήσοντα μετὰ Πριάμόν τε καὶ υἱας.  
τόν ῥα κατὰ ζωστήρα βάλεν Τελαμώνιος Αἴας, 615  
νειαίρη δ' ἐν γαστρὶ πάγῃ δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος·  
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών. ὁ δ' ἐπέδραμε φαίδιμος Αἴας  
τεύχεα συλήσων· Τρῶες δ' ἐπὶ δούρατ' ἔχεναν  
ὀξέα παμφανόωντα, σάκος δ' ἀνεδέξατο πολλά.  
αὐτὰρ ὁ λάξ προσβὰς ἐκ νεκροῦ χάλκεον ἔγχος 620  
ἐσπάσατ'· οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτ' ἄλλα δυνήσατο τεύχεα καλά  
ᾧμοιν ἀφελέσθαι· ἐπείγετο γὰρ βελέεσσιν.  
δεῖσε δ' ὃ γ' ἀμφίβασιν κρατερὴν Τρώων ἀγερῶχων,  
οἳ πολλοὶ τε καὶ ἐσθλοὶ ἐφέστασαν ἔγχε' ἔχοντες,  
οἳ ἑ μέγαν περ ἔοντα καὶ ἵφθιμον καὶ ἀγανόν 625  
ᾧσαν ἀπὸ σφείων· ὁ δὲ χασσάμενος πελεμίσχθη.

ὥς οἱ μὲν πονέοντο κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην·  
Τληπόλεμον δ' Ἡρακλεΐδην ἦν τε μέγαν τε  
ᾧρσεν ἐπ' ἀντιθέῳ Σαρπηδόνι μοῖρα κραταιή.  
οἳ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες, 630  
υἱὸς θ' υἱωνός τε Διὸς νεφεληγερέταο,  
τὸν καὶ Τληπόλεμος πρότερος πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

But he one god at least hath ever near  
To ward his bane. And yonder at his side  
Moves Ares now in form of mortal man.  
Face then the Trojans still, but slowly back  
Give ground, nor rashly match with gods your might."

He spake : meanwhile the Trojans drew full near.  
There Hector slew two wights well skilled in fray  
Anchialus and Menesthes, in one car :  
Whose fall in mighty Ajax Telamon  
Deep pity stirred. Full near he went, and stood,  
And threw his shining spear, and smote therewith  
Amphius son of Selagus ; who dwelt  
In Paesus, rich in hoards, in harvest rich ;  
But froward destiny now led him on  
Succour to bear to Priam and his sons.  
Him on the belt smote Ajax Telamon  
And in his belly the long-shadowed lance  
Stood fixed : he heavy fell. To strip his arms  
On rushed the glorious Ajax, but their spears,  
Keen, flashing bright, the Trojans on him poured,  
Whose sheltering targe received the countless shower.  
Then on the corse he set his heel and drew  
Therefrom his brazen spear, but could no more  
From foeman's shoulders strip the armour fair ;  
For missiles pressed him, and he feared the might  
Of lordly Trojans pacing round the dead,  
Who many and brave thronged on him with the lance ;  
And tall and strong and awful though he was  
They thrust him back, and he perforce gave ground.

Thus laboured they throughout the stubborn strife.  
And now Tlepolemus, son of Heracles,  
Brave man and tall, resistless destiny  
Against divine Sarpedon roused to fight.  
And when the twain advancing drew anigh,  
The son and grandson of cloud-gathering Zeus,  
His foeman first Tlepolemus thus addressed :

“Σαρπηῆδον Λυκίων βουληφόρε, τίς τοι ἀνάγκη  
 πτώσσειν ἐνθάδ’ ἐόντι μάχης ἀδαήμονι φωτί;  
 ψευδόμενοι δέ σέ φασι Διὸς γόνον αἰγιόχοιο 635  
 εἶναι, ἐπεὶ πολλὸν κείνων ἐπιδεύεαι ἀνδρῶν  
 οἳ Διὸς ἐξεγένοντο ἐπὶ προτέρων ἀνθρώπων.  
 ἀλλοιῶν τινά φασι βίην Ἑρακληΐην  
 εἶναι, ἐμὸν πατέρα θρασυμέμνονα θυμολέοντα,  
 ὅς ποτε δεῦρ’ ἐλθὼν ἔνεχ’ ἵππων Λαομέδοντος 640  
 ἐξ οἷης σὺν νηυσὶ καὶ ἀνδράσι παυροτέροισιν  
 Ἴλιου ἐξαλάπαξε πόλιν, χήρωσε δ’ ἀγυιάς.  
 σοὶ δὲ κακὸς μὲν θυμός, ἀποφθινύθουσι δὲ λαοί.  
 οὐδέ τί σε Τρώεσσιν ὀϊόμαι ἄλκαρ ἔσσεσθαι  
 ἐλθόντ’ ἐκ Λυκίης, οὐδ’ εἰ μάλα καρτερός ἐσσι, 645  
 ἀλλ’ ὕπ’ ἐμοὶ δμηθέντα πύλας Ἀΐδαο περήσειν.”

τὸν δ’ αὖ Σαρπηδὼν Λυκίων ἀγὸς ἀντίον ἠΐδα·  
 “Τληπόλεμ’, ἦ τοι κεῖνος ἀπώλεσε Ἴλιον ἱρήν  
 ἀνέρος ἀφραδίῃσιν ἀγαυοῦ Λαομέδοντος,  
 ὅς ῥά μιν εὖ ἔρξαντα κακῶ ἠνίπαπε μύθῳ, 650  
 οὐδ’ ἀπέδωχ’ ἵππους ὧν εἵνεκα τηλόθεν ἦλθεν.  
 σοὶ δ’ ἐγὼ ἐνθάδε φημὶ φόνον καὶ κῆρα μέλαιναν  
 ἐξ ἐμέθεν τεύξεσθαι, ἐμῶ δ’ ὑπὸ δουρὶ δαμέντα  
 εὖχος ἐμοὶ δώσειν, ψυχὴν δ’ Ἀΐδι κλυτοπόλῳ.”

ὥς φάτο Σαρπηδὼν, ὃ δ’ ἀνέσχετο μείλινον ἔγχος 655  
 Τληπόλεμος. καὶ τῶν μὲν ἀμαρτῇ δούρατα μακρά  
 ἐκ χειρῶν ἦξαν. ὃ μὲν βάλεν αὐχένα μέσσον  
 Σαρπηδὼν, αἰχμὴ δὲ διαμπερὲς ἦλθ’ ἀλεγεινῇ,  
 τὸν δὲ κατ’ ὀφθαλμῶν ἐρεβεννὴ νύξ ἐκάλυψεν·  
 Τληπόλεμος δ’ ἄρα μῆρὸν ἀριστερόν ἔγχεῖ μακρῶ 660

"Sarpedon, counsellor of Lycia's host,  
 What need constrains thee here to crouch, as wight  
 All ignorant of war? They surely lie  
 Who call thee son of aegis-bearing Zeus.  
 For much thou lackest of those heroes old  
 Who in the ages past of Zeus were born.  
 Not such, they say, was Heracles the strong,  
 My father staunch and bold, of lion heart :  
 Who for the horses of Laomedon  
 Came hither erst, leading six ships alone  
 And fewer men ; and yet of Ilion  
 He razed the towers and widowed all the ways.  
 But thou art but a coward heart, and thine  
 A host that perish fast. No help, I ween,  
 Wilt thou, from Lycia come, to Trojans prove,  
 For all thy strength, but slain beneath my hand  
 Wilt pass full soon the portals of the dead."

To whom Sarpedon, Lycian chief, replied :  
 "Tlepolemus, that hero, well I wot,  
 On sacred Ilion destruction wrought  
 Through folly of one man, the noble king  
 Laomedon, who for a good deed done  
 Spake evil words of shame, nor gave the steeds,  
 The guerdon due for which he came from far.  
 But as for thee, death and dark doom, I say,  
 Thou here shalt find from me, and by my spear  
 Vanquished and slain shalt yield me proud renown  
 And Hades lord of noble steeds thy life."

So spake Sarpedon ; but Tlepolemus  
 Upraised his ashen spear. The lances long  
 Sped from both hands at once. Sarpedon smote  
 Full on his foeman's neck, and through and through  
 Passed the fell point and dark night veiled his eyes.  
 The left thigh of the other with long lance



βεβλήκειν, αἶχμῃ δὲ διέσσυτο μαιμώωσα,  
ὄστέω ἐγχιριμφθεῖσα· πατὴρ δ' ἔτι λαιγὸν ἄμυνεν.

οὐ μὲν ἄρ' ἀντίθεον Σαρπηδόνα διοὶ ἐταῖροι  
ἐξέφερον πολέμοιο· βάρυνε δέ μιν δόρυ μακρόν  
ἐλκόμενον. τὸ μὲν οὐ τις ἐπέφράσατ' οὐδὲ νόησεν 665

μηροῦ ἐξερύσαι δόρυ μείλινον, ὄφρ' ἐπιβαίῃ,  
σπενδόντων· τοῖον γὰρ ἔχον πόνον ἀμφιέποντες.

Τληπόλεμον δ' ἐτέρωθεν εὐκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ  
ἐξέφερον πολέμοιο. νόησε δὲ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς  
τλήμονα θυμὸν ἔχων, μαίμησε δέ οἱ φίλον ἦτορ. 670

μερμήριξε δ' ἔπειτα κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν  
ἦ προτέρω Διὸς υἱὸν ἐριγδούποιο διώκοι,

ἦ ὃ γε τῶν πλεόνων Λυκίων ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἔλοιτο.

οὐδ' ἄρ' Ὀδυσσῇ μεγαλήτορι μόρσιμον ἦεν  
ἰφθιμον Διὸς υἱὸν ἀποκτάμεν ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ· 675

τῷ ῥα κατὰ πληθύν Λυκίων τράπε θυμὸν Ἀθήνη.

ἔνθ' ὃ γε Κοίρανον εἶλεν Ἀλάστορά τε Χρομίον τε  
Ἀλκανδρόν θ' Ἀλιόν τε Νοήμονά τε Πρύτανίν τε.

καί νύ κ' ἔτι πλέονας Λυκίων κτάνε δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,  
εἰ μὴ ἄρ' ὀξὺ νόησε μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἑκτωρ. 680

βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων κεκορυθμένος αἴθοπι χαλκῷ,  
δεῖμα φέρων Δαναοῖσι· χάρη δ' ἄρα οἱ Διὸς υἱὸς  
Σαρπηδὼν προσιόντι, ἔπος δ' ὀλοφυδνὸν ἔειπεν·

“Πριαμίδη, μὴ δὴ με ἔλωρ Δαναοῖσιν ἐάσης  
κεῖσθαι, ἀλλ' ἐπάμυνον. ἔπειτά με καὶ λίποι αἰὼν 685

ἐν πόλι ὑμετέρῃ, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἄρα μέλλον ἐγὼ γε  
νοστήσας οἰκόνδε, φίλῃν ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,  
εὐφρανέειν ἄλοχόν τε φίλῃν καὶ νήπιον υἱόν.”

Tlepolemus hit, and through it sped the point  
In eager haste, and grazed the very bone :  
But him as yet his father saved from bane.

Then from the field his godlike comrades bare  
Divine Sarpedon, burdened by the length  
Of trailing lance ; but none had marked or thought  
Forth from the thigh to draw the ashen shaft  
That he might mount the car, in their hot haste,  
For much ado they had to tend him safe.

And on the other side Tlepolemus  
Well-greaved Achaians from the battle bare.  
Godlike Odysseus of the patient soul  
Marked it, and sore his heart within him yearned.  
But doubtful pondered he in thought and mind,  
Whether to follow first the son of Zeus  
Loud-thundering king, or of mean Lycian throng  
To take the lives. But 'twas not fate that he,  
Great-souled Odysseus, should with keen lance slay  
The stalwart son of Zeus : wherefore his mind  
Athené on the meaner Lycians turned.

There slew he Coiranus and Chromius,  
Alastor and Alcander, Halius there,  
Noëmon, Prytanis. And now yet more  
Of Lycians had the godlike hero slain,  
Had not great Hector of the glancing plume  
Been quick to mark his work. He through the van  
Now forward moving, armed in burning mail,  
Bore terror to the Danaans : but with joy  
Sarpedon son of Zeus beheld him come,  
And thus with piteous word bespake his friend :  
"O son of Priam, leave me not to lie  
A prey to Danaan foes, but bear me aid.  
That done, I were content to leave my life  
Within your walls, since 'twas not so to be  
That I to home and fatherland restored  
Should glad my much-loved wife and infant son."

ὥς φάτο. τὸν δ' οὐ τι προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἴκτωρ,  
 ἀλλὰ παρήϊξεν, λελημένος ὄφρα τάχιστα 690  
 ὥσαιτ' Ἀργείους, πολέων δ' ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἔλοιτο.  
 οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἀντίθεον Σαρπηδίνα δῖοι ἑταῖροι  
 εἶσαν ὑπ' αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς περικαλλεῖ φηγῶ,  
 ἐκ δ' ἄρα οἱ μηροῦ δόρυ μείλινον ὥσε θύραζε  
 ἴφθιμος Πελάγων, ὅς οἱ φίλος ἦεν ἑταῖρος· 695  
 τὸν δ' ἔλιπε ψυχή, κατὰ δ' ὀφθαλμῶν κέχυτ' ἀχλὺς.  
 αὐτὶς δ' ἀμπνύνη, περὶ δὲ πνοιῇ Βορέας  
 ζώγρει ἐπιπνείουσα κακῶς κεκαφηότα θυμόν.

Ἀργεῖοι δ' ὑπ' Ἄρηι καὶ Ἐκτορι χαλκοκορυστῇ  
 οὔτε ποτὲ προτρέποντο μελαινάων ἐπὶ νηῶν 700  
 οὔτε ποτ' ἀντεφέρουντο μάχη, ἀλλ' αἰὲν ὑπίσσω  
 χάζονθ', ὡς ἐπύθοντο μετὰ Τρώεσσιν Ἄρηα.

ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον τίνα δ' ὕστατον ἐξενάριξαν  
 Ἴκτωρ τε Πριάμοιο παῖς καὶ χάλκεος Ἄρης;  
 ἀντίθεον Τεύθραντ', ἐπὶ δὲ πλῆξιππον Ὀρέστην, 705  
 Τρῆχόν τ' αἰχμητὴν Αἰτώλιον, Οἰνόμαόν τε,  
 Οἶνοπίδην θ' Ἑλενον, καὶ Ὀρέσβιον αἰολομίτρην,  
 ὅς ῥ' ἐν Ἰλῇ ναῖεσκε μέγα πλούτοιο μεμηλῶς,  
 λίμνῃ κεκλιμένος Κηφισίδι· παρ δέ οἱ ἄλλοι  
 ναῖον Βοιωτοί, μάλα πίονα δῆμον ἔχοντες. 710

τοὺς δ' ὥς οὖν ἐνόησε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη  
 Ἀργεῖους ὀλέκοντας ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὕσμινῃ,  
 αὐτίκ' Ἀθηναίην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·  
 “ὦ πόποι, αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς τέκος, ἀτρυτώνη,  
 ἦ ῥ' ἄλιον τὸν μῖθον ὑπέστημεν Μενελάω, 715  
 Ἴλιον ἐκπέρσαντ' εὐτείχεον ἀπονέεσθαι,  
 εἰ οὕτω μάλινεσθαι ἐάσομεν οὐλον Ἄρηα.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ καὶ νῶϊ μεδώμεθα θούριδος ἀλκῆς.”

He spake : but Hector of the glancing plume  
Returned him not a word, but fled to  
In eager haste to beat the Argives back  
Soon as he might, and many foes to slay.  
Divine Sarpedon then his godlike friends  
'Neath the fair oak of aegis-bearing Zeus  
Laid down ; and there the stalwart Pelagon,  
His comrade dear, forced through and from the thigh  
The ashen shaft. Swooning he sank, his eyes  
With mist o'erspread ; but soon again he breathed,  
And gales of Boreas blowing cool around  
Fanned his weak gasping spirit back to life.

Meanwhile the Argives, though by Ares pressed  
And brazen-helmèd Hector, turned them not  
Toward the black ships, nor yet made equal fight ;  
But backward still retired, soon as they learned  
That Ares' self amid the Trojans moved.

Whom first, whom last did Hector Priam's son  
And brazen Ares in that battle slay ?  
First Teuthras the divine, Orestes then  
Smiter of steeds, Trechus, Aetolian lance,  
Oenomaüs, with Helenus Oenops' son,  
Oresbius last, with supple girdle braced :  
In Hylé dwelt he, busy lord of wealth,  
On shelving margin of Cephisian lake,  
And round him his Boeotian folk abode  
The tenants of a fat and goodly land.

Now soon as Heré, white-armed goddess, saw  
The Argives falling in the stubborn strife,  
Athené she addressed in wingéd words :  
"O shame ! Thou child of aegis-bearing Zeus,  
Thou Tameless Maid, that word was then in vain,  
Our pledge to Menelaus given, that he  
Should raze the walls of Ilion and return,  
If thus fell Ares we allow to rage.  
But come, prepare we too impetuous might."

ὥς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη.  
 ἦ μὲν ἐποιοχόμενη χρυσάμπυκας ἔντυεν ἵππους 720  
 "Ἡρη πρέσβα θεά, θυγάτηρ μέγαλοιο Κρόνιοιο·  
 "Ἡβη δ' ἀμφ' ὀχέεσσι θοῶς βάλε καμπύλα κύκλα  
 χάλκει' ὀκτάκνημα, σιδηρέῳ ἄξονι ἀμφίς.  
 τῶν ἦ τοι χρυσή ἵτυς ἄφθιτος, αὐτὰρ ὕπερθεν  
 χάλκε' ἐπίσσωτρα προσαρηρότα, θαῦμα ιδέσθαι· 725  
 πληῆμναι δ' ἀργύρου εἰσὶ περίδρομοι ἀμφοτέρωθεν.  
 δίφρος δὲ χρυσέοισι καὶ ἀργυρέοισιν ἱμάσιν  
 ἐντέταται, δοιαὶ δὲ περίδρομοι ἄντυγες εἰσίν.  
 τοῦ δ' ἐξ ἀργύρεος ῥυμὸς πέλεν· αὐτὰρ ἐπ' ἄκρω  
 δῆσεν χρύσειον καλὸν ζυγόν, ἐν δὲ λέπαδνα 730  
 κάλ' ἔβαλεν, χρύσει'. ὑπὸ δὲ ζυγὸν ἤγαγεν "Ἡρη  
 ἵππους ὠκύποδας, μεμαυῖ' ἔριδος καὶ αὐτῆς.  
 αὐτὰρ Ἀθηναίη, κούρη Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο,  
 πέπλον μὲν κατέχευεν ἑάνον πατρός ἐπ' οὔδει,  
 ποικίλον, ὃν ῥ' αὐτὴ ποιήσατο καὶ κάμε χερσίν, 735  
 ἦ δὲ χιτῶν' ἐνδύσα Διὸς νεφέληγερέταο  
 τεύχεσιν ἐς πόλεμον θωρήσσετο δακρυόεντα.  
 ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ὤμοισιν βάλετ' αἰγίδα θυσανόεσσαν  
 δεινὴν, ἣν πέρι μὲν πάντῃ φόβος ἐστεφάνωται,  
 ἐν δ' ἔρις, ἐν δ' ἀλκή, ἐν δὲ κρυόεσσα ἰωκή, 740  
 ἐν δέ τε Γοργεῖη κεφαλὴ δεινοῖο πελώρου  
 δεινὴ τε σμερδνὴ τε, Διὸς τέρας αἰγιόχοιο.  
 κρατὶ δ' ἐπ' ἀμφίφαλον κυνέην θέτο τετραφάληρον  
 χρυσεῖην, ἑκατὸν πολίων πρυλέεσσ' ἀραρυῖαν.  
 ἐς δ' ὄχρα φλόγεα ποσὶ βήσετο, λάζετο δ' ἔγχος 745  
 βριθὺ μέγα στιβαρόν, τῷ δάμνησι στίχας ἀνδρῶν  
 ἡρώων τοῖσιν τε κοτέσσεται ὀβριμοπάτρη.



So spake she : and Athené, stern-eyed maid,  
 At once obeyed. Then Heré goddess queen,  
 Daughter of mighty Cronos, went about  
 To harness forth her horses, shining bright  
 With golden frontlet, while upon her car  
 Full swiftly Hebé fixed the orbèd wheels,  
 Brazen, eight-spoked, on iron axle set.  
 Their felloes are of never-rusting gold  
 Hooped round with brazen tire close-clamped thereon,  
 A marvel to behold ; of silver wrought  
 The naves that round about the axle turn.  
 The chariot-board is fast by thongs with gold  
 And silver decked, and circled by two rails.  
 The pole in front was silver, on whose end  
 Hebé now bound a fair and golden yoke,  
 And fair and golden neck-straps. 'Neath the yoke  
 Heré then led her horses fleet of foot,  
 All eager for the strife and shout of war.  
 Meanwhile the maid of aegis-bearing Zeus  
 Athené loosed and on the Father's floor  
 Cast down her flowing mantle, broidered web  
 By her own hands and labour deftly wrought,  
 And donned the tunic of cloud-gathering Zeus,  
 And braced her armour for the tearful war.  
 Around her shoulders first the goddess cast  
 The tasselled aegis, awful targe, whose rim  
 Is crowned with Terror ; Discord too is there,  
 There Strength, there Havoc chilling all the blood,  
 There horrid monster Gorgon's horrid head,  
 That portent grim of aegis-bearing Zeus.  
 And on her head a helm of double cone  
 Four-plumed she set, of gold, figured with chiefs  
 Of five-score towns : then on the fiery car  
 Set foot, and grasped her lance, long, heavy, stout,  
 Wherewith she quells the hero ranks who chafe  
 That maiden daughter of a mighty Sire.

Ἦρῃ δὲ μάστιγι θοῶς ἐπεμαίετ' ἄρ' ἵππους·  
 αὐτόμαται δὲ πύλαι μύκον οὐρανοῦ, ἅς ἔχον ὦραι,  
 τῆς ἐπιτέτραπται μέγας οὐρανὸς Οὐλυμπός τε, 750  
 ἡμὲν ἀνακλῖναι πυκινὸν νέφος ἥδ' ἐπιθεῖναι.  
 τῇ ῥα δι' αὐτῶν κεντρηνεκέας ἔχον ἵππους.  
 εὖρον δὲ Κρονίωνα θεῶν ἄτερ ἥμενον ἄλλων  
 ἀκροτάτῃ κορυφῇ πολυδειράδος Οὐλύμποιο.  
 ἔνθ' ἵππους στήσασα θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἦρῃ 755  
 Ζῆν' ὑπατον Κρονίδην ἐξείρετο καὶ προσέειπεν·  
 “Ζεῦ πάτερ, οὐ νεμεσίξῃ Ἄρει τάδε ἔργ' αἰδήλα;  
 ὅσσάτιόν τε καὶ οἶον ἀπώλεσε λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν  
 μάψ, ἀτὰρ οὐ κατὰ κόσμον, ἐμοὶ δ' ἄχος. οἳ δὲ ἔκηλοι  
 τέρπονται Κύπρις τε καὶ ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων, 760  
 ἄφρονα τοῦτον ἀνέντες, ὃς οὐ τίνα οἶδε θέμιστα.  
 Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἡ ῥά τί μοι κεχολώσεται εἴ κεν Ἄρῃα  
 λυγρῶς πεπληγυῖα μάχης ἐξαποδίδωμαι;”

τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς·  
 “ἄγρει μὴν οἳ ἔπορσον Ἀθηναίην ἀγελείην, 765  
 ἥ ἐ μάλιστ' εἴωθε κακῆς ὀδύνῃσι πελάζειν.”

ὥς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἦρῃ,  
 μάστιξεν δ' ἵππους· τῷ δ' οὐκ ἀέκοντε πετέσθην  
 μεσσηγὺς γαίης τε καὶ οὐρανοῦ ἀστερόεντος.  
 ὅσσον δ' ἡγεροειδὲς ἀνὴρ ἶδεν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν 770  
 ἥμενος ἐν σκοπιῇ, λεύσσων ἐπὶ οἶνοπα πόντον,  
 τόσσον ἐπι θρώσκουσι θεῶν ὑψηλῆς ἵπποι.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ Τροίην ἱξον ποταμῷ τε ῥέοντε,  
 ἦχι ῥοὰς Σιμόεις συμβάλλετον ἠδὲ Σκάμανδρος,  
 ἔνθ' ἵππους ἔστησε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἦρῃ 775

Then Heré swiftly touched with lash the steeds.  
 Self-moved before them groaned the gates of heaven,  
 Kept by the Hours: for to their charge is given  
 Olympus and wide heaven, and now to ope  
 The massy cloud rolled back, and now to close.  
 There through these gates the goaded steeds they urged.  
 And Cronos' son sitting alone they found  
 On many-ridged Olympus' topmost peak.  
 There Heré, white-armed goddess, stayed her steeds,  
 And Zeus supreme thus questioned and addressed:  
 "O Father Zeus, seems it not shame to thee  
 That Ares works destruction, laying low  
 Achaia's ranks so many and so brave,  
 Reckless, beyond all rule, a grief to me;  
 While Cypris and Apollo Silver-bow  
 Sit at their ease and take delight herein,  
 Loosing this mad one, who no law doth know?  
 O Father, say, wilt thou be moved to wrath,  
 If Ares now with painful blow I smite  
 And chase him from the battle-field away?"

To whom in answer spake cloud-gathering Zeus:  
 "Go now, Athené driver of the spoil  
 Spur thou against him: she above all else  
 Is wont to punish him with grievous pains."

He spake: nor white-armed Heré disobeyed,  
 But lashed the steeds, who not unwilling flew  
 Midway between the earth and starry sky.  
 And far as man may see, who with his eyes  
 Scans the dim offing, seated on a peak  
 And o'er the dark sea gazing—e'en so far  
 Bounded the neighing coursers of the gods.  
 But when to Troy and to the rivers twain,  
 Where Simois and Scamander join their floods,  
 They came, there Heré, white-armed goddess, stayed

λύσας' ἐξ ὀχέων, περὶ δ' ἡέρα πουλὺν ἔχενεν  
 τοῖσιν δ' ἀμβροσίην Σιμόεις ἀνέτειλε νέμεσθαι.  
 αἱ δὲ βάτην, τρήρωσι πελειάσιν ἴθμαθ' ὁμοίαι,  
 ἀνδράσιν Ἀργείοισιν ἀλεξέμεναι μεμανῖαι.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἵκανον ὅθι πλείστοι καὶ ἄριστοι 780  
 ἕστασαν, ἀμφὶ βίην Διομήδεος ἵπποδάμοιο  
 εἰλόμενοι, λείουσι εἰκότες ὠμοφάγοισιν  
 ἢ συσὶ κάπροισιν, τῶν τε σθένος οὐκ ἀλαπαδνόν,  
 ἔνθα στᾶσ' ἦυσε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,  
 Στέντορι εἰσαμένη μεγαλήτορι χαλκεοφώνῳ, 785  
 ὃς τόσον αὐδῆσασχ' ὅσον ἄλλοι πεντήκοντα·  
 “αἰδώς, Ἀργεῖοι, κάκ' ἐλέγχεα, εἶδος ἀγητοί.  
 ὄφρα μὲν ἐς πόλεμον πωλέσκετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,  
 οὐδέ ποτε Τρῶες πρὸ πυλάων Δαρδανιάων  
 οἴχνεσκον· κείνου γὰρ ἐδεΐδισαν ὄβριμον ἔγχος· 790  
 νῦν δὲ ἐκάς πόλιος κοίλῃς ἐπὶ νηυσὶ μάχονται.”  
 ὥς εἰποῦσ' ὥτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἐκάστου.  
 Τυδεΐδῃ δ' ἐπόρουσε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη.  
 εὔρε δὲ τὸν γε ἄνακτα παρ' ἵπποισιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν  
 ἔλκος ἀναψύχοντα τό μιν βάλε Πάνδαρος ἰῶ. 795  
 ἰδρῶς γάρ μιν ἔτειρεν ὑπὸ πλατέος τελαμῶνος  
 ἀσπίδος εὐκύκλου· τῷ τείρετο, κάμνε δὲ χεῖρα,  
 ἂν δ' ἴσχων τελαμῶνα κελαινεφές αἶμ' ἀπομόργνυ.  
 ἵππείου δὲ θεὰ ζυγοῦ ἥψατο, φώνησέν τε·  
 “ἦ ὀλίγον οἱ παῖδα εἰκότα γείνατο Τυδεύς. 800  
 Τυδεύς τοι μικρὸς μὲν ἔην δέμας, ἀλλὰ μαχητής·  
 καὶ ῥ' ὅτε πέρ μιν ἐγὼ πολεμιζέμεν οὐκ εἴασκον  
 οὐδ' ἐκπαιφάσσειν, ὅτε τ' ἦλυθε νόσφιν Ἀχαιῶν  
 ἄγγελος ἐς Θήβας, πολέας μετὰ Καδμεΐωνας,

And loosed her horses from the car, and shed  
Thick mist around : while Simois clothed the mead  
With blade ambrosial for their pasturage.

Onward afoot then went the goddess pair,  
Soft-stepping as the timorous doves. But when  
They came where most and bravest stood, around  
Steed-taming Diomedes' mighty form  
Close-massed, to flesh-devouring lions like,  
Or savage boars, whose is no feeble strength,  
Then Heré, white-armed goddess, stood and cried,  
Taking the form of Stentor, mighty heart,  
That hero brazen-voiced, whose shout was heard  
Loud-sounding as of fifty other men :

"Shame, Argives ! Cravens base, for comely limbs  
Alone admired. So long as to the war  
Godlike Achilles went, these sons of Troy  
Ne'er ventured forth from their Dardanian gates,  
For sore they feared his weighty lance. But now  
Far from their town and by our ships they fight."

She spake, and stirred the mood and soul of each.

But quick Athené, stern-eyed goddess, sped  
To Tydeus' son ; and by his steeds and car  
She found the king, cooling the aching wound  
That Pandarus with arrow-point had given.

For now the sweat 'neath the broad belt that braced  
His orbèd shield fretted the sore. With sweat  
Distressed he was, and weary was his hand.

So lifting up the belt he wiped away  
The dark blood clotted there. His horses' yoke  
Then did the goddess touch, and thus she spake :

"Surely a son but little like himself  
Tydeus begat. Tydeus, of stature small,  
Was yet a fighter : e'en when I forbade  
To seek the war or flash impetuous forth,  
What time without Achaia's host he came  
A messenger to Thebes, to Cadmus' sons,



δαίνυσθαί μιν ἄνωγον ἐνὶ μεγάροισι ἔκηλον· 805  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ θυμὸν ἔχων ὃν καρτερόν, ὥς τὸ πάρος περ,  
 κούρους Καδμείων προκαλίζετο, πάντα δ' ἐνίκα  
 ῥηιδίως· τοίη οἱ ἐγὼν ἐπιτάρροθος ἦα.  
 σοὶ δ' ἦ τοι μὲν ἐγὼ παρά θ' ἴσταμαι ἡδὲ φυλάσσω,  
 καὶ σε προφρονέως κέλομαι Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι 810  
 ἀλλὰ σευ ἢ κάματος πολυᾷξ γυῖα δέδυκεν,  
 ἢ νύ σέ που δέος ἴσχει ἀκήριον. οὐ σύ γ' ἔπειτα  
 Τυδέος ἔκγονός ἐσσι δαΐφρονος Οἰνεΐδαο."

τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·  
 "γιγνώσκω σε, θεὰ θύγατερ Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο· 815  
 τῷ τοι προφρονέως ἐρέω ἔπος οὐδ' ἐπικεύσω.  
 οὔτε τί με δέος ἴσχει ἀκήριον οὔτε τις ὄκνος,  
 ἀλλ' ἔτι σέων μέμνημαι ἐφετμέων, ἃς ἐπέτειλας.  
 οὐ μ' εἷας μακάρεσσι θεοῖς ἀντικρὺ μάχεσθαι  
 τοῖς ἄλλοις, ἀτὰρ εἴ κε Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη 820  
 ἔλθῃσ' ἐς πόλεμον, τὴν γ' οὐτάμεν ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ.  
 τούνεκα νῦν αὐτός τ' ἀναχάζομαι ἡδὲ καὶ ἄλλους  
 Ἀργεῖους ἐκέλευσα ἀλήμεναι ἐνθάδε πάντας·  
 γιγνώσκω γὰρ Ἄρῃα μάχην ἀνὰ κοιρανέοντα."

τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη· 825  
 "Τυδεΐδῃ Διόμηδες ἐμῷ κεχαρισμένε θυμῷ,  
 μήτε σύ γ' Ἄρῃα τό γε δείδιθι μήτε τιν' ἄλλον  
 ἀθανάτων· τοίη τοι ἐγὼν ἐπιτάρροθος εἰμί.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγ' ἐπ' Ἀρῃι πρώτῳ ἔχε μώνυχας ἵππους,  
 τίψον δὲ σχεδίνην, μηδ' ἄζεο θοῦρον Ἄρῃα 830  
 τοῦτον μαινόμενον, τυκτὸν κακόν, ἄλλοπρόσαλλον,  
 ὃς πρώην μὲν ἐμοί τε καὶ Ἡρῇ στεῦτ' ἀγορεύων  
 Τρωσὶ μαχήσεσθαι, ἀτὰρ Ἀργείοισιν ἀρήξειν,  
 νῦν δὲ μετὰ Τρώεσσιν ὀμιλεῖ, τῶν δὲ λέλασται."

A numerous throng. I bade him in their halls  
To feast in peaceful guise ; but he, with soul  
Valiant as heretofore, did challenge forth  
The youth of Cadmus' land, and vanquished all,  
And lightly vanquished—such an aid was I.  
And now by thee I stand, and guard thee sure,  
And bid thee boldly with the Trojans fight.  
But either weariness from toilful war  
Steeps all thy limbs, or else, I trow, 'tis fear  
Disheartening holds thee. Thus thou art no more  
True seed of warlike Tydeus Oeneus' son."

To her stout Diomedes made reply :  
"I know thee, goddess, daughter thou of Zeus  
The aegis-bearer : wherefore I will speak  
Frankly to thee my word ; nor hide the truth,  
Nor me disheartening fear, nor sloth holds back,  
But thy commandment bear I yet in mind.  
'Twas thou forbadst me to oppose in fight  
All other blessed gods : but, to the war  
Should Aphrodité come, the child of Zeus,  
Her with keen point thou chargedst me to wound.  
Therefore I now myself retreat, and bade  
The other Argives gather round me here :  
For Ares marshals, as I know, the fray."

Then answered him Athené, stern-eyed maid :  
"O Diomedes, of my soul beloved,  
Nor Ares fear thou now, nor of the gods  
Immortal any : such an aid am I.  
But come, on Ares first thy firm-hoofed steeds  
Turn thou, and smite him close, nor be thou awed  
At this impetuous Ares, raging god,  
Made all of mischief, shifting weather-vane :  
Who two days back gave me and Heré pledge  
With earnest words to fight as foe to Troy  
And aid the Argive arms ; but now is found  
Leagued with Troy's sons, his promise clean forgot."

ὥς φαμένη Σθένελλον μὲν ἄφ' ἵππων ὥσε χαμᾶζε, 835  
 χειρὶ πάλιν ἐρύσασ'· ὃ δ' ἄρ' ἐμμαπέως ἀπόρουσεν·  
 ἦ δ' ἐς δίφρον ἔβαινε παρὰ Διομήδεα δῖον·  
 ἐμμεμαυῖα θεά· μέγα δὲ βράχε φήγιнос ἄξων  
 βριθοσύνη· δεινὴν γὰρ ἄγεν θεὸν ἄνδρα τ' ἄριστον.  
 λάζετο δὲ μάστιγα καὶ ἡνία Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη· 840  
 αὐτὶκ' ἐπ' Ἄρῃ πρώτῳ ἔχε μώνυχας ἵππους·  
 ἦ τοι ὃ μὲν Περίφαντα πελώριον ἐξενάριζεν,  
 Αἰτωλῶν ὄχ' ἄριστον, Ὀχρησίου ἀγλαὸν υἷον.  
 τὸν μὲν Ἄρης ἐνάριζε μαιφόνος· αὐτὰρ Ἀθήνη  
 δύν' Ἀἶδος κυνέην, μή μιν ἴδοι ὄβριμος Ἄρης. 845  
 ὥς δὲ ἶδεν βροτολοιγὸς Ἄρης Διομήδεα δῖον,  
 ἦ τοι ὃ μὲν Περίφαντα πελώριον αὐτόθ' ἔασεν  
 κεῖσθαι, ὅθι πρῶτον κτείνων ἐξαίνυτο θυμόν,  
 αὐτὰρ ὃ βῆ ῥ' ἰθὺς Διομήδεος ἵπποδάμοιο.  
 οἷ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες, 850  
 πρόσθεν Ἄρης ὠρέξαθ' ὑπὲρ ζυγὸν ἡνία θ' ἵππων  
 ἔγχεϊ χαλκείῳ, μεμαῶς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἐλέσθαι·  
 καὶ τό γε χειρὶ λαβοῦσα θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη  
 ὥσεν ὑπὲκ δίφροιο ἐτώσιον αἰχθῆναι.  
 δεύτερος αὖθ' ὥρμᾶτο βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης 855  
 ἔγχεϊ χαλκείῳ· ἐπέρεισε δὲ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη  
 νείατον ἐς κενεῶνα, ὅθι ζωννύσκετο μίτρην.  
 τῇ ρά μιν οὔτα τυχών, διὰ δὲ χροῶα καλὸν ἔδαψεν,  
 ἐκ δὲ δόρυ σπάσεν αὖτις. ὃ δὲ βράχε χάλκεος Ἄρης  
 ὅσσον τ' ἐννεάχιλοι ἐπίαχον ἢ δεκάχιλοι 860  
 ἄνδρες ἐν πολέμῳ, ἔριδα ξυνάγοντες Ἄρης.

So speaking she laid hand on Sthenelus  
And pulled him back and from the driver's place  
Forced to the ground, who sped in haste away.  
Then on the car beside the godlike chief  
Eager the goddess stept ; and loudly groaned  
The oaken axle with unwonted weight,  
Bearing a goddess dread and peerless man.  
The whip and reins Pallas Athené took,  
And turned on Ares first the firm-hoofed steeds.  
He even now huge Periphas had slain,  
The best by far of all Aetolia's host,  
Ochesius' noble son—him had he slain,  
That blood-stained Ares, when Athené came  
With helm of Hades dark around her drawn,  
To be of mighty Ares all unseen.  
But soon as man-destroying Ares saw  
The godlike Diomedes, there he left  
Huge Periphas to lie where at the first  
He slew him and bereft of life : but he  
Straight at steed-taming Diomedes rushed.  
And when the twain advancing drew anigh,  
First Ares o'er the yoke and horses' reins  
Lunged out with brazen lance, in haste to slay :  
But with her hand Athené, stern-eyed maid,  
Seizing the spear, aside and from the car  
Thrust it away to spend an idle speed.  
Then second Diomedes good in fray  
Attacked with brazen lance : which with strong force  
Pallas Athené drove deep in the flank  
Below the ribs, where round the loins was girt  
The girdle : there the hero with true aim  
Wounded the god, and rent his comely skin,  
And back drew out the shaft. Then roared amain  
The brazen Ares, loud as thousands nine  
May roar, or thousands ten on battle plain  
Of men who meet in shock of martial fray.

τούς δ' ἄρ' ὑπὸ τρόμος εἶλεν Ἀχαιοὺς τε Τρῳάς τε  
δείσαντας· τόσον ἔβραχ' Ἄρης ἄτος πολέμοιο.

οἷη δ' ἐκ νεφέων ἐρεβεννὴ φαίνεται ἀήρ  
καύματος ἐξ ἀνέμοιο δυσσαέος ὀρτυμένοιο, 865

τοῖος Τυδεΐδῃ Διομήδεϊ χάλκεος Ἄρης  
φαίνεθ' ὁμοῦ νεφέεσσιν ἰὼν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν.  
καρπαλίμως δ' ἴκανε θεῶν ἔδος, αἰπὺν Ὀλυμπον,  
πὰρ δὲ Διὶ Κρονίῳνι καθέζετο θυμὸν ἀχεύων,  
δείξεν δ' ἄμβροτον αἶμα καταρρέον ἐξ ὠτειλῆς, 870

καί ῥ' ὀλοφϋρόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·  
“Ζεῦ πάτερ, οὐ νεμεσίξῃ ὀρώων τάδε ἔργ' αἰδέηλα;  
αἰεὶ τοι ῥίγιστα θεοὶ τετληότες εἰμέν  
ἀλλήλων ἰότητι, χάριν δ' ἄνδρεσσι φέροντες.

σοὶ πάντες μαχόμεσθα· σὺ γὰρ τέκες ἄφρονα κούρην 875  
οὐλομένην, ἣ τ' αἰὲν ἀήσυλα ἔργα μέμηλεν.

ἄλλοι μὲν γὰρ πάντες, ὅσοι θεοὶ εἰς' ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ,  
σοὶ τ' ἐπιπείθονται καὶ δεδμήμεσθα ἕκαστος·

ταύτην δ' οὔτε ἔπει προτιβάλλεαι οὔτε τι ἔργῳ,  
ἀλλ' ἀνίης, ἐπεὶ αὐτὸς ἐγείναο παῖδ' αἰδέηλον· 880

ἣ νῦν Τυδεὸς υἱὸν ὑπερφίαλον Διομήδεα  
μαργαίνειν ἀνέηκεν ἐπ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν.

Κύπριδα μὲν πρῶτα σχεδὸν οὔτασε χεῖρ' ἐπὶ καρπῷ,  
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' αὐτῷ μοι ἐπέσσυτο δαίμονι ἴσος.

ἀλλὰ μ' ὑπήνεικαν ταχέες πόδες· ἣ τέ κε δηρὸν 885  
αὐτοῦ πῆματ' ἔπασχον ἐν αἰνῆσιν νεκάδεσσιν,

ἣ κε ζῶς ἀμενηνὸς ἔα χαλκοῖο τυπῆσιν.”

τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς·  
“μή τί μοι, ἄλλοπρόσαλλε, παρεζόμενος μινύριζε.

ἔχθιστος δέ μοί ἐσσι θεῶν οἱ Ὀλυμπον ἔχουσιν· 890



And fear and trembling was on all, alike  
On Trojan and Achaian host, so loud  
Roared Ares, that insatiate god of war.

And as the air is dark with thunder clouds,  
In sultry heat, when threatening swells the wind ;  
So brazen Ares to Tydides' sight  
Darkling was seen, as all in clouds enwrapt  
To the wide heaven he took his upward way.  
And swiftly came he to the gods' abode,  
Olympus steep, and sate him down beside  
Zeus Cronides in grief of heart, and showed  
The ambrosial blood down flowing from the wound ;  
While thus in wingèd words he made his moan :  
"O Father Zeus, seems it not shame to thee,  
Such foul destruction wrought? The worst alway  
We gods have suffered from each other's spite,  
While doing mortals pleasure. And with thee  
We all now quarrel : who begatst a maid  
Mad, baneful, ever set on wrongful work.  
For we the rest who in Olympus dwell  
Obey thee, and each god submissive bows :  
But her thou checkest nor by word nor deed,  
But loosest free, because she is thy child,  
Destroying plague. And Tydeus' son but now,  
Presumptuous Diomedes, she hath loosed  
Madly to rage against immortal gods.  
Cypris first wounded he upon the wrist,  
Smiting her close ; then on myself he rushed  
Like one divine : but me my swift feet bare  
Away : else had I long felt anguish there  
Amid foul heaps of slain, or faint in swoon  
Lain dead in life beneath his trenchant blows."

To whom with sternest glance cloud-gathering Zeus :  
"Sit not by me, thou shifting weather-vane,  
With whining plaint ! Hateful to me art thou  
Above all gods who in Olympus dwell.

αἰεὶ γάρ τοι ἔρις τε φίλη πόλεμοί τε μάχαι τε.  
 μητρός τοι μένος ἔστιν ἀάσχετον, οὐκ ἐπιεικτόν,  
 Ἥρης· τὴν μὲν ἐγὼ σπουδῇ δάμνημι ἔπεσσιν.  
 τῷ σ' ὅτω κείνης τάδε πασχέμεν ἐννεσίησιν.  
 ἀλλ' οὐ μὴν σ' ἔτι δηρὸν ἀνέξομαι ἄλγε' ἔχοντα·  
 895 ἐκ γὰρ ἐμεῦ γένος ἐσσί, ἐμοὶ δέ σε γείνατο μήτηρ.  
 εἰ δέ τευ ἐξ ἄλλου γε θεῶν γένευ ᾧδ' αἰδήςλος,  
 καὶ κεν δὴ πάλαι ἦσθα ἐνέρτερος Οὐρανίωνων."

ὥς φάτο, καὶ Παιήον' ἀνώγειν ἰήσασθαι.  
 τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Παιήων ὀδυνήφατα φάρμακα πάσσω  
 900 ἠκέσατ'· οὐ μὴν γάρ τι καταθνητός γε τέτυκτο.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ὀπὸς γάλα λευκὸν ἐπειγόμενος συνέπηξεν  
 ὑγρὸν ἐόν, μάλα δ' ὤκα περιτρέφεται κυκώωντι,  
 ὥς ἄρα καρπαλίμως ἰήσατο θοῦρον Ἄρηα.  
 τὸν δ' Ἥβη λούσεν, χαρίεντα δὲ εἴματα ἔσσει·  
 905 παρ δὲ Διὶ Κρονίῳνι καθέζετο κύδει γαίων.

αἰ δ' αὖτις πρὸς δῶμα Διὸς μεγάλοιο νέοντο,  
 Ἥρη τ' Ἀργείη καὶ Ἀλαλκομενηὶς Ἀθήνη,  
 παύσασαι βροτολογὸν Ἄρην ἀνδροκτασιάων.

For alway strife thou lov'st and wars and fights.  
Thy mother's mood is thine, that brooks no check,  
Nor yields—thy mother Heré's mood ; whom I  
Scarce by my words can tame. Wherefore I deem  
'Tis by her prompting that thou suffer'st now.  
Yet will I not endure that longer thus  
Thou be in pain ; for thou art son of mine,  
To me thy mother bare thee : surely else—  
Destroyer as thou art—hadst thou been born  
Of other god, thou hadst long since been hurled  
Below the rebel sons of Uranus.”

So spake he, and bade Paeon heal the ill :  
And Paeon spread the pain-assuaging salves  
Upon the wound, and healed him, for in sooth  
Not wrought of mortal tissue was his frame.  
And quick as fig-juice curdles the white milk—  
Liquid before, but, as 'tis stirred around,  
Fast thickening into clots—so swift the leech  
Staunched with his simples the bold war-god's wound.  
Him then did Hebé wash and clothe anew  
In raiment fair ; and he in glorious pride  
By Zeus the son of Cronos sate him down.

But to the halls of mighty Zeus returned  
Heré of Argos and Athené queen  
Of Alalcomenae, when they had stayed  
Destroying Ares from his deeds of blood.

## ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Ζ.

Ἑκτορος καὶ Ἀνδρομάχης ὁμιλία.

Τρώων δ' οἰώθη καὶ Ἀχαιῶν φύλοπις αἰνή·  
πολλὰ δ' ἄρ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθ' ἵθυσε μάχη πεδίοιο  
ἀλλήλων ἰθυνομένων χαλκήρεα δοῦρα,  
μεσσηγὺς Σιμόεντος ἰδὲ Ξάνθοιο ῥοάων.

Αἶας δὲ πρῶτος Τελαμώνιος, ἕρκος Ἀχαιῶν,  
Τρώων ῥῆξε φάλαγγα, φόως δ' ἐτάροισιν ἔθηκεν,  
ἄνδρα βαλὼν ὃς ἄριστος ἐνὶ Θρήκεσσι τέτυκτο,  
υἱὸν Εὐσσώρου Ἀκάμαντ' ἡὺν τε μέγαν τε.  
τόν ῥ' ἔβαλεν πρῶτος κόρυθος φάλον ἵπποδασείης,  
ἐν δὲ μετώπῳ πῆξε, πέρησε δ' ἄρ' ὀστέον εἴσω  
αἶχμῃ χαλκείῃ· τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψεν.

Ἄξυλον δ' ἄρ' ἔπεφνε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης  
Τευθρανίδην, ὃς ἔναιεν εὐκτιμένην ἐν Ἀρίσβῃ  
ἀφνειὸς βιότοιο, φίλος δ' ἦν ἀνθρώποισιν·  
πάντας γὰρ φιλέεσκεν ὁδῶ ἔπι οἰκία ναίων.  
ἀλλὰ οἱ οὐ τις τῶν γε τότε ἥρκεσε λυγρὸν ὄλεθρον  
πρόσθεν ὑπαντιάσας, ἀλλ' ἄμφω θυμὸν ἀπηύρα,  
αὐτὸν καὶ θεράποντα Καλήσιον, ὃς ῥα τότε ἵππων  
ἔσκεν ὑφηνίοχος· τῷ δ' ἄμφω γαῖαν ἐδύτην.

## ILIAD VI.

*Prayer of Trojan matrons to Athené: Hector and Andromaché.*

THUS Trojans and Achaïans were alone  
To wage fell strife: and often to and fro  
Alternate o'er the plain the battle rolled,  
As each on each their brass-tipped spears they drove  
Twixt Simois and Xanthus, rival floods.

And Ajax first, the son of Telamon,  
Achaia's bulwark, brake the Trojan squares,  
And gave his comrades light. A man he smote  
Among the Thracians bravest, Acamas,  
Eussorus' son, a warrior bold and tall.  
Him smote he first upon his helmet's cone  
Thick-plumed with horse-hair; and the brazen lance  
Fast in his forehead deep within the bone  
Passed on; and deathly darkness veiled his eyes.

Fell then by Diomedes good in fray  
Axylus son of Teuthranus, who dwelt  
In fair Arisbé's town, in substance rich  
And loved of all men; for, a loving host  
To all, he dwelt beside the public way.  
Yet of his guests was none to shield sad bane  
By timely aid: but both were reft of life,  
Himself and his esquire Calesius,  
Who guided then his steeds as charioteer;  
Both fell and found beneath the earth a grave.



Δρῆσον δ' Εὐρύαλος καὶ Ὀφέλτιον ἐξενάριξεν· 20  
 βῆ δὲ μετ' Αἴσηπον καὶ Πήδασον, οὓς ποτε νύμφη  
 νηὶς Ἀβαρβαρέη τέκ' ἀμύμονι Βουκολίωνι.  
 Βουκολίων δ' ἦν υἱὸς ἀγαυοῦ Λαομέδοντος  
 πρεσβύτατος γενεῇ, σκότιον δέ ἐ γείνατο μήτηρ·  
 ποιμαίνων δ' ἐπ' ὅεσσι μίγῃ φιλότῃ καὶ εὐνῇ, 25  
 ἣ δ' ὑποκυσαμένη διδυμάονε γείνατο παῖδε.  
 καὶ μὴν τῶν ὑπέλυσε μένος καὶ φαλδίμα γυῖα  
 Μηκιστηιάδης, καὶ ἀπ' ὤμων τεύχε' ἐσύλα·  
 Ἀστύαλον δ' ἄρ' ἔπεφνε μενεπτόλεμος Πολυποίτης,  
 Πιδύτην δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς Περκώσιον ἐξενάριξεν 30  
 ἔγχρ' χαλκείῳ, Τεῦκρος δ' Ἀρετάονα δῖον.  
 Ἀντίλοχος δ' Ἀβληρον ἐνήρατο δουρὶ φαεινῷ  
 Νεστορίδης, Ἐλατον δὲ ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·  
 ναῖε δὲ Σατυιόεντος ἐϋρρείταο παρ' ὄχθας  
 Πήδασον αἰπεινήν. Φύλακον δ' ἔλε Λήϊτος ἥρως 35  
 φεύγοντ'. Εὐρύπυλος δὲ Μελάνθιον ἐξενάριξεν.  
 Ἀδρηστον δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα βοῆν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος  
 ζῶν ἔλ'. ἵππῳ γάρ οἱ ἀτυζομένῳ πεδίοιο,  
 ὅζῳ ἐνὶ βλαφθέντε μυρικίνῳ, ἀγκύλον ἄρμα  
 ἄξαντ' ἐν πρώτῳ ῥυμῷ αὐτῷ μὲν ἐβήτην 40  
 πρὸς πόλιν, ἣ περ οἱ ἄλλοι ἀτυζόμενοι φοβέοντο,  
 αὐτὸς δ' ἐκ δίφροιο παρὰ τροχὸν ἐξεκυλίσθη  
 πρηνὴς ἐν κονίῃσιν ἐπὶ στόμα. πὰρ δέ οἱ ἔστη  
 Ἀτρεΐδης Μενέλαος ἔχων δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος.  
 Ἀδρηστος δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα λαβὼν ἐλλίσσετο γούνων· 45  
 "ζώγρει, Ἀτρέος υἱέ, σὺ δ' ἄξια δέξαι ἄποινα·  
 πολλὰ δ' ἐν ἀφνειοῦ πατρὸς κειμήλια κεῖται,  
 χαλκὸς τε χρυσὸς τε πολύκμητός τε σίδηρος,

And now Euryalus slew Opheltius  
 With Dresus ; then Æsepus he pursued  
 And Pedasus, whom Abarbarea erst,  
 Nymph of the spring, bare to Bucolion  
 A blameless chief. Bucolion was son  
 Of proud Laomedon, and eldest-born,  
 But born in secret of unwedded love.  
 And, as his flocks he fed, he wooed and won  
 The Naiad, who conceived and bare her lord  
 Twin sons. Their strength and goodly limbs in death  
 Mecisteus' son Euryalus now unnerved,  
 And the bright armour from their shoulders stripped.  
 Then fell by Polypoetes staunch in war  
 Astyalus ; by Odysseus' brazen spear  
 Pidytes of Percosus. Teucer slew  
 The godlike Aretaon ; Nestor's son  
 Antilochus with gleaming lance laid low  
 Ablerus ; Agamemnon king of men  
 Smote Elatus, who dwelt by Satnius' bank,  
 That river fair, in lofty Pedasus.  
 The hero Leitus slew Phylacus  
 In flight : Eurypylus smote Melanthius.

By Menelaus, good in fray, alive  
 Adrastus now was ta'en. For o'er the plain  
 Rushing in terror, on a tamarisk plant  
 His steeds were caught, and broke the jutting pole  
 Before the curvèd car ; then to the town  
 They took their way with all the affrighted rout.  
 But from the car beside the wheel their lord  
 Rolled headlong out mouth downwards in the dust.  
 By him at once stood with long-shadowed lance  
 The son of Atreus : but Adrastus clasped  
 His captor's knees and suppliant thus he prayed :  
 " Give quarter, son of Atreus, and receive  
 A worthy ransom. With my wealthy sire  
 Lie many treasures stored, both brass and gold

τῶν κέν τοι χαρίσαιτο πατὴρ ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα,  
εἴ κεν ἐμὲ ζῶδον πεπύθοιτ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν.” 50

ὥς φάτο, τῷ δ' ἄρα θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ὄρινεν.  
καὶ δὴ μιν τάχ' ἔμελλε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν  
δώσειν ᾧ θεράποντι καταξέμεν· ἀλλ' Ἀγαμέμνων  
ἀντίος ἦλθε θεῶν, καὶ ὁμοκλήσας ἔπος ἠῦδα·

“ὦ πέπον, ὦ Μενέλαε, τίη δὲ σὺ κήδεαι οὕτως 55  
ἀνδρῶν; ἧ σοὶ ἄριστα πεποίηται κατὰ οἶκον  
πρὸς Τρώων. τῶν μὴ τις ὑπεκφύγοι αἰπὺν ὄλεθρον  
χειράς θ' ἡμετέρας, μῆδ' ὄν τινα γαστέρι μήτηρ  
κοῦρον ἔοντα φέροι· μῆδ' ὅς φύγοι, ἀλλ' ἅμα πάντες  
Ἰλίου ἐξαπολοίατ' ἀκήδεστοι καὶ ἄφαντοι.” 60

ὥς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν ἀδελφειοῦ φρένας ἥρως,  
αἵσιμα παρειπών· ὃ δ' ἀπὸ ἔθην ὤσατο χειρὶ  
ἥρῳ Ἀδρηστον. τὸν δὲ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων  
οὔτα κατὰ λαπάρην· ὃ δ' ἀνετράπετ', Ἀτρεΐδης δέ  
λάξ ἐν στήθεσι βὰς ἐξέσπασε μείλινον ἔγχος. 65

Νέστωρ δ' Ἀργείοισιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν αὔσας·  
“ὦ φίλοι ἥρωες Δαναοί, θεράποντες Ἄρηος,  
μὴ τις νῦν ἐνάρων ἐπιβαλλόμενος μετόπισθεν  
μιμνέτω, ὥς κεν πλείστα φέρων ἐπὶ νῆας ἵκηται,  
ἀλλ' ἄνδρας κτείνωμεν. ἔπειτα δὲ καὶ τὰ ἔκηλοι 70  
νεκροὺς ἅμ πεδλίον συλήσετε τεθνηῶτας.”

ὥς εἰπὼν ὥτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἐκάστου.  
ἐνθα κεν αὖτε Τρῶες ἀρηιφίλων ὑπ' Ἀχαιῶν  
Ἴλιον εἰσανέβησαν, ἀναλκείησι δαμέντες,  
εἰ μὴ ἄρ' Αἰνεΐα τε καὶ Ἔκτορι εἶπε παραστάς 75  
Πριαμίδης Ἑλένος, οἰωνοπόλων ὄχ' ἄριστος·  
“Αἰνεΐα τε καὶ Ἔκτορ, ἐπεὶ πόνος ὕμμι μάλιστα

And well-wrought iron : and from these my sire  
Would give unstinted ransom, should he learn  
That at the Achaian vessels yet I live."

He spake, and won the mind within his breast :  
And now full soon his captive he had given  
To his attendant squire to lead away  
To the swift ships ; but Agamemnon came  
Running to meet him, and reproachful cried :  
"My gentle Menelaus, why of men  
Such tender care? thy house forsooth has found  
Much good from sons of Troy! Of whom may none  
Escape destruction dire beneath our hands!  
No not the man-child whom his mother bears  
Yet in her womb, not even he! but all  
Of Ilion in one utter ruin die  
Unwept, unburied, and be no more seen!"

So spake the hero, and his timely word  
Turned back his brother's heart. With thrust of hand  
Divine Adrastus he repelled. And him  
Beneath the ribs king Agamemnon smote,  
That back he fell : then planting firm his heel  
Upon his breast drew forth the ashen spear.

Then Nestor to the Argives cried aloud :  
"Friends, Danaan heroes, Ares' henchmen true,  
Let none lag now behind in greed of spoil,  
That to the ships large booty he may bear.  
But kill we men. Hereafter at your ease  
Dead bodies o'er the plain ye may despoil."

He spake, and roused the mood and soul of each.  
And there again before Achaia's sons  
Beloved of Ares had the Trojan rout  
Fled up to Ilion, quelled thro' coward fears ;  
But to Æneas and to Hector's side  
Came Helenus, and standing by them spake,  
King Priam's son, and best of augurs he :  
"Æneas, and thou, Hector—for on you

Τρώων καὶ Λυκίων ἐγκέκλιται, οὔνεκ' ἄριστοι  
 πᾶσαν ἐπ' ἰθὺν ἔστε μάχεσθαί τε φρονέειν τε,  
 στήτ' αὐτοῦ, καὶ λαὸν ἐρυκάκετε πρὸ πυλάων 80  
 πάντῃ ἐποιοχόμενοι, πρὶν αὐτ' ἐν χερσὶ γυναικῶν  
 φεύγοντας πεσέειν, δηίοισι δὲ χάρμα γενέσθαι.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κε φάλαγγας ἐποτρύνητον ἀπάσας,  
 ἡμεῖς μὲν Δαναοῖσι μαχησόμεθ' αὖθι μένοντες,  
 καὶ μάλα τειρόμενοί περ· ἀναγκαίη γὰρ ἐπείγει 85  
 Ἕκτορ, ἀτὰρ σὺ πόλινδε μετέρχεο, εἰπὲ δ' ἔπειτα  
 μητέρι σῇ καὶ ἐμῇ· ἥ δὲ ξυνάγουσα γεραιάς  
 νηὸν Ἀθηναίης γλαυκῶπιδος ἐν πόλιν ἄκρῃ,  
 οἷξασα κληῖδι θύρας ἱεροῖο δόμοιο,  
 πέπλον, ὃ οἱ δοκέει χαριέστατος ἠδὲ μέγιστος 90  
 εἶναι ἐνὶ μεγάρῳ καὶ οἱ πολὺν φίλτατος αὐτῇ,  
 θεῖναι Ἀθηναίης ἐπὶ γούνασιν ἡυκόμοιο,  
 καὶ οἱ ὑποσχέσθαι δυοκαίδεκα βοῦς ἐνὶ νηῷ  
 ἦνις ἡκέστας ἱερευσέμεν, αἳ κ' ἐλεήσῃ  
 ἄστυ τε καὶ Τρώων ἀλόχους καὶ νήπια τέκνα, 95  
 αἳ κεν Τυδέος υἱὸν ἀπόσχη Ἴλίου ἱρῆς,  
 ἄγριον αἰχμητὴν, κρατερὸν μήστωρα φόβοιο,  
 ὃν δὴ ἐγὼ κάρτιστον Ἀχαιῶν φημὶ γενέσθαι.  
 οὐδ' Ἀχιλλῆά ποθ' ὥδέ γ' ἐδείδιμεν, ὄρχαμον ἀνδρῶν,  
 ὃν πέρ φασι θεᾶς ἐξέμμεναι· ἀλλ' ὅδε λίην 100  
 μαίνεται· οὐ τίς οἱ δύναται μένος ἀντιφερίζειν."

ὥς ἔφαθ', Ἕκτωρ δ' οὐ τι κασιγνήτῳ ἀπίθησεν.  
 αὐτίκα δ' ἐξ ὀχέων ξὺν τεύχεσιν ἄλτο χαμᾶζε,  
 πάλλων δ' ὀξέα δοῦρε κατὰ στρατὸν ὥχετο πάντῃ,  
 ὀτρύνων μαχέσασθαι, ἔγειρε δὲ φύλῳπιν αἰνὴν. 105  
 οἳ δ' ἐλελίχθησαν καὶ ἐναντίοι ἔσταν Ἀχαιῶν



Above all else of Lycia and of Troy  
The burden lies, since ye the best are found  
For all emprise, of counsel or of war—  
Stand here, and rally, passing to and fro,  
The host before the gates, ere yet again  
Fleeing they cast them in their women's arms  
And be a mock and triumph to their foes.  
But when ye twain have heartened all the squares,  
We biding here will with the Danaans fight,  
Tho' wearied sore ; for pressing is the need.  
But go thou, Hector, to the town, and there  
Speak to our mother, thine and mine, that she  
Gather the matrons to the citadel  
And temple of Athené stern-eyed maid.  
Where with a key the holy temple's door  
Unlocking, whatso robe within her bowers  
Fairest and largest seems and by herself  
Is held most dear, this let her humbly lay  
Upon Athené's knees, that long-haired maid.  
Vow she likewise within her shrine to slay  
Twelve yearling kine that never knew the goad,  
If she will pity now the Trojans' town,  
Their wives, their little ones, and keep afar  
Tydeus' dread son from sacred Ilion :  
Wild warrior he—stout counsellor of flight :  
Whom of Achaians strongest I esteem.  
Not ev'n Achilles ever feared we so,  
Tho' prince of men and famed of goddess born.  
But this our foe all measure doth outpass  
In rage, and with his might may none compare."

He spoke. Obedient to his brother's word  
Was Hector : from his chariot to the ground  
He leapt at once, all armed. Two lances keen  
He brandished high, and went through all the host  
Urging to fight, and roused the furious fray.  
Round turned they all, and faced the Achaian foe.

Ἄργεῖοι δ' ὑπεχώρησαν, λήξαν δὲ φόνοιο,  
φὰν δέ τιν' ἀθανάτων ἐξ οὐρανοῦ ἀστερόεντος  
Τρῶσιν ἀλεξήσουντα κατελθέμεν, ὥς ἐλέλιχθεν.

Ἔκτωρ δὲ Τρῶεσσιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν αὖσας·

110

“Τρῶες ὑπέρθυμοι τηλεκλητοὶ τ' ἐπίκουροι,  
ἀνέρες ἔστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς,  
ὄφρ' ἂν ἐγὼ βεῖω προτὶ Ἴλιον, ἥδὲ γέρουσιν  
εἴπω βουλευτῇσι καὶ ἡμετέρῃς ἀλόχοισιν  
δαίμοσιν ἀρήσασθαι, ὑποσχέσθαι δ' ἐκατόμβας.”

115

ὥς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη κορυθαίολος Ἔκτωρ·  
ἀμφὶ δέ μιν σφυρὰ τύπτε καὶ αὐχένα δέρμα κελαινόν,  
ἄντυξ ἣ πυμάτη θέεν ἀσπίδος ὀμφαλοέσσης.

Γλαῦκος δ' Ἰππολόχοιο πάϊς καὶ Τυδέος υἱός  
ἐς μέσον ἀμφοτέρων ξυνίτην μεμαῶτε μάχεσθαι.

120

οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,  
τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·

“τίς δὲ σύ ἐσσι, φέριστε, καταθνητῶν ἀνθρώπων;  
οὐ μὴν γάρ ποτ' ὄπωπα μάχῃ ἐνὶ κυδιανείρῃ

τὸ πρίν· ἀτὰρ μὴν νῦν γε πολὺ προβέβηκας ἀπάντων  
σῶ θάρσει, ὅτ' ἐμὸν δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος ἔμεινας.

125

δυστήνων δέ τε παῖδες ἐμῷ μένει ἀντιώσιν.

εἰ δέ τις ἀθανάτων γε κατ' οὐρανοῦ εἰλήλουθας,  
οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ γε θεοῖσιν ἐπουρανίοισι μαχοίμην.

οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδὲ Δρύαντος υἱὸς κρατερὸς Λυκόεργος  
δὴν ἦν, ὅς ῥα θεοῖσιν ἐπουρανίοισιν ἔριζεν,

130

ὅς ποτε μαινομένοιο Διωνύσοιο τιθήνας

σεύε κατ' ἡγάθειν Νυσήιον· αἱ δ' ἅμα πᾶσαι

θύσθλα χαμαὶ κατέχευαν, ὑπ' ἀνδροφόνοιο Λυκούργου  
θεινόμεναι βουπλήγι. Διώνυσος δὲ φοβηθείς

135

δύσεθ' ἀλὸς κατὰ κῦμα, Θέτις δ' ὑπεδέξατο κόλπῳ

But backward fell the Argives, and gave o'er  
The slaughter: for they deemed from starry heaven  
Some power immortal surely had come down  
To aid Troy's sons: so sudden round they turned.  
But Hector to the Trojans cried aloud:

"Ye high-souled sons of Troy, and ye allies  
Called from afar, quit you like men, my friends,  
And of impetuous valour be your thought;  
While I to Ilion take my way, and bid  
Our greybeard senate and our wives with prayer  
To sue the gods and promise hecatombs."

Thus plumèd Hector spake, and went his way:  
And oft about his ankles and his neck  
The dark hide swaying smote him as he sped,  
The outmost rim that girt his bossy shield.

Now Glaucus, offspring of Hippolochus  
And Tydeus' son together in the midst  
Between both armies met, all keen to fight.  
Then first spake Diomedes, good in fray:  
"And who, brave Sir, of mortal men art thou?  
For thee in fight, man's field of fame, I ne'er  
Have heretofore beheld: but now thou art  
Foremost by far of all in hardihood,  
Who thus abidest my long-shadowed lance.  
Luckless the sires whose sons my valour meet.  
But if immortal thou from heaven art come,  
With heavenly gods it is not I will fight.  
Not e'en the strong Lycurgus, Dryas' son,  
Lived long, who strove against the heavenly gods:  
He that of old o'er Nysa's holy hill  
In headlong flight the Maenad nurses drove  
Of frenzied Dionysus. One and all  
Down on the ground they showered their sacred gear  
Pricked by the ox-goad of the murderous man.  
But Dionysus fled away, and dived  
'Neath the sea wave, where Thetis in her lap

δειδιότα· κρατερὸς γὰρ ἔχεν τρόμος ἀνδρὸς ὁμοκλῆ.  
 τῷ μὲν ἔπειτ' ὀδύσαντο θεοὶ ρεῖα ζῶοντες,  
 καί μιν τυφλὸν ἔθηκε Κρόνου πάϊς· οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτι δὴν  
 ἦν, ἐπεὶ ἀθανάτοισιν ἀπήχθετο πᾶσι θεοῖσιν.

140

οἷδ' ἂν ἐγὼ μακάρεσσι θεοῖς ἐθέλοιμι μάχεσθαι.  
 εἰ δέ τίς ἐσσι βροτῶν οἷ ἀρούρης καρπὸν ἔδουσιν,  
 ἄσπον ἴθ', ὥς κεν θᾶσπον ὀλέθρου πείραθ' ἵκηαι."

τὸν δ' αὖθ' Ἰππολόχοιο προσηύδα φαίδιμος υἱός·  
 "Τυδεΐδῃ μεγάθυμε, τίη γενεὴν ἐρεεῖνεις;

145

οἷη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοίη δὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν.  
 φύλλα τὰ μὲν τ' ἀνέμος χαμάδις χέει, ἅλλα δέ θ' ὕλη  
 τήλεθθῶσα φύει, ἔαρος δ' ἐπιγίγνεται ὥρῃ·

ὥς ἀνδρῶν γενεή ἢ μὲν φύει ἢ δ' ἀπολήγει.

εἰ δ' ἐθέλεις καὶ ταῦτα δαήμεναι, ὄφρ' εὖ εἰδῆς

150

ἡμετέρην γενεήν· πολλοὶ δέ μιν ἄνδρες ἴσασιν·

ἔστι πόλις Ἐφύρη μυχῶ Ἀργεος ἵπποβότοιο,

ἔνθα δὲ Σίσυφος ἔσκεν, ὃ κέρδιστος γένετ' ἀνδρῶν,

Σίσυφος Αἰολίδης· ὃ δ' ἄρα Γλαῦκον τέκεθ' υἱόν,

αὐτὰρ Γλαῦκος ἔτικτεν ἀμύμονα Βελλεροφόντην.

155

τῷ δὲ θεοὶ κάλλος τε καὶ ἡνορέην ἐρατεινήν

ᾧπασαν, αὐτὰρ οἱ Προῖτος κακὰ μήσατο θυμῷ,

ὅς ρ' ἐκ δήμου ἔλασσε, ἐπεὶ πολὺν φέρτερος ἦεν,

Ἀργείων· Ζεὺς γάρ οἱ ὑπὸ σκήπτρῳ ἐδάμασσε.

τῷ δὲ γυνὴ Προίτου ἐπεμήνατο, δι' Ἀντεια,

160

κρυπταδίῃ φιλότῃ μιγήμεναι· ἀλλὰ τὸν οὐ τι

πεῖθ' ἀγαθὰ φρονέοντα, δαΐφρονα Βελλεροφόντην.

ἡ δὲ ψευσαμένη Προῖτον βασιλῆα προσηύδα·

ἑθναίης, ὦ Προῖτ', ἡ κάκτανε Βελλεροφόντην,

Sheltered the affrighted god, for trembling sore  
Thrilled through him at Lycurgus' threatening shout.  
But he thereafter felt the wrath of gods  
Who live in ease ; and stricken blind was he  
By Cronos' son, nor long he lived when now  
Of all immortal gods he bore the hate.  
I therefore will not fight with blessed gods.  
But if thou art a mortal, and of those  
Who eat the fruit of earth, then draw thou near,  
To find full soon destruction as thy end."

To whom replied Hippolochus' noble son :  
"Great Tydeus' son why ask of birth and race?  
As are the leaves, so is the race of man :  
Leaves that the wind now sheds upon the ground,  
But others sprout through all the greening grove  
With spring renewed. Such is the race of men,  
Now born to life, now fading to decay.  
Yet—if thou car'st to learn—that thou may'st know  
Our race aright, a race that many know,  
A town there is, named Ephyré, embayed  
In the horse-cropt plain of Argos ; there of yore  
Dwelt Sisypheus, the craftiest he of men,  
The son of Æolus. And Sisypheus  
Gat Glaucus for his son ; Glaucus in turn  
Begot Bellerophon, a blameless wight.  
To him the gods a manly beauty gave  
That won all love ; but Proetus in his soul  
Designed him harm, and from the Argive land  
Drove forth ; for stronger far was he, a king,  
Whose people 'neath his sceptre Zeus subdued.  
For Proetus' wife, divine Antea, mad  
With love, to secret pleasures of the bed  
Wooed but not won that man of upright soul  
The brave Bellerophon : wherefore she framed  
A lying tale and thus to Proetus spake :  
'Proetus, die thou, or slay Bellerophon,



ὅς μ' ἔθελεν φιλότῃτι μιγήμεναι οὐκ ἐθελούσῃ. 165  
 ὥς φάτο, τὸν δὲ ἄνακτα χόλος λάβεν οἷον ἄκουσεν.  
 κτεῖναι μὲν ῥ' αἰλέεινε (σεβάσασατο γὰρ τό γε θυμῷ),  
 πέμπε δέ μιν Λυκίηνδε, πόρεν δ' ὅ γε σήματα λυγρά,  
 γράψας ἐν πίνακι πτυκτῷ θυμοφθόρα πολλά,  
 δεῖξαι δ' ἡνώγει ᾧ πενθερῷ, ὃφρ' ἀπόλοιτο. 170  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ Λυκίηνδε θεῶν ὑπ' ἀμύμονι πομπῇ.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ Λυκίην ἵξε Ξάνθον τε ρέοντα,  
 προφρονέως μιν ἔτιε ἄναξ Λυκίης εὐρείης·  
 ἐννῆμαρ ξείνισσε καὶ ἐννέα βοῦς ἱέρευσεν.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ δεκάτῃ ἐφάνη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἥως, 175  
 καὶ τότε μιν ἐρέεινε καὶ ἦτεε σῆμα ἰδέσθαι,  
 ὅττι ῥά οἱ γαμβροῖο πάρα Προίτιο φέροιτο.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ σῆμα κακὸν παρεδέξατο γαμβροῦ,  
 πρῶτον μὲν ῥα Χίμαιραν ἀμαιμακέτην ἐκέλευσεν  
 πεφνέμεν. ἥ δ' ἄρ' ἔην θεῖον γένος, οὐδ' ἀνθρώπων, 180  
 πρόσθε λέων ὀπιθεν δὲ δράκων, μέσση δὲ χίμαιρα,  
 δεινὸν ἀποπνέουσα πυρὸς μένος αἰθομένοιο.  
 καὶ τὴν μὲν κατέπεφνε θεῶν τεράεσσι πιθήσας·  
 δεύτερον αὖ Σολύμοισι μαχήσατο κυδαλίμοισιν·  
 καρτίστην δὴ τὴν γε μάχην φάτο δύμεναι ἀνδρῶν. 185  
 τὸ τρίτον αὖ κατέπεφνε Ἀμαζόνας ἀντιανείρας.  
 τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἀνερχομένῳ πυκινὸν δόλον ἄλλον ὕφαιεν·  
 κρίνας ἐκ Λυκίης εὐρείης φῶτας ἀρίστους  
 εἶσε λόχον. τοὶ δ' οὐ τι πάλιν οἰκόνδε νέοντο·  
 πάντας γὰρ κατέπεφνε ἀμύμων Βελλεροφόντης. 190  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ γίγνωσκε θεοῦ γόνον ἦν ἔοντα,

Who in his lust would fain have forced my bed.  
 So spake she, but the king was wroth to hear.  
 To kill he shunned; that deed he dared not do  
 For awe; but forth to Lycia sent the man  
 Giving him fatal tokens—graved they were  
 On folded tablet, many a deathful mark—  
 Which to the father of his royal spouse  
 He bade him show, that he might surely die.  
 So with the blameless convoy of the gods  
 To Lycia forth he went. And when he came  
 To Lycia's land and Xanthus' flowing stream,  
 Broad Lycia's king no niggard honour gave.  
 Nine days he feasted him, nine beeves he slew.  
 But when the tenth rose-fingered dawn appeared,  
 Then questioned he his guest, and asked to see  
 What token for him he from Proetus brought  
 His daughter's lord. And soon as he received  
 The evil token of his daughter's lord,  
 He bade him first the unconquerable beast  
 Chimaera slay. A brood of gods was she,  
 Not men: the fore-part lion, serpent rear,  
 With she-goat trunk between; and in dread wise  
 Forth breathed she furious tongues of flaming fire.  
 And her he slew, obeying wondrous signs  
 Sent of the gods. Then, for a second task,  
 He battled with the glorious Solymi.  
 More stubborn fight of warriors, as he said,  
 Ne'er entered he. For his third bout he slew  
 The Amazons, those women peers of men.  
 Whence as he now returned, the Lycian king  
 Wove a close web of guile again, and chose  
 Broad Lycia's bravest sons; who lay in wait,  
 But home returned not one; Bellerophon,  
 That blameless champion, slew them each and all.  
 But when the king now knew him of a god  
 The noble seed, he kept him by his side,

αὐτοῦ μιν κατέρυκε, δίδου δ' ὃ γε θυγατέρα ἦν,  
 δῶκε δέ οἱ τιμῆς βασιλίδος ἡμισυ πάσης·  
 καὶ μὴν οἱ Λύκιοι τέμενος τάμον ἔξοχον ἄλλων,  
 καλὸν φυταλιῆς καὶ ἀρούρης πυροφόροιο.

195

ἦ δ' ἔτεκεν τρία τέκνα δαΐφρονι Βελλεροφόντῃ,  
 Ἴσανδρόν τε καὶ Ἰππόλοχον καὶ Λαοδάμειαν.

Λαοδαμείῃ μὲν παρελέξατο μητιέτα Ζεὺς,  
 ἦ δ' ἔτεκ' ἀντίθεον Σαρπηδόνα χαλκοκορυστήν.

ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ καὶ κείνος ἀπήχθετο πᾶσι θεοῖσιν,  
 ἦ τοι ὃ καὶ πεδίον τὸ Ἀλήιον οἶος ἀλᾶτο,

200

ὃν θυμὸν κατέδων, πάτον ἀνθρώπων ἀλεείνων,

Ἴσανδρον δέ οἱ υἱὸν Ἄρης ἄτος πολέμοιο  
 μαρνάμενόν Σολύμοισι κατέκτανε κυδαλίμοισιν,

τὴν δὲ χολωσαμένη χρυσήνιος Ἄρτεμις ἔκτα.

205

Ἰππόλοχος δ' ἔμ' ἔτικτε, καὶ ἐκ τοῦ φημὶ γενέσθαι·

πέμπε δέ μ' ἐς Τροίην, καί μοι μάλα πόλλ' ἐπέτελλεν

αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπείροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων,

μηδὲ γένος πατέρων αἰσχυνέμεν, οὐ μέγ' ἀριστοι

ἔν τ' Ἐφύρῃ ἐγένοντο καὶ ἐν Λυκίῃ εὐρείῃ.

210

ταύτης τοι γενεῆς τε καὶ αἵματος εὖχομαι εἶναι.”

ὥς φάτο, γήθησεν δὲ βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης.

ἔγχος μὲν κατέπηξεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ,

αὐτὰρ ὃ μελιχίοισι προσηύδα ποιμένα λαῶν·

“ἦ ρά νύ μοι ξεῖνος πατρώϊός ἐσσι παλαιός·

215

Οἶνεὺς γάρ ποτε δῖος ἀμύμονα Βελλεροφόντην

ξεῖνισ' ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἐείκοσιν ἡματ' ἐρύξας.

οὐ δὲ καὶ ἀλλήλοισι πόρον ξεινήια καλά·

Οἶνεὺς μὲν ζωστῆρα δίδου φοίνικι φαεινόν,

Gave him to wife his daughter, and the half  
 Of all his kingly honour : and of land  
 The Lycians portioned him a choice domain  
 To till and reap, fair fields of vines and corn.  
 There did his wife to brave Bellerophon  
 Three children bear : Isander eldest-born,  
 Hippolochus next, Laodamia third.  
 Laodamia to her bed received

Zeus the wise counsellor, and bare to him  
 Godlike Sarpedon of the brazen arms.  
 But when e'en good Bellerophon became  
 Hated of all the gods, he roamed alone  
 The wide Alean plain, eating his heart  
 In moodiness, and shunned the path of men.  
 His son Isander then did Ares slay,  
 Insatiate war-god, as he met in fight  
 The glorious Solymi : while in her wrath  
 Golden-reined Artemis his daughter slew.  
 Hippolochus my father was ; of him  
 I boast me born. To Troy he sent me forth  
 With many a charge, to bear me still the best  
And overtop the crowd, nor shame the race  
 Of those my fathers who were far the best  
 In Ephyré and in Lycia's ample land.  
 Such is the birth I boast, such is my blood."

He spake : but Diomedes good in fray  
 Rejoiced to hear. His spear he planted firm  
 Upon all-nurturing earth, and then addressed  
 With gentle words the shepherd of his folk :  
 "Then surely through our fathers by old tie  
 Thou art my friend. For godlike Oeneus once  
 Bellerophon the blameless in his halls  
 Did entertain and stayed him twenty days.  
 Gifts too as host and guest they then exchanged.  
 A belt gave Oeneus, bright with purple dye ;

see page 4

Βελλεροφόντης δὲ χρύσειον δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον, 220  
 καί μιν ἐγὼ κατέλειπον ἰὼν ἐν δώμας' ἐμοῖσιν.  
 Τυδέα δ' οὐ μέμνημαι, ἐπεὶ μ' ἔτι τυτθὸν ἑόντα  
 κάλλιφ' ὅτ' ἐν Θήβησιν ἀπώλετο λαὸς Ἀχαιῶν.  
 τῷ νῦν σοὶ μὲν ἐγὼ ξείνος φίλος Ἀργεῖ μέσσω  
 εἰμί, σὺ δ' ἐν Λυκίῃ, ὅτε κεν τῶν δῆμον ἴκωμαι. 225  
 ἔγχεα δ' ἀλλήλων ἀλεώμεθα καὶ δι' ὀμίλου  
 πολλοὶ μὲν γὰρ ἐμοὶ Τρῶες κλειτοὶ τ' ἐπίκουροι  
 κτείνειν, ὃν κε θεὸς τε πόρῃ καὶ ποσσὶ κιχέω,  
 πολλοὶ δ' αὖ σοὶ Ἀχαιοὶ ἐναιρέμεν ὃν κε δύνηαι.  
 τεύχεα δ' ἀλλήλοις ἐπαμείψομεν, ὄφρα καὶ οἶδε 230  
 γνῶσιν ὅτι ξεῖνοι πατρῷοι εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι."

ὥς ἄρα φωνήσαντε, καθ' ἵππων ἀΐξαντε,  
 χεῖράς τ' ἀλλήλων λαβέτην καὶ πιστώσαντο.  
 ἔνθ' αὖτε Γλαύκῳ Κρονίδης φρένας ἐξέλετο Ζεὺς,  
 ὃς πρὸς Τυδεΐδην Διομήδεα τεύχε' ἄμβειβεν. 235  
 χρύσεια χαλκείων, ἑκατόμβοι' ἐννεαβοίων.

"Ἐκτωρ δ' ὥς Σκαιάς τε πύλας καὶ φηγὸν ἴκανε,  
 ἀμφ' ἄρα μιν Τρώων ἄλοχοι θεὸν ἠδὲ θύγατρεις  
 εἰρόμεναι παῖδός τε κασιγνήτους τε ἕτας τε  
 καὶ πόσιος. ὁ δ' ἔπειτα θεοῖς εὐχεσθαι ἀνώγει 240  
 πάσας ἐξείης· πολλῇσι δὲ κήδε' ἐφήπτο.

ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ Πριάμοιο δόμον περικαλλέ' ἴκανε,  
 ξεστῆς αἰθούσῃσι τετυγμένον—αὐτὰρ ἐν αὐτῷ  
 πεντήκοντ' ἔνεσαν θάλαμοι ξεστοῖο λίθοιο,  
 πλησίοι ἀλλήλων δεδμημένοι· ἔνθα δὲ παῖδες 245  
 κοιμῶντο Πριάμοιο παρὰ μνηστῆς ἀλόχοισιν·  
 κουράων δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐναντίοι ἐνδοθεν αὐλῆς  
 δώδεκ' ἔσαν τέγεοι θάλαμοι ξεστοῖο λίθοιο,  
 πλησίοι ἀλλήλων δεδμημένοι· ἔνθα δὲ γαμβροί



Bellerophon a double cup of gold,  
Which, hither bound, I left behind at home.  
But Tydeus I remember not : for he  
Left me a little child when under Thebes  
The army of Achaia found its doom.  
Now therefore I to thee a friendly host  
In middle Argos am, but thou to me  
In Lycia, should I seek the Lycians' land.  
But shun we each to meet the other's spear,  
Ev'n in the throng. Many there be for me  
To slay, or Trojans or renowned allies,  
Whomso the god may grant and I outrun ;  
And many of Achaia's sons there be  
For thee to spoil when slain, whomso thou canst.  
But now exchange we armour ; that all these  
May know we claim such friendship through our sires."

So spake the twain, and leaping from their cars  
Grasped each the other's hand and plighted faith.  
And there did Zeus the son of Cronos blind  
The wit of Glaucus, who, as thus his arms  
He changed with Diomedes Tydeus' son,  
Gave gold for brass, fivescore beeves' worth for nine.

Now soon as Hector to the Scaean gate  
And to the oak-tree came, around him ran  
The Trojans' wives and daughters ; who of sons,  
Brothers, friends, husbands, questioned much and heard.  
Then bade he each and all to pray the gods :  
But sorrows had for many been ordained.

But when to Priam's palace now he came,  
Surpassing fair, with polished colonnades  
Wrought round it, and therein of polished stone  
Were fifty chambers near together built,  
Where Priam's sons slept with their wedded wives :  
And toward the other side, within the court,  
Twelve well-roofed chambers, near together built,  
Of polished stone, for Priam's daughters these,

κοιμῶντο Πριάμοιο παρὰ μνηστῆς ἀλόχοισιν— 250  
 ἔνθα οἱ ἠπιόδωρος ἐναντίη ἤλυθε μήτηρ  
 Λαοδίκην ἐσάγουσα, θυγατρῶν εἶδος ἀρίστην,  
 ἔν τ' ἄρα οἱ φῦ χειρὶ, ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν  
 “τέκνον, τίπτε λιπῶν πόλεμον θρασὺν εἰλήλουθας;  
 ἦ μάλα δὴ τείρουσι δυσώνυμοι υἱες Ἀχαιῶν 255  
 μαρνάμενοι περὶ ἄστυ, σέ δ' ἐνθάδε θυμὸς ἀνῆκεν  
 ἐλθόντ' ἐξ ἄκρης πόλιος Διὶ χεῖρας ἀνασχεῖν.  
 ἀλλὰ μὲν ὄφρα κέ τοι μελιηδέα οἶνον ἐνείκω,  
 ὥς σπείσης Διὶ πατρὶ καὶ ἄλλοις ἀθανάτοισιν  
 πρῶτον, ἔπειτα δὲ καὐτὸς ὀνήσῃαι, αἴ κε πῆλυσθα. 260  
 ἀνδρὶ δὲ κεκμηῶτι μένος μέγα οἶνος ἀέξει,  
 ὥς τύνῃ κέκμηκας ἀμύνων σοῖσι ἔτησιν.”

τὴν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἑκτωρ  
 “μή μοι οἶνον ἄειρε μελίφρονα, πότνια μήτηρ,  
 μή μ' ἀπογυιώσης, μένεος δ' ἀλκῆς τε λάθωμαι. 265  
 χερσὶ δ' ἀνίπτοισιν Διὶ λειβέμεν αἴθοπα οἶνον  
 ἄζομαι· οὐδέ πη ἔστι κελαينهφεῖ Κρονίωνι  
 αἵματι καὶ λύθρῳ πεπαλαγμένον εὐχετάσθαι.  
 ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν πρὸς νηὸν Ἀθηναίης ἀγελείης  
 ἔρχεο σὺν θυέεσσιν, ἀολλίσασα γεραιάς· 270  
 πέπλον δ', ὅς τις τοι χαριέστατος ἡδὲ μέγιστος  
 ἔστιν ἐνὶ μεγάρῳ καὶ τοι πολὺ φίλτατος αὐτῇ,  
 τὸν θὲς Ἀθηναίης ἐπὶ γούνασιν ἠυκόμοιο,  
 καὶ οἱ ὑποσχέσθαι δυοκαίδεκα βοῦς ἐνὶ νηῷ  
 ἦνις ἡκέστας ἱερευσέμεν, αἴ κ' ἐλεήσῃ 275  
 ἄστυ τε καὶ Τρώων ἀλόχους καὶ νήπια τέκνα,

Wherein his sons-in-law, those daughters' lords,  
Beside their honoured wives were wont to sleep :  
There soon as Hector came, his mother mild  
Leading Laodicé, the fairest form  
Of all her daughters, met him. To his hand  
At once she clung, and thus found words and spake :  
"My child, why hast thou left the battle bold  
And hither come? Surely Achaia's sons—  
Accursed name!—distress us sore and fight  
Around our very walls : and thee thy soul  
Bade hither come and from our citadel  
Upraise to Zeus thy supplicating hands.  
But stay thou till I bring thee honeyed wine ;  
That thou may'st first outpour to Father Zeus  
And all the immortal host, and then thyself  
Gain good therefrom, if thou wilt drink. For wine  
Doth strengthen much the heart of wearied man,  
As thou art wearied fighting for thy friends."

Answered great Hector of the glancing plume :  
"No honeyed wine, my noble mother, bring :  
Lest thou unbrace my limbs, and I forget  
My might and valour. And with unwashed hands  
I fear to pour the sparkling wine to Zeus.  
To cloud-wrapt Cronos' son it may not be  
That I, all stained with blood and gore, should pray.  
Thou rather go with offerings due, and seek  
The temple of the driver of the spoil.  
Athené, gathering all the aged dames :  
And whatso robe thou hast within thy bowers  
Fairest and largest and by thine own self  
Counted most dear, this do thou humbly lay  
Upon Athené's knees, that long-haired maid :  
And vow likewise within her shrine to slay  
Twelve yearling kine that never knew the goad,  
If she will pity now the Trojans' town,  
Their wives and little ones, and keep afar

αἶ κεν Τυδέος υἱὸν ἀπόσχη Ἴλιου ἱρῆς,  
 ἄγριον αἰχμητήν, κρατερὸν μήστωρα φόβοιο.  
 ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν πρὸς νηὸν Ἀθηναίης ἀγελείης  
 ἔρχευ· ἐγὼ δὲ Πάριν μετελεύσομαι ὄφρα καλέσσω, 280  
 αἶ κ' ἐθέλῃ εἰπόντος ἀκουέμεν. ὥς δέ οἱ αὖθι  
 γαῖα χάνοι· μέγα γάρ μιν Ὀλύμπιος ἔτρεφε πῆμα  
 Τρωσί τε καὶ Πριάμφῳ μεγαλήτορι τοιῷ τε παισίν.  
 εἰ κείνόν γε ἴδοιμι κατελθόντ' Ἀἰδὸς εἴσω,  
 φαίην κεν φίλον ἦτορ οὔζυος ἐκλελαθέσθαι.” 285

ὥς ἔφαθ', ἥ δὲ μολοῦσα ποτὶ μέγαρ' ἀμφιπόλοισιν  
 κέκλετο· ταῖ δ' ἄρ' ἀόλλισσαν κατὰ ἄστν γεραιάς.  
 αὐτὴ δ' ἐς θάλαμον κατεβήσετο κηῶντα,  
 ἔνθ' ἔσαν οἱ πέπλοι, παμποίκιλα ἔργα γυναικῶν  
 Σιδονίων, τὰς αὐτὸς Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής 290  
 ἦγαγε Σιδονίηθεν, ἐπιπλὼς εὐρέα πόντον,  
 τὴν ὁδὸν ἦν Ἑλένην περ ἀνήγαγεν εὐπατέρειαν.  
 τῶν ἐν' αἵραμένη Ἑκάβη φέρε δῶρον Ἀθήνῃ,  
 ὃς κάλλιστος ἔην ποικίλμασιν ἠδὲ μέγιστος,  
 ἀστὴρ δ' ὥς ἀπέλαμπεν, ἔκειτο δὲ νείατος ἄλλων. 295  
 βῆ δ' ἱέναι, πολλαὶ δὲ μετεσσεύοντο γεραιαί.

αἶ δ' ὅτε νηὸν ἵκανον Ἀθήνης ἐν πόλι ἄκρῃ,  
 τῇσι θύρας ὤιξε Θεανὼ καλλιπάρῃος  
 Κισσηίς, ἄλοχος Ἀντήνορος ἵπποδάμοιο·  
 τὴν γὰρ Τρῶες ἔθικαν Ἀθηναίης ἰέρειαν. 300  
 αἶ δ' ὀλολυγῇ πᾶσαι Ἀθήνῃ χεῖρας ἀνέσχον.  
 ἥ δ' ἄρα πέπλον ἐλοῦσα Θεανὼ καλλιπάρῃος  
 θῆκεν Ἀθηναίης ἐπὶ γούνασιν ἠνκόμοιο,  
 εὐχομένη δ' ἠρᾶτο Διὸς κούρῃ μεγάλῳ·  
 “πίτνι' Ἀθηναίῃ, ῥυσίπτολι, δῖα θεάων, 305

Tydeus' dread son from sacred Ilion,  
A warrior wild, stout counsellor of flight.  
Seek thou, I say, Athené, queen of spoil;  
To Paris I will go, and summon him,  
If he will hear my voice. But O that earth  
Would gape and whelm him there! for a sad bane  
In him the Olympian king hath reared for Troy  
And high-souled Priam's self and Priam's sons.  
Saw I but him to Hades plunged, I deem  
My soul could clean forget her joyless woe."

So spake he. But the mother to her bowers  
Turned her, and gave her women charge, who then  
Gathered throughout the town the aged dames.  
But to a fragrant chamber she went down  
Where lay her robes, rich-broidered women's work,  
Sidonian women, whom from Sidon's town  
The godlike Alexander then did bring  
O'er the wide sea, when in the self-same voyage  
Home led he Helen, child of noble sire.  
Of these one robe did Hecuba raise aloft  
And to Athené bear as gift, the robe  
In broidery fairest and of amplest fold:  
And like a star it shone, as 'neath the rest  
Lowest it lay. The queen then took her way,  
And many aged dames behind her sped.

Athené's temple in the upper town  
When now they reached, fair-cheeked Theano oped  
The doors before them, child of Cisseus she,  
Wife of Antenor a steed-taming knight,  
And by Troy's sons Athené's priestess made.  
And while the matrons to Athené all  
Raised with a cry their hands, taking the robe  
Fair-cheeked Theano laid it on the knees  
Of flowing-haired Athené, and with prayer  
-And vow address the maid of mighty Zeus:  
"O queen Athené, city-saver thou,



ἄξον δὴ ἔγχος Διομήδεος, ἥδ' ἐ καὶ αὐτόν  
 πρηνέα δὸς πεσέειν Σκαιῶν προπάροιθε πυλάων,  
 ὄφρα τοι αὐτίκα νῦν δυοκαίδεκα βούς ἐνὶ νηῶ  
 ἦνις ἠκέστας ἱερεύσομεν, αἶ κ' ἐλεήσης  
 ἄστυ τε καὶ Τρώων ἀλόχους καὶ νήπια τέκνα.” 310  
 ὥς ἔφατ' εὐχομένη, ἀνένευε δὲ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη.

ὥς αἰὲν μὲν ῥ' εὖχοντο Διὸς κούρη μέγαλοιο,  
 Ἔκτωρ δὲ πρὸς δώματ' Ἀλεξάνδροιο βεβήκει  
 καλά, τὰ ῥ' αὐτὸς ἔτευξε σὺν ἀνδράσιν οἳ τότε ἄριστοι  
 ἦσαν ἐνὶ Τροίῃ ἐριβώλακι τέκτονες ἄνδρες, 315  
 οἳ οἳ ἐποίησαν θάλαμον καὶ δῶμα καὶ αὐλήν  
 ἐγγύθι τε Πριάμοιο καὶ Ἔκτορος, ἐν πόλι ἄκρῃ.  
 ἔνθ' Ἔκτωρ εἰσῆλθε διίφιλος, ἐν δ' ἄρα χειρὶ  
 ἔγχος ἔχ' ἐνδεκάπηχυν· πάροιθε δὲ λάμπετο δουρός  
 αἰχμὴ χαλκείη, περὶ δὲ χρύσεος θέε πόρκης. 320  
 τὸν δ' εὖρ' ἐν θαλάμῳ περικαλλέα τεύχε' ἔποντα,  
 ἀσπίδα καὶ θώρηκα, καὶ ἀγκύλα τόξ' ἀφώοντα·  
 Ἀργεῖη δ' Ἑλένη μετ' ἄρα δμῳῇσι γυναιξίν  
 ἦστο, καὶ ἀμφιπόλοισι περικλυτὰ ἔργα κέλευεν.  
 τὸν δ' Ἔκτωρ νείκεσσε ἰδὼν αἰσχροῖς ἐπέεσσιν· 325  
 “δαιμόνι', οὐ μὲν καλὰ χόλον τόνδ' ἔνθεο θυμῷ.  
 λαοὶ μὲν φθινύθουσι περὶ πτόλιν αἰπύ τε τείχος  
 μαρνάμενοι, σέο δ' εἵνεκ' αὐτὴ τε πτόλεμος τε  
 ἄστυ τόδ' ἀμφιδέδηε· σὺ δ' ἂν μαχέσαιο καὶ ἄλλῳ,  
 ὃν τινά που μεθιέντα ἴδοις στυγεροῦ πολέμοιο. 330  
 ἀλλ' ἄνα, μὴ τάχα ἄστυ πυρὸς δηρίοιο θέρηται.”

τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής·  
 “Ἔκτορ, ἐπεὶ με κατ' αἶσαν ἐνείκεσας οὐδ' ὑπὲρ αἶσαν,

Goddess divine, break Diomedes' lance,  
 And grant that he before our Scaean gates  
 Prone in the dust may fall : that so forthwith  
 We in thy fane may slay twelve yearling kine  
 That never knew the goad, if thou to Troy,  
 Her wives, and little ones, wilt mercy show."  
 So spake she praying : but denial stern  
 Pallas Athené gave. And so they all  
 Made suit before the child of mighty Zeus.

Hector meanwhile to Alexander's house  
 Had gone : that fair house which himself had wrought  
 With men who then in deep-soiled Troy were best  
 For building-craft : who made him chamber, hall,  
 And court complete, hard by the spot where dwelt  
 Priam and Hector, in the upper town.  
 There entered Hector, loved of Zeus—his hand  
 Grasping a spear, cubits eleven in length,  
 Whose shaft was shod with flashing brass bound on  
 By ring of gold—there entered he, and found  
 The hero in his chamber, all intent  
 On his fair arms ; shield, corslet, curvèd bow,  
 He handled : while amid her women folk  
 Sat Argive Helen giving to her maids  
 Their task of glorious work. And Hector saw  
 And with reproachful words his brother chid :  
 " Friend, 'tis not well that in thy heart this wrath  
 Thou storest. Round our town and beetling wall  
 The people still are perishing in fight :  
 And for thy sake the shouting and the war  
 Blaze round this citadel : and thou thyself  
 Wouldst blame another, whomso thou shouldst see  
 Thus slack in hateful war. Then up, and arm,  
 Lest soon the city glow with foemen's fire."

Then godlike Alexander made reply :  
 " Hector, because thy chiding is but just  
 Nor undeserved, I therefore now will speak ;

τούνεκά τοι ἔρέω· σὺ δὲ σύνθεο καί μεν ἄκουσον.  
 οὐ τοι ἐγὼ Τρώων τόσσον χόλῳ οὐδὲ νεμέσσι 335  
 ἥμην ἐν θαλάμῳ, ἔθελον δ' ἄχρῃ προτραπέσθαι.  
 νῦν δέ με παρειποῦς' ἄλοχος μαλακοῖς ἐπέεσσιν  
 ὥρμησ' ἐς πόλεμον, δοκέει δέ μοι ὧδε καὶ αὐτῷ  
 λώιον ἔσσεσθαι· νίκη δ' ἐπαμείβεται ἄνδρας.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε νῦν ἐπίμεινον, ἀρήια τεύχεα δύω 340  
 ἦ ἴθ', ἐγὼ δὲ μέτειμι, κιχήσεσθαι δέ σ' οἴω."

ὧς φάτο, τὸν δ' οὐ τι προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἴκτωρ.  
 τὸν δ' Ἑλένη μύθοισι προσηύδα μειλιχίοισιν·  
 "δᾶερ ἐμεῖο κυνὸς κακομηχάνου ὀκρυοέσσης,  
 ὥς μ' ὄφελ' ἡματι τῷ, ὅτε με πρῶτον τέκε μήτηρ, 345  
 οἴχεσθαι προφέρουσα κακὴ ἀνέμοιο θύελλα  
 εἰς ὅρος ἦ ἐς κῦμα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης,  
 ἔνθα με κῦμ' ἀπόερσε πάρος τάδε ἔργα γενέσθαι.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τάδε γ' ὧδε θεοὶ κακὰ τεκμήραντο,  
 ἀνδρὸς ἔπειτ' ὄφελλον ἀμείνωνος εἶναι ἄκοιτις, 350  
 ὃς ἤδη νέμεσίν τε καὶ αἵσχεα πόλλ' ἀνθρώπων.  
 τούτῳ δ' οὐτ' ἂρ νῦν φρένες ἔμπεδοι οὐτ' ἄρ' ὀπίσσω  
 ἔσσονται· τῷ καί μιν ἐπαυρήσεσθαι οἴω.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε νῦν εἴσελθε καὶ ἔξεο τῷδ' ἐπὶ δίφρῳ,  
 δᾶερ, ἐπεὶ σε μάλιστα πόνος φρένας ἀμφιβέβηκεν 355  
 εἵνεκ' ἐμεῖο κυνὸς καὶ Ἀλεξάνδρου ἔνεκ' αἴτης,  
 οἷσιν ἐπὶ Ζεὺς θῆκε κακὸν μόρον, ὥς καὶ ὀπίσσω  
 ἀνθρώποισι πελώμεθ' αἰοίδιμοι ἐσσομένοισιν."

τὴν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἴκτωρ·  
 "μή με κάθιζ' Ἑλένη, φιλέουσά περ· οὐδέ με πείσεις· 360

And heed and list thou well to what I say.  
 I not in wrath or spite to sons of Troy  
 Sat in my chamber, but to grief was fain  
 To give free way. Yet did my wife but now  
 With soft words turn my mood and rouse to war.  
 And I myself deem 'twill be better so ;  
 For victory doth shift from man to man.  
 Then come, and wait thou now but while I don  
 My arms for war ; or go : I after thee  
 Will follow, and, I trow, o'ertake thee fast."

He spake : but plumèd Hector answered nought.  
 Whom Helen thus with kindly words address :  
 "Thou husband's brother mine—who am a hound,  
 A cause of evil, and a name of fear—  
 Best had it been, in that same day when first  
 My mother bare me, if a wind-storm dire  
 Had hurled me clean away, or to the hills,  
 Or to the billow of the sounding sea,  
 Whose waves had choked me ere all this had been.  
 But since the gods decreed such ills should come,  
 Oh ! had it but been mine to share the bed  
 Of better husband, who could feel of men  
 The indignant wrath and many words of shame.  
 But this my lord nor now is sound of mind,  
 Nor ever will be : wherefore too I deem  
 That he will reap reward as he hath sown.  
 But come, and enter now, and sit thee down  
 Upon this chair, thou brother of my lord ;  
 Whose soul it is that bears the brunt of toil  
 For me, vile hound, and for the infatuate sin  
 Of Alexander : since an evil doom  
 Zeus hath ordained for us, that we may be  
 A tale for minstrels of a later age."

But mighty plumèd Hector made reply :  
 "Helen, no seat for me ; though kind thy wish :  
 Thou'lt not persuade me : for my soul at once

ἤδη γάρ μοι θυμὸς ἐπέσσυται ὕφρ' ἐπαμύνω  
 Τρώεσσ', οἳ μέγ' ἐμεῖο ποθὴν ἀπεόντος ἔχουσιν.  
 ἀλλὰ σύ γ' ὄρνυθι τοῦτον, ἐπειγέσθω δὲ καὶ αὐτός,  
 ὥς κεν ἔμ' ἔντοσθεν πόλιος καταμάρψῃ ἑόντα.  
 καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ οἰκόνδ' ἐσελεύσομαι, ὄφρα ἴδωμαι  
 οἰκῆας ἄλοχόν τε φίλην καὶ νήπιον υἱόν  
 οὐ γὰρ οἶδ' ἢ ἔτι σφιν ὑπότροπος ἴξομαι αὐτὶς  
 ἢ ἤδη μ' ὑπὸ χερσὶ θεοὶ δαμόωσιν Ἀχαιῶν."

ὥς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη κορυθαίολος Ἔκτωρ.  
 αἶψα δ' ἔπειθ' ἴκανε δόμους εὖ ναιετάοντας,  
 οὐδ' εὖρ' Ἀνδρομάχην λευκώλενον ἐν μεγάροισιν,  
 ἀλλ' ἢ γε ξὺν παιδὶ καὶ ἀμφιπόλῳ εὐπέπλῳ  
 πύργῳ ἐφειστήκει γοώσά τε μυρομένη τε.

Ἔκτωρ δ' ὥς οὐκ ἔνδον ἀμύμονα τέτμεν ἄκοιτιν,  
 ἔστη ἐπ' οὐδὸν ἰών, μετὰ δὲ δμῳῇσιν ἔειπεν

"εἰ δ' ἄγε μοι, δμωαί, νημερτέα μυθήσασθε.  
 πῇ ἔβη Ἀνδρομάχη λευκώλενος ἐκ μεγάροιο;  
 ἥε πῃ ἐς γαλῶν ἢ εἰνατέρων εὐπέπλων  
 ἢ ἐς Ἀθηναίης ἐξοίχεται, ἔνθα περ ἄλλαι  
 Τρωαὶ εὐπλόκαμοι δεινὴν θεὸν ἰλάσκονται;"

τὸν δ' αὖτ' ὀτρηνῇ ταμίῃ πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν  
 "Ἔκτορ, ἐπεὶ μάλ' ἄνωγας ἀληθέα μυθήσασθαι,  
 οὔτε πῃ ἐς γαλῶν ἢ εἰνατέρων εὐπέπλων  
 οὔτ' ἐς Ἀθηναίης ἐξοίχεται, ἔνθα περ ἄλλαι  
 Τρωαὶ εὐπλόκαμοι δεινὴν θεὸν ἰλάσκονται,  
 ἀλλ' ἐπὶ πύργον ἔβη μέγαν Ἰλίου, οὔνεκ' ἄκουσεν  
 τείρεσθαι Τρώας, μέγα δὲ κράτος εἶναι Ἀχαιῶν.  
 ἢ μὲν δὴ πρὸς τείχος ἐπειγομένη ἀφικάνει,  
 μαινομένη εἰκυῖα· φέρει δ' ἅμα παῖδα τιθήνη."



Hasteth to help the Trojans, who for me  
Now absent sorely long. But rouse thou him,  
Thy lord, and let himself make urgent speed  
To overtake me yet within the town.  
I do but hie me to my home, to see  
My household and dear wife and infant son.  
For nought I know if I again shall come  
Returning to them, or the gods at once  
Have doomed me by Achaian hands to fall."

Thus plumèd Hector spake, and went his way.  
And to his well-built house full soon he came :  
But in her bowers white-armed Andromaché  
He found not ; she with child and fair-robed nurse  
Stood on the tower, and there she wept and wailed.  
Then finding not his blameless wife within  
Back to the threshold Hector turned, and stood,  
And thus amid the women folk he cried :  
"Come, speak, ye women folk and tell me true :  
Which way went hence white-armed Andromaché  
Leaving her bower? to husband's sister, say,  
Or fair-robed wife of brother to her lord?  
Or to Athené's temple is she gone,  
Where other Trojan dames with flowing locks  
Make suit for mercy to that goddess dread?"

To whom an active housewife made reply :  
"O Hector, since thou bidst us tell thee true,  
Nor husband's sister now thy wife hath sought,  
Nor fair-robed wife of brother to her lord,  
Nor to Athené's temple is she gone,  
Where other Trojan dames with flowing locks  
Make suit for mercy to that goddess dread ;  
But to the lofty tower of Ilion ;  
For that she heard the Trojans were sore pressed,  
Achaia's might prevailing. In hot haste,  
Like to one mad, she sped her to the wall,  
And with her went a nurse to bear the child."

ἥ ῥα γυνὴ ταμὴν, ὃ δ' ἀπέσσυτο δώματος Ἐκτωρ 390  
 τὴν αὐτὴν ὁδὸν αὖτις εὐκτιμένους κατ' ἀγυιάς.  
 εὔτε πύλας ἔκανε διερχόμενος μέγα ἄστν  
 Σκαιάς (τῇ γὰρ ἔμελλε διεξιμέναι πεδίουνδε),  
 ἔνθ' ἄλοχος πολύδωρος ἐναντίῃ ἦλθε θεούσα  
 Ἀνδρομάχῃ, θυγάτηρ μεγαλήτορος Ἡετίωνος, 395  
 Ἡετίων ὃς ἔναιεν ὑπὸ Πλάκῳ ὑλήεσση,  
 Θήβῃ ὑποπλακίῃ, Κιλίκεσσ' ἀνδρεσσι ἀνάσσω·  
 τοῦ περ δὴ θυγάτηρ ἔχεθ' Ἐκτορι χαλκοκορυστῇ.  
 ἥ οἱ ἔπειτ' ἦντησ', ἅμα δ' ἀμφίπολος κίεν αὐτῇ  
 παῖδ' ἐπὶ κόλπῳ ἔχουσ' ἀταλάφρονα, νήπιον αὐτῶς, 400  
 Ἐκτορίδην ἀγαπητόν, ἀλῖγκιον ἀστέρι καλῶ,  
 τόν ῥ' Ἐκτωρ καλέεσκε Σκαμάνδριον, αὐτὰρ οἱ ἄλλοι  
 Ἀστυάνακτ'· οἷος γὰρ ἐρύετο Ἴλιον Ἐκτωρ.  
 ἥ τοι ὃ μὲν μείδῃσε ἰδὼν ἐς παῖδα σιωπῇ·  
 Ἀνδρομάχῃ δέ οἱ ἄγχι παρίστατο δάκρυ χέουσα, 405  
 ἔν τ' ἄρα οἱ φῦ χειρί, ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·  
 “δαιμόνιε, φθίσει σε τὸ σὸν μένος, οὐδ' ἐλεαίρεις  
 παῖδά τε νηπίαχον καὶ ἔμ' ἄμμορον, ἢ τάχα χήρῃ  
 σεῦ ἔσομαι· τάχα γάρ σε κατακτανέουσιν Ἀχαιοὶ  
 πάντες ἐφορμηθέντες. ἐμοὶ δέ κε κέρδιον εἶη 410  
 σεῦ ἀφαμαρτούσῃ χθόνα δύμεναι· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἄλλη  
 ἔσται θαλπωρή, ἐπεὶ ἂν σύ γε πότμον ἐπίσπῃς,  
 ἀλλ' ἄχέ'. οὐδέ μοι ἔστι πατήρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ.  
 ἥ τοι γὰρ πατέρ' ἀμὸν ἀπέκτανε διὸς Ἀχιλλεύς,  
 ἐκ δὲ πόλιν πέρσεν Κιλίκων εὖ ναιετάουσιν, 415  
 Θήβην ὑψίπυλον· κατὰ δ' ἔκτανεν Ἡετίωνα,  
 οὐδέ μιν ἐξενάριξε (σεβάσσατο γὰρ τό γε θυμῷ),

She spake. But Hector from the house sped back  
The self-same way along the well-built streets.  
And when, as through the ample town he passed,  
He neared the Scaean gates, wherethrough he meant  
To issue on the plain, there in swift haste  
Toward him came Andromaché his wife  
Well dowered—a daughter of Eëtion she,  
High-souled Eëtion, who beneath the woods  
Of Placus dwelt, in Thebé, from its site  
Named Thebé under Placus, and was king  
Of a Cilician folk—His daughter now  
Was wed to Hector of the brazen arms.  
She met him then, and with her went a nurse,  
Who on her bosom held the tender child,  
A babe as yet, in beauty as a star,  
The darling son of Hector. Him his sire  
Scamandrius, but the rest Astyanax  
All named, the city's prince, for Hector was  
Alone of Ilion's city prince and shield.  
Silent he looked upon his son and smiled :  
But near him came Andromaché in tears,  
And clasped his hand, and thus found words and spake :  
(“Dear lord, thy spirit bold will be thy bane.  
Nor hast thou pity of thine infant son  
Or of unhappy me, who soon from wife  
Shall widow be, for soon Achaia's sons  
Will all upon thee set and work thy death.  
Then were it gain for me, if thee I lose,  
To go beneath the earth : for comfort else  
I shall have none, when thou thy fate hast found,  
But sorrows. I no more a father have,  
No more an honoured mother : for in truth  
Godlike Achilles slew my sire, and spoiled  
That well-built city of Cilician folk  
The lofty-gated Thebé.) He, I say,  
Eëtion slew, yet stripped him not, that deed

ἀλλ' ἄρα μιν κατέκθη σὺν ἔντεσι δαιδαλέοισιν  
 ἡδ' ἐπὶ σῆμ' ἔχεεν· περὶ δὲ πτελέας ἐφύτευσαν  
 νύμφαι ὀρεστιάδες, κοῦραι Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο.

420

οὐ δέ μοι ἐπτά κασίγνητοι ἔσαν ἐν μεγάροισιν,  
 οὐ μὲν πάντες ἰὼ κίον ἡματι Ἀΐδος εἴσω·

πάντας γὰρ κατέπεφνε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς  
 βουσὶν ἐπ' εἰλιπόδεσσι καὶ ἀργεννῆς ὄτεσσιν.

μητέρα δ', ἣ βασίλευεν ὑπὸ Πλάκῳ ὑλήεσση,  
 τὴν ἐπεὶ ἄρ' δεῦρ' ἦγαγ' ἄμ' ἄλλοισιν κτεάτεσσιν,

425

ἄψ' ὅ γε τὴν ἀπέλυσε λαβὼν ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα,  
 πατρὸς δ' ἐν μεγάροισι βάλ' Ἀρτεμις ἰοχέαιρα.

Ἔκτορ, ἀτὰρ σύ μοι ἔσσι πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ  
 ἡδὲ κασίγνητος, σὺ δέ μοι θαλερὸς παρακοίτης.

430

ἀλλ' ἄγε νῦν ἐλέαιρε καὶ αὐτοῦ μίμν' ἐπὶ πύργῳ,  
 μὴ παῖδ' ὀρφανικὸν θήης χήρην τε γυναῖκα.

λαὸν δὲ στήσον παρ' ἐρινεόν, ἔνθα μάλιστα  
 ἀμβατός ἐστι πόλις καὶ ἐπίδρομον ἔπλετο τείχος.

τρὶς γὰρ τῇ γ' ἐλθόντες ἐπειρήσανθ' οἱ ἄριστοι  
 ἀμφ' Αἴαντε δύω καὶ ἀγακλυτὸν Ἰδομενῆα

435

ἡδ' ἀμφ' Ἀτρεΐδας καὶ Τυδέος ἄλκιμον υἱόν·

ἣ πού τίς σφιν ἔνισπε θεοπροπίων ἐν εἰδώς,

ἣ νυ καὶ αὐτῶν θυμὸς ἐποτρύνει καὶ ἀνώγει."

τὴν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἔκτωρ·

440

"ἣ καὶ ἐμοὶ τάδε πάντα μέλει, γύναι· ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰνῶς  
 αἰδέομαι Τρῶας καὶ Τρωάδας ἐλκεσιπέπλους,  
 εἴ κε κακὸς ὥς νόσφιν ἀλυσκάζω πολέμοιο.

οὐδέ με θυμὸς ἄνωγεν, ἐπεὶ μάθον ἔμμεναι ἐσθλός  
 αἰεὶ καὶ πρώτοισι μετὰ Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι,

445

ἀρνύμενος πατρός τε μέγα κλέος ἡδ' ἐμὸν αὐτοῦ.

For awe he dared not do, but burned him there,  
 Him and withal his arms of cunning work,  
 And o'er him raised a mound : and round the tomb  
 Grew elm-trees planted by the mountain-nymphs,  
 The daughters they of aegis-bearing Zeus.  
 And brothers seven, whom in my home I had,  
 All in one day to Hades' dwelling went,  
 For godlike fleet Achilles slew them all  
 Among their slow-paced kine and white-wool'd sheep.  
 Then, for my mother, who beneath the woods  
 Of Placus dwelt a queen, when hither brought  
 With other wealth of spoil, he set her free  
 Back to return for ransom large received :  
 And in my father's halls she met swift death  
 Struck down by Artemis the arrow-queen.  
 But, Hector, thou to me art all in one,  
 Father and honoured mother, brother ~~thou~~, *bro*  
 And thou my manly husband. Wherefore yield,  
 And pity feel, and here upon the tower  
 Remain, lest fatherless thou make thy child,  
 Widow thy wife. ) There by the fig-tree stay  
 The host, where easiest is the town to scale,  
 The wall to breach. For thrice upon that side  
 The bravest foes assayed us, massed around  
 Ajaces twain and famed Idomeneus,  
 And round the Atridae and bold Tydeus' son ;  
 Or at the prompting of some cunning seer,  
 Or spurred by wit and counsel of their own."

And mighty plumèd Hector made reply :  
 "All this, dear wife, I heed as well as thou :  
 But am sore shamed before the sons of Troy  
 And long-robed daughters, if in coward wise  
 I skulk apart from war. Nor doth my soul  
 Prompt me thereto ; for alway to be brave  
 I learnt, and in the Trojan van to fight,  
 Saving my father's glory and my own.



εὖ γὰρ ἐγὼ τόδε οἶδα κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν·  
 ἔσσεται ἡμῶν ὅτ' ἂν ποτ' ὀλώλῃ Ἴλιος ἱρή  
 καὶ Πριάμος καὶ λαὸς εὖμμελίῳ Πριάμοιο.  
 ἄλλ' οὐ μοι Τρώων τόσσον μέλει ἄλγος ὀπίσσω, 450  
 οὔτ' αὐτῆς Ἑκάβης οὔτε Πριάμοιο ἄνακτος  
 οὔτε κασιγνήτων, οἳ κεν πολέες τε καὶ ἐσθλοί  
 ἐν κούρησι πέσοιεν ὑπ' ἀνδράσι δυσμενέεσσιν,  
 ὅσσον σεῦ, ὅτε κέν τις Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων  
 δακρυόεσσαν ἄγῃται, ἐλεύθερον ἡμῶν ἀπούρας. 455  
 καὶ κεν ἐν Ἀργεὶ ἐοῦσα πρὸς ἄλλης ἰστὸν ὑφαίνοις,  
 καὶ κεν ὕδωρ φορέοις Μεσσηΐδος ἢ Ὑπερείης  
 πόλλ' ἀεκαζομένη, κρατερὴ δ' ἐπικείμετ' ἀνάγκη.  
 καὶ ποτέ τις εἴπησι ἰδὼν κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσας·  
 "Ἐκτορος ἦδε γυνή, ὅς ἀριστεύεσκε μάχεσθαι 460  
 Τρώων ἵπποδάμων, ὅτε Ἴλιον ἀμφεμάχοντο."  
 ὥς ποτέ τις ἐρέει, σοὶ δ' αὖ νέον ἔσσεται ἄλγος  
 χήτεϊ τοιοῦδ' ἀνδρὸς ἀμύνειν δούλιον ἡμῶν.  
 ἀλλὰ με τεθνηῶτα χυτὴ κατὰ γαῖα καλύπτοι  
 πρὶν γ' ἔτι σῆς τε βοῆς σοῦ θ' ἐλκηθμοῖο πυθέσθαι." 465  
 ὥς εἰπὼν οὐ παιδὸς ὀρέξατο φαίδιμος Ἐκτωρ.  
 ἄψ δ' ὁ πᾶις πρὸς κόλπον ἐϋζώνοιο τιθήνης  
 ἐκλίνθη ἰάχων, πατρὸς φίλου ὅψιν ἀτυχθεῖς,  
 ταρβήσας χαλκὸν τε ἰδὲ λόφον ἵππιοχαίτην,  
 δεινὸν ἀπ' ἀκροτάτης κόρυθος νεύοντα νοήσας. 470  
 ἐκ δ' ἐγέλασσε πατήρ τε φίλος καὶ πότνια μήτηρ.  
 αὐτίκ' ἀπὸ κρατὸς κόρυθ' εἴλετο φαίδιμος Ἐκτωρ,  
 καὶ τὴν μὲν κατέθηκεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ παμφανόωσαν,  
 αὐτὰρ ὃ ὄν φίλον υἱὸν ἐπεὶ κύσε πῆλὲ τε χερσίν,  
 εἶπεν ἐπευξάμενος Διὶ τ' ἄλλοισιν τε θεοῖσιν· 475  
 "Ζεῦ ἄλλοι τε θεοί, δότε δὴ καὶ τόνδε γενέσθαι

For there will come—my heart doth know full well—  
A day of doom to sacred Ilion,  
And Priam's self, and tough-speared Priam's host.  
Yet not so much the Trojans' woes to come  
Heed I, nor woes of Hecuba herself,  
Or sovereign Priam, or my brothers' fate,  
Who many and brave, prone in the dust shall fall  
By foemen's hands—not these I heed as thee,  
Whom mailed Achaian then shall lead away  
A weeping slave, thy day of freedom lost.  
And for a mistress thou shalt ply the loom  
In Argos, and bear water from the fount  
Messëis, or from Hypereia's well,  
Unwilling, but oppressed by heavy need.  
And haply he shall say who sees thee weep,  
'Lo here the wife of Hector, who in fight  
Of Troy's steed-tamers bore him still the best,  
When war was round the walls of Ilion.'

So shall one say hereafter, and anew  
Thy grief be stirred, for loss of such a lord  
To shield thee from the day of servitude.  
O may I dead ere that enshrouded lie  
Beneath the high-heaped earth, nor live to learn  
Thee weeping, thee a ruffian captor's prey!"

So glorious Hector spake, and out he reached  
His arms to take his child: whereat the boy  
Back to the bosom of his well-girt nurse  
Shrank with a cry, scared his own sire to see,  
Fearing the gleaming brass and horse-plumed crest  
That nodded grimly on the towering helm.  
Out laughed the father and that queenly dame  
His mother. Straight his helm bright Hector doffed,  
And on the ground all glittering laid it down.  
Then fondly kissed and tossed aloft his son,  
And spake in prayer to Zeus and all the gods:  
"Zeus, and ye other gods, grant that my child

παῖδ' ἐμόν, ὥς καὶ ἐγὼ περ, ἀριπρεπέα Τρώεσσιν,  
 ὧδε βίην τ' ἀγαθόν, καὶ Ἰλίου ἱφί ἀνάσσειν.  
 καὶ ποτέ τις εἶπῃσι 'πατρός γ' ὅδε πολλὸν ἀμείνων'  
 ἐκ πολέμου ἀνιόντα· φέροι δ' ἕναρα βροτόεντα 480  
 κτείνας δῆιον ἄνδρα, χαρεῖη δὲ φρένα μήτηρ."

ὥς εἰπὼν ἀλόχοιο φίλης ἐν χερσὶν ἔθηκεν  
 παῖδ' ἐόν· ἧ δ' ἄρα μιν κηώδεϊ δέξατο κόλπῳ  
 δακρυόεν γελάσασα. πόσις δ' ἐλέησε νοήσας,  
 χειρὶ τέ μιν κατέρεξε, ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν 485  
 "δαιμονίη, μή μοί τι λήν ἀκαχίζεο θυμῷ·  
 οὐ γάρ τίς μ' ὑπὲρ αἶσαν ἀνὴρ Ἀἶδι προῖάψει,  
 μοῖραν δ' οὐ τινά φημι πεφυγμένον ἔμμεναι ἀνδρῶν,  
 οὐ κακόν, οὐδὲ μὲν ἐσθλόν, ἐπὴν τὰ πρῶτα γένηται.  
 ἀλλ' ἐς οἶκον ἰοῦσα τὰ σ' αὐτῆς ἔργα κόμιζε, 490  
 ἰστόν τ' ἡλακάτην τε, καὶ ἀμφιπόλοισι κέλευε  
 ἔργον ἐποίχεσθαι. πόλεμος δ' ἀνδρεσσι μελήσει  
 πᾶσι, μάλιστα δ' ἐμοί, τοὶ Ἰλίῳ ἐγγεγάασιν."

ὥς ἄρα φωνήσας κόρυθ' εἴλετο φαίδιμος Ἑκτωρ  
 ἵππουριν· ἄλοχος δὲ φίλῃ οἰκόνδε βεβήκει 495  
 ἐντροπαλιζομένη, θαλερὸν κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσα.  
 αἶψα δ' ἔπειθ' ἔκανε δόμους εὖ ναιετάοντας  
 Ἑκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο, κιχήσατο δ' ἐνδοθι πολλὰς  
 ἀμφιπόλους, τῇσιν δὲ γόον πάσῃσιν ἐνῶρσεν.  
 αἰ μὲν ἔτι ζῶν γόον Ἑκτορα ᾧ ἐνὶ οἴκῳ. 500  
 οὐ γάρ μιν ἔτ' ἔφαντο ὑπότροπον ἐκ πολέμοιο  
 ἵξεσθαι, προφυγόντα μένος καὶ χεῖρας Ἀχαιῶν.

οὐδὲ Πάρις δῆθυνεν ἐν ὑψηλοῖσι δόμοισιν,  
 ἀλλ' ὃ γ' ἐπεὶ κατέδυ κλυτὰ τεύχεα, ποικίλα χαλκῷ,  
 σέυατ' ἔπειτ' ἀνὰ ἄστνυ, ποσὶν κραιπνοῖσι πεποιθώς. 505  
 ὥς δ' ὅτε τις στατὸς ἵππος, ἀκοστήσας ἐπὶ φάτνῃ,

Be, as am I, among the sons of Troy  
 Conspicuous seen, in strength of war as good,  
 And reign a mighty prince in Ilion.  
 So shall each say, as from the field he comes,  
 'Surely the son is far beyond the sire.'  
 And may he homeward bear the gory spoil  
 From foeman slain, and make his mother's joy."

He spake and in his consort's arms he laid  
 The child: she pressed him to her bosom sweet,  
 Tearfully smiling. Pitying saw her lord,  
 Stroked with fond hand, and thus found words and spake:  
 "Dear heart, I pray thee grieve not overmuch.  
 For none will speed me to the grave undoomed.  
 But fate no man, I trow, hath e'er escaped,  
 Nor base nor brave, when once a mortal born.  
 But hie thee home and tend thy proper work,  
 The loom and distaff, and thy handmaids bid  
 Ply well their tasks: and war we men will mind,  
 All that are sons of Troy, and chiefly I."

Bright Hector spake, and took again his helm  
 Horse-plumed. His wife beloved then hied her home,  
 Lingered and turning oft, and weeping sore.  
 And now full soon the well-built house she reached  
 Of Hector bane to foemen: where within  
 Her many maids she found, and stirred in all  
 Loud wailing. They for Hector in his home  
 Loud wailed, tho' yet he lived: for from the war  
 He nevermore would come, they said, nor 'scape  
 The force and hands of his Achaian foes.

Nor lingered Paris in the lofty halls:  
 But soon as he had donned his armour bright  
 Of brass full richly wrought, he through the town  
 Bold in his active stride sped swiftly on.  
 As some sleek horse at stall and manger fed,

δεσμὸν ἀπορρήξας θείῃ πεδίῳιο κροαίνων,  
 εἰωθὼς λούεσθαι ἐϋρρεῖος ποταμοῖο,  
 κυδιόων· ὕψου δὲ κάρη ἔχει, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαῖται  
 ὤμοις ἀΐσσονται· ὃ δ' ἀγλαΐῃφι πεποιθώς, 510  
 ῥίμφα ἐ γούνα φέρει μετὰ ἡθεα καὶ νομὸν ἵππων·  
 ὥς υἱὸς Πριάμοιο Πάρις κατὰ Περγάμου ἄκρης,  
 τεύχεσι παμφαίνων ὥς τ' ἡλέκτωρ, ἐβεβήκει  
 καγχαλόων, ταχέες δὲ πόδες φέρον. αἶψα δ' ἔπειτα  
 Ἔκτορα δῖον ἔτετμεν ἀδελφεόν, εὐτ' ἄρ' ἔμελλεν 515  
 στρέψεσθ' ἐκ χώρας ὅθι ἦ ὀάριζε γυναικί.  
 τὸν πρότερος προσέειπεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής·  
 “ἡθεῖ, ἦ μάλα δὴ σε καὶ ἐσσύμενον κατερύκω  
 δηθύνων, οὐδ' ἦλθον ἐναίσιμον ὥς ἐκέλευες.”

τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἔκτωρ 520  
 “δαιμόνι, οὐκ ἄν τίς τοι ἀνὴρ, ὃς ἐναίσιμος εἴη,  
 ἔργον ἀτιμήσειε μάχης, ἐπεὶ ἄλκιμος ἐσσί.  
 ἀλλὰ ἐκὼν μεθίης τε καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλεις· τὸ δ' ἐμὸν κῆρ  
 ἄχνηται ἐν θυμῷ, ὅθ' ὑπὲρ σέθεν αἴσχε' ἀκούω  
 πρὸς Τρώων, οἳ ἔχουσι πολὺν πόνον εἵνεκα σεῖο. 525  
 ἀλλ' ἴομεν· τὰ δ' ὀπισθεν ἀρεσσόμεθ', αἶ κέ ποθι Ζεὺς  
 δώῃ ἐπουρανίοισι θεοῖς αἰετιγενέτησιν  
 κρητῆρα στήσασθαι ἐλεύθερον ἐν μεγάροισιν,  
 ἐκ Τροίης ἐλάσαντας εὐκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς.”



His halter broken, ranges o'er the plain  
With stamping hoof, and seeks the flowing stream  
Wherein he wont to bathe—Exultant now  
He tosses high his head, his mane around  
Floats on his shoulders: bold in beauty's pride  
His fleet limbs swiftly bear him to the haunt  
And pasturage of horses—Even so  
Sped Paris Priam's son from Troy's high town,  
In arms all glorious as the blazing sun,  
Gay laughing, onward borne with speedy foot.  
Hector, his godlike brother, he o'ertook  
Full soon, ev'n as he turned to leave the spot  
Where with his wife such converse he had held.  
Whom godlike Alexander first address:  
"Brother, I am a drag upon thy haste  
By sloth, nor come I timely, as thou bad'st."

And answered Hector of the glancing plume:  
"Dear brother, no man who should judge aright  
Could scorn thy fighting prowess. Thou art brave,  
But of thy own will slack and loth to war.  
Whereat my heart is pained, oft as I hear  
Reproaches cast on thee by sons of Troy,  
Who bear in truth much labour for thy sake.  
But go we now: all this in time to come  
We may make good, if Zeus shall grant us grace  
To the everliving gods of heaven to set  
The bowl of freedom in our halls, when once  
Achaia's well-greaved sons be chased from Troy."

## ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Η.

Ἑκτορος καὶ Αἴαντος μονομαχία.

Ὡς εἰπὼν πυλέων ἐξέσσυτο φαίδιμος Ἑκτωρ,  
τῷ δ' ἄμ' Ἀλέξανδρος κί' ἀδελφεός· ἐν δ' ἄρα θυμῷ  
ἀμφότεροι μέμασαν πολεμιζέμεν ἠδὲ μάχεσθαι.  
ὥς δὲ θεὸς ναύτησιν ἐελδομένοισιν ἔδωκεν  
οὔρον, ἐπεὶ κε κάμωσιν εὐξέστης ἐλάτῃσιν  
πόντον ἐλαύνοντες, καμάτῳ δ' ὑπὸ γυῖα λέλυνται,  
ὥς ἄρα τῷ Τρώεσσιν ἐελδομένοισι φανήτην.

ἔνθ' ἐλέτην ὃ μὲν υἱὸν Ἀρηιθόοιο ἀνακτος,  
Ἄρην ναιετάοντα Μενέσθιον, ὃν κορυνήτης  
γείνατ' Ἀρηίθοος καὶ Φυλομέδουσα βοῶπις·  
Ἑκτωρ δ' Ἡιονῆα βάλ' ἔγχεϊ ὀξυόεντι  
αὐχέν' ὑπὸ στεφάνῃς εὐχάλκου, λῦσε δὲ γυῖα.  
Γλαῦκος δ' Ἴππολόχοιο πάϊς, Λυκίων ἀγὸς ἀνδρῶν,  
Ἴφινόον βάλε δουρὶ κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην  
Δεξιιάδην, ἵππων ἐπιάλμενον ὠκείων,  
ᾧμον· ὃ δ' ἐξ ἵππων χαμάδις πέσε, λύντο δὲ γυῖα.

τοὺς δ' ὥς οὖν ἐνόησε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη  
Ἀργείους ὀλέκοντας ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ,  
βῆ ῥα κατ' Οὐλύμποιο καρήνων ἀΐξασα  
Ἴλιον εἰς ἱερήν. τῇ δ' ἀντίος ὄρνυτ' Ἀπόλλων

## ILIAD VII.

### *The single combat of Hector and Ajax.*

THUS glorious Hector spake, and from the gates  
Rushed forth upon the field, and with him went  
His brother Alexander, both in soul  
On deeds of war and battle hotly bent.  
And as to mariners a welcome boon  
Heaven sends a following gale, when weary worn  
Smiting the sea with polished pine-wood blades,  
And failing limbs with toil are all unstrung :  
So welcome to the Trojans came the twain.

There slew they foemen each. By Paris fell  
Menesthius son of Areïthoüs  
A royal sire, who dwelt in Arné's town ;  
Him to club-wielding Areïthoüs  
Phylomedusa bare, his large-eyed queen.  
And Hector struck Eïoneus with lance  
Of beech-wood, 'neath the helmet's brazen brim,  
Upon the neck, and loosed in death his limbs.  
But Glaucus offspring of Hippolochus,  
Leader of Lycian men, struck with the spear  
Iphinoüs amid the stubborn fight,  
The son of Dexias, who but now had leapt  
On his fleet steeds : his shoulder smit, he fell  
From car to earth, his failing limbs unstrung.

These when Athené, stern-eyed goddess, marked  
Slaying the Argives in the stubborn fight,  
Swift from Olympus' heights she darted down  
To sacred Ilion ; where to meet her moved

Περγάμου ἐκκατιδών, Τρώεσσι δὲ βούλετο νίκην.  
 ἀλλήλοισι δὲ τῷ γε συναντέσθην παρὰ φηγῶ.  
 τὴν πρότερος προσέειπε ἄναξ Διὸς υἱὸς Ἀπόλλων·  
 “τίπτε σὺ δὴ αὖ μεμανῖα, Διὸς θύγατερ μέγαλοιο,  
 ἦλθες ἀπ’ Οὐλύμποιο, μέγας δέ σε θυμὸς ἀνῆκεν;  
 ἦ ἵνα δὴ Δαναοῖσι μάχης ἑτεραλκέα νίκην  
 δῶς, ἐπεὶ οὐ τι Τρώας ἀπολλυμένους ἐλεαίρεις.  
 ἀλλ’ εἴ μοί τι πίθοιο, τό κεν πολὺ κέρδιον εἴη.  
 νῦν μὲν παύσωμεν πόλεμον καὶ δηιοτῆτα,  
 σήμερον· ὕστερον αὖτε μαχήσονται, εἰς ὃ κε τέκμωρ  
 Ἰλίου εὕρωσιν, ἐπεὶ ὥς φίλον ἔπλετο θυμῷ  
 ὑμῖν ἀθανάτησι, διαπραθέειν τόδε ἄστυ.”

τὸν δ’ αὖτε προσέειπε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·  
 “ὦδ’ ἔστω, ἐκάεργε· τὰ γὰρ φρονέουσα καὶ αὐτὴ  
 ἦλθον ἀπ’ Οὐλύμποιο μετὰ Τρώας καὶ Ἀχαιοὺς.  
 ἀλλ’ ἄγε, πῶς μέμονας πόλεμον καταπαυσέμεν ἀνδρῶν;”

τὴν δ’ αὖτε προσέειπε ἄναξ Διὸς υἱὸς Ἀπόλλων·  
 “Ἐκτορος ὄρωμεν κρατερὸν μένος ἵπποδάμοιο,  
 ἦν τινά που Δαναῶν προκαλέσσεται οἴοθεν οἶος  
 ἀντίβιον μαχέσασθαι ἐν αἰνῇ δηιοτῇτι,  
 οἳ δέ κ’ ἀγασσάμενοι χαλκοκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί  
 οἶον ἐπόρσειαν πολεμιζέμεν Ἐκτορι δίῳ.”

ὥς ἔφατ’, οὐδ’ ἀπίθησε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη.  
 τῶν δ’ Ἑλένος Πριάμοιο φίλος παῖς σύνθετο θυμῷ  
 βουλήν, ἣ ῥα θεοῖσιν ἐφῆνδανε μητιόωσιν.  
 στῇ δὲ παρ’ Ἐκτορ’ ἰὼν, καί μιν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·  
 “Ἐκτορ υἱὲ Πριάμοιο, Διὸς μῆτιν ἀτάλαντε,  
 ἦ ῥά νύ μοί τι πίθοιο; κασίγνητος δέ τοι εἰμί.

Apollo who from Pergamos above  
 Looked out and wished the victory to Troy.  
 Beside the oak those twain together met :  
 And first spake king Apollo son of Zeus :  
 "Why now again art from Olympus come,  
 Thou daughter of great Zeus, in eager haste,  
 Stirred by thy mighty soul? Is it to give  
 Balance of strength with victory in fight  
 To Danaan arms? since for the sons of Troy  
 Fast perishing no pity thou dost feel.  
 But could I win thee to it—and it were  
 Far better so—let us e'en stop to-day  
 The war and havoc. Fight they shall again  
 Hereafter, till they find the fated end  
 Of Iliion ; since thus, immortal queens,  
 To sack this city fair your souls are set."

To whom Athené, stern-eyed power, replied :  
 "Far-shooter, be it so : for with that mind  
 Myself too from Olympus now am come  
 To seek the Trojan and Achaian hosts.  
 But say, how meanest thou to stay the fight?"

Then answered king Apollo son of Zeus :  
 "Rouse we steed-taming Hector's mighty soul,  
 If he will challenge forth some Danaan foe  
 To meet his single strength in deadly fray :  
 And they in wondering awe, Achaia's sons  
 The brazen-greaved, shall send one champion wight  
 Battle with godlike Hector to assay."

He spake : Athené, stern-eyed power, obeyed.  
 But Helenus, of Priam son beloved,  
 Knew in his soul this counsel which the gods  
 Were pleased to frame, wherefore he went and stood  
 By Hector's side, and thus to him he spake :  
 "Hector, thou son of Priam, peer of Zeus  
 In counsel, shall I win thee to my will?  
 I am thy brother. Bid the rest be set,



ἄλλους μὲν κάθισον Τρῶας καὶ πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς,  
αὐτὸς δὲ προκάλεσσαι Ἀχαιῶν ὅς τις ἄριστος 50  
ἀντίβιον μαχέσασθαι ἐν αἰνῇ δηιοτήτι·

οὐ γάρ πώ τοι μοῖρα θανεῖν καὶ πότμον ἐπισπείν.  
ὥς γὰρ ἐγὼ ὅπ' ἄκουσα θεῶν αἰειγενετῶν."

ὥς ἔφαθ', Ἐκτωρ δ' αὖτε χάρη μέγα μῦθον ἀκούσας,  
καὶ ῥ' ἐς μέσσον ἰὼν Τρώων ἀνέεργε φάλαγγας, 55  
μέσσου δουρὸς ἐλών· τοὶ δ' ἰδρύνθησαν ἅπαντες.

καδ δ' Ἀγαμέμνων εἷσεν ἑὺκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς.  
καδ δ' ἄρ' Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων  
ἐξέσθην, ὄρνησι ἐοικότες αἰγυπιοῖσιν,  
φηγῶ ἐφ' ὑψηλῇ πατρὸς Διὸς αἰγιοόχοιο, 60

ἀνδράσι τερπόμενοι· τῶν δὲ στίχες εἶατο πυκναί,  
ἀσπίσι καὶ κορύθεσσι καὶ ἔγχεσι πεφρικυῖαι.  
οἷη δὲ Ζεφύροιο ἐχεύατο πόντον ἔπι φρίξ  
ὄρνημένοιο νέον, μελανεῖ δέ τε πόντος ὑπ' αὐτῆς,  
τοῖαι ἄρα στίχες εἶατ' Ἀχαιῶν τε Τρώων τε 65  
ἐν πεδίῳ. Ἐκτωρ δὲ μετ' ἀμφοτέροισιν ἔειπεν·

"κέκλυτέ μεν, Τρῶες καὶ ἑὺκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί,  
ὄφρ' εἵπω τά με θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι κελεύει.  
ὄρκια μὲν Κρονίδης ὑψίζυγος οὐκ ἐτέλεσσεν,  
ἀλλὰ κακὰ φρονέων τεκμαίρεται ἀμφοτέροισιν, 70  
εἰς ὃ κεν ἡ ὑμεῖς Τροίην εὐπυργον ἔλῃτε  
ἡ αὐτοὶ παρὰ νηυσὶ δαμήετε ποντοπόροισιν.

ὑμῖν δ' ἐν γὰρ ἔασιν ἀριστῆες Παναχαιῶν,  
τῶν νῦν ὅν τινα θυμὸς ἐμοὶ μαχέσασθαι ἀνώγει,  
δεῦρ' ἴτω ἐκ πάντων πρόμος ἔμμεναι Ἐκτορι δίῳ. 75

ὦδε δὲ μυθέομαι, Ζεὺς δ' ἄμμ' ἐπὶ μάρτυρος ἔστω.  
εἰ μὲν κεν ἐμὲ κείνος ἔλῃ ταναήκεϊ χαλκῷ,  
τεύχεα συλήσας φερέτω κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας,

The sons of Troy and all Achaia's host :  
 But challenge forth thyself Achaia's best  
 To meet thy single strength in deadly fray.  
 For 'tis not yet thy destiny to die  
 And find thy doom ; this know I, who have heard  
 The utterance of the everliving gods."

He spake : but Hector joyed the word to hear.  
 Grasping his lance midway he stept between  
 The lines, and motioned back the Trojan squares.  
 Down sate they all : and down Achaia's sons,  
 A well-greaved host, at Agamemnon's word :  
 Down too Apollo of the silver bow,  
 And down Athené sat, in semblance these  
 As wingèd vultures, on the lofty oak,  
 Tree of their father aegis-wielding Zeus,  
 Right fain to see the men. Whose ranks sat dense  
 With shield and helm and spear a bristling wood.  
 As of the Zephyr newly rising runs  
 The shiver o'er the roughening main, wherewith  
 Black frowns the ocean—such the seated ranks  
 Of Troy and of Achaia on the plain.  
 Then Hector in their midst spake thus to all :  
 "Hear, Trojans, and well-greaved Achaians, hear !  
 That I may utter what my soul doth bid  
 Within my breast. High-thronèd Cronos' son  
 Our treaty sworn of late hath not confirmed,  
 But evils for us doth devise and doom ;  
 Till either ye shall take tower-girded Troy,  
 Or at the sea-borne ships yourselves be slain.  
 Then come—with you are Panachaian chiefs—  
 Of these whome'er his soul doth prompt with me  
 To fight, now draw he near, and forth from all  
 'Gainst godlike Hector stand a champion bold.  
 And thus I say—and Zeus our witness be—  
 If he slay me with falchion long and keen,  
 Strip he my arms and to the hollow ships

σῶμα δὲ οἴκαδ' ἐμὸν δόμεναι πάλιν, ὄφρα πυρός με  
Τρῶες καὶ Τρώων ἄλοχοι λελάχωσι θανόντα. 80

εἰ δέ κ' ἐγὼ τὸν ἔλω, δώῃ δέ μοι εὖχος Ἀπόλλων,  
τεύχεα συλήσας οἴσω προτὶ Ἴλιον ἱρήν  
καὶ κρεμόω προτὶ νηὸν Ἀπόλλωνος ἐκάτοιο,  
τὸν δὲ νέκυν ἐπὶ νῆας εὖσσέλμους ἀποδώσω,  
ὄφρα ἐ ταρχύσωσι κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαιοί, 85  
σῆμά τέ οἱ χεύωσιν ἐπὶ πλατεὶ Ἑλλησπόντῳ.

καὶ ποτέ τις εἶπῃσι καὶ ὀψιγόνων ἀνθρώπων,  
νῆι πολυκλήιδι πλέων ἐπὶ οἴνοπα πόντον,  
'ἀνδρὸς μὴν τόδε σῆμα πάλαι κατατεθνηῶτος,  
ὅν ποτ' ἀριστεύοντα κατέκτανε φαίδιμος Ἑκτωρ.' 90  
ὥς ποτέ τις ἐρέει, τὸ δ' ἐμὸν κλέος οὐ ποτ' ὀλεῖται."

ὥς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ·  
αἰδεσθεν μὲν ἀνήνασθαι, δεῖσαν δ' ὑποδέχθαι.  
ὀψὲ δὲ δὴ Μενέλαος ἀνίστατο καὶ μετέειπεν,  
νείκει ὄνειδίζων, μέγα δὲ στεναχίζετο θυμῷ 95

"ὦ μοι, ἀπειλητῆρες, Ἀχαιῖδες, οὐκέτ' Ἀχαιοί.  
ἦ μὴν δὴ λώβῃ τάδε γ' ἔσσεται αἰνόθεν αἰνῶς,  
εἰ μὴ τις Δαναῶν νῦν Ἑκτορος ἀντίος εἴσιν.  
ἀλλ' ὑμεῖς μὲν πάντες ὕδωρ καὶ γαῖα γένοισθε,  
ἡμενοὶ αὖθι ἕκαστοι ἀκήριοι, ἀκλέες αὐτῶς" 100  
τῷδε δ' ἐγὼν αὐτὸς θωρήξομαι· αὐτὰρ ὕπερθεν  
νίκης πείρατ' ἔχονται ἐν ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν."

ὥς ἄρα φωνήσας κατεδύσετο τεύχεα καλά.  
ἔνθα κέ τοι Μενέλαε φάνη βιότοιο τελευτῇ  
Ἑκτορος ἐν παλάμῃσιν, ἐπεὶ πολὺ φέρτερος ἦεν, 105  
εἰ μὴ ἀναΐξαντες ἔλον βασιλῆες Ἀχαιῶν,

Bear them away ; but give my body back  
 Home to return, that men and wives of Troy  
 May to the dead allot due funeral fires.  
 But if Apollo grant the boast to me,  
 And I slay him, his arms then will I strip  
 And bear to sacred Ilion, and hang  
 In temple of Apollo archer god.  
 But to the well-benched ships I back will give  
 His corse ; that so Achaia's long-haired sons  
 May duly bury him, and o'er him raise  
 Beside broad Hellespont memorial mound.  
 Whereof in time to come a man may say  
 Of later generation, who shall sail  
 In many-seated ship the wine-hued main :  
 'Lo, there the mound of man dead long ago,  
 A gallant chief whom glorious Hector slew.'  
 So shall they say : nor will my glory die."

He spake : whereat they all were hushed and still ;  
 Nor dared for shame refuse, for fear accept.  
 Till Menelaus now at last uprose  
 And spake amidst them, with reproachful words  
 Of taunt, while deeply groaned his soul within :  
 "O braggarts ye, Achaian women now,  
 Achaian men no more ! In very sooth  
 Shame will be ours, the foulest of the foul,  
 Unless some Danaan now 'gainst Hector go.  
 But turn ye all to water and to earth,  
 Here as ye sit dull heartless lifeless clods,  
 Idly inglorious ! I to meet this foe  
 Myself will arm. Issues of victory  
 The gods immortal hold in heaven above."

He spake, and clad him in his armour fair.  
 There, Menelaus, had been seen for thee  
 Life's end by Hector's hands—for stronger far  
 Was he—had not Achaia's princes swift  
 Upstarting held thee ; and the king himself,

αὐτός τ' Ἀτρεΐδης εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων  
δεξιτερὴν ἔλε χεῖρα, ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

“ἀφραίνεις, Μενέλαε διοτρεφές, οὐδέ τί σε χρὴ  
ταύτης ἀφροσύνης· ἀνὰ δ' ἴσχεο κηδόμενός περ, 110  
μηδ' ἔθελ' ἐξ ἔριδος σεῦ ἀμείνονι φωτὶ μάχεσθαι,

Ἐκτορι Πριαμίδῃ, τόν τε στυγέουσι καὶ ἄλλοι.

καὶ δ' Ἀχιλεὺς τούτῳ γε μάχῃ ἐνὶ κυδιανείρῃ  
ἔρριγ' ἀντιβολῆσαι, ὃ περ σέο πολλὸν ἀμείνων.

ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν ἵζευ ἰὼν μετὰ ἔθνος ἐταίρων, 115

τούτῳ δὲ πρόμον ἄλλον ἀναστήσουσιν Ἀχαιοί.

εἴ περ ἀδειῆς τ' ἐστὶ καὶ εἰ μόθου ἔστ' ἀκόρητος,  
φημί μιν ἀσπασίως γόνυ καμψέμεν, αἶ κε φύγησιν  
δηίου ἐκ πολέμοιο καὶ αἰνῆς δηιοτήτος.”

ὥς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν ἀδελφειοῦ φρένας ἥρως, 120

αἵσιμα παρειπών· ὃ δ' ἐπείθετο. τοῦ μὲν ἔπειτα

γηθόσυννοι θεράποντες ἀπ' ὤμων τεύχε' ἔλοντο·

Νέστωρ δ' Ἀργείοισιν ἀνίστατο καὶ μετέειπεν·

“ὦ πόποι, ἦ μέγα πένθος Ἀχαιίδα γαῖαν ἰκάνει.

ἦ κε μέγ' οἰμῳῷε γέρων ἱππηλάτα Πηλεὺς, 125

ἐσθλὸς Μυρμιδόνων βουληφόρος ἠδ' ἀγορητής,

ὅς ποτέ μ' εἰρόμενος μέγ' ἐγήθεε ᾧ ἐνὶ οἴκῳ,

πάντων Ἀργείων ἐρέων γενεήν τε τόκον τε.

τοὺς νῦν εἰ πτώσσοντας ὑφ' Ἐκτορι πάντας ἀκούσαι,

πολλά κεν ἀθανάτοισι φίλας ἀνὰ χεῖρας αἶραι 130

θυμὸν ἀπὸ μελέων δῦναι δόμον Ἀἴδος εἴσω.

αἶ γάρ, Ζεῦ τε πάτερ καὶ Ἀθηναίῃ καὶ Ἀπολλων,

ἠβῶμ' ὥς ὅτ' ἐπ' ὠκυρόῳ Κελάδοντι μάχοντο

ἀγρόμενοι Πύλιοί τε καὶ Ἀρκάδες ἐγχεσίμωροι,

Φειᾶς παρ τείχεσσιν, Ἰαρδάνου ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρα. 135



Wide-ruling Agamemnon Atreus' son,  
 Grasped thy right hand, and thus found words and spake :  
 "O Zeus-born Menelaus, thou art mad,  
 Nor needst such madness. Nay, refrain thee now,  
 Though sorely grieved : nor thus from wilful spleen  
 Fight with a warrior stronger than thyself,  
 With Hector Priam's son ; whom ev'n the rest  
 In horror hold ; and him to meet in fight,  
 Man's field of fame, Achilleus shuddering shrinks,  
 Who yet is far thy better. Wherefore go,  
 Sit with thy throng of comrades : but for him  
 Another champion shall Achaia rouse.  
 Though dauntless he, and of the battle-din  
 Insatiate, yet to bend the knee in rest  
 He will, I ween, be fain, if he but 'scape  
 Such deadly warfare and such furious fight.

The hero spake, and turned his brother's mind  
 By timely words that won him. In glad haste  
 His squires disarmed the shoulders of their lord.  
 But Nestor mid the Argives rose and spake :  
 "O shame ! a mighty woe in truth assails  
 Achaia's land. Sure loudly now would wail  
 Peleus, the grey-beard knight, of Myrmidons  
 A counsel-giver good and speaker he :  
 Who once did ask of me, and joyed to hear,  
 As in his home he questioned and I told  
 The birth and lineage of each Argive chief.  
 Of whom could he now hear thus crouching all  
 'Neath Hector's challenge, oft would he upraise  
 His hands to gods immortal, that his soul  
 Leaving his limbs might enter Hades' home.  
 Ah ! could I but be young !—O Father Zeus,  
 Athené, and Apollo ! young, as when  
 On rapid Celadon's banks the gathered hosts  
 Of Pylians with Arcadian spearmen fought,  
 Near to the walls of Pheia by the flood

τοῖσι δ' Ἐρευθαλίων πρόμος ἴστατο, ἰσόθεος φῶς,  
 τεύχε' ἔχων ὤμοισιν Ἀρηιθόοιο ἄνακτος,  
 δίου Ἀρηιθόου, τὸν ἐπὶ κλησιν Κορυνήτην  
 ἄνδρες κίκλησκον καλλίζωνοί τε γυναῖκες,  
 οὔνεκ' ἄρ' οὐ τόξοισι μαχέσκετο δουρὶ τε μακρῷ, 140  
 ἀλλὰ σιδηρεῖη κορύνη ῥήγνυσκε φάλαγγας.  
 τὸν Λυκόεργος ἔπεφνε δόλῳ, οὗ τι κράτεϊ γε,  
 στεινωπῷ ἐν ὁδῷ, ὅθ' ἄρ' οὐ κορύνη οἱ ὄλεθρον  
 χραῖσμε σιδηρεῖη· πρὶν γὰρ Λυκόεργος ὑποφθὰς  
 δουρὶ μέσον περόνησεν, ὃ δ' ὕπτιος οὔδεις ἐρείσθη. 145  
 τεύχεα δ' ἐξενάριξε, τὰ οἱ πόρε χάλκεος Ἄρης.  
 καὶ τὰ μὲν αὐτὸς ἔπειτα φόρει μετὰ μῶλον Ἄρης·  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ Λυκόεργος ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἐγήρα,  
 δῶκε δ' Ἐρευθαλίῳ φιλῶ θεράποντι φορῆναι.  
 τοῦ ὃ γε τεύχε' ἔχων προκαλίζετο πάντας ἀρίστους· 150  
 οἳ δὲ μάλα τρόμεον καὶ ἐδείδισαν, οὔδεις ἔτλη.  
 ἀλλ' ἐμὲ θυμὸς ἀνῆκε πολυτλήμων πολεμίζειν  
 θάρσει ᾧ· γενεῇ δὲ νεώτατος ἔσκον ἀπάντων.  
 καὶ μαχόμεν οἱ ἐγώ, δῶκεν δέ μοι εὖχος Ἀθήνη.  
 τὸν δὴ μήκιστον καὶ κάρτιστον κτάνον ἄνδρα· 155  
 πολλὸς γάρ τις ἔκειτο παρήγορος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα.  
 εἴθ' ὥς ἡβώοιμι, βίη δέ μοι ἔμπεδος εἴη·  
 τῷ κε τάχ' ἀντήσειε μάχης κορυθαίολος Ἔκτωρ.  
 ὕμέων δ' οἷ περ ἔασιν ἀριστῆες Παναχαιῶν,  
 οὐδ' οἳ προφρονέως μέμαθ' Ἔκτορος ἀντίον ἐλθεῖν." 160  
 ὥς νεῖκεσσ' ὃ γέρων, οἳ δ' ἐννέα πάντες ἀνέστησαν.  
 ὦρτο πολὺν πρῶτιστα ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,  
 τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Τυδείδης ὦρτο κρατερὸς Διομήδης,

Of Iardanus. For the Arcadians stood  
 A champion Ereuthalion, godlike wight,  
 With armour on his shoulders of a king,  
 Of Areïthoüs—a godlike king,  
 Whom men and fair-zoned women Clubman named,  
 For not with bow and arrows was he wont,  
 Or with long lance, to fight, but shattering brake  
 With iron-weighted club his foemen's squares.  
 Him not by strength, but guile, Lycurgus slew  
 In narrow way, where iron-weighted club  
 Served nought to ward his bane; for him with spear  
 Lycurgus quick forestalled and in the waist  
 Pierced through: he backward falling smote the ground.  
 The victor then his armour stript, the gift  
 Of brazen Ares, and henceforth himself  
 Was wont to bear amid the toil of war.  
 But when Lycurgus in his halls grew old,  
 To Ereuthalion his belovèd squire  
 He gave those arms to wear: and clad in these  
 He now did challenge all the best, and all  
 Sore feared and trembled, none to meet him dared.  
 But me my soul all-daring urged to cope  
 With his bold might—me youngest of them all.  
 With him I fought, and glory to my arm  
 Athené gave: I slew him. Tallest he  
 And mightiest of the men that e'er I slew:  
 For giant-like he showed as there he lay  
 Toward either side extended loose and long.  
 Ah! could I but be young, my strength be firm!  
 Then soon would plumèd Hector find a foe.  
 But as for ye, tho' Panachaian chiefs  
 Ye be, not ev'n the best with ready heart  
 Is bold to meet this Hector in the fight."

So did the grey-beard chide. But they upstood,  
 Nine chiefs in all. Rose Agamemnon first  
 By far, the king of men; and following him  
 Stout Diomedes Tydeus' son uprose:

- τοῖσι δ' ἐπ' Αἴαντες θοῦριν ἐπιειμένοι ἀλκὴν,  
 τοῖσι δ' ἐπ' Ἴδομενεὺς καὶ ὀπάων Ἴδομενῆος 165  
 Μηριόνης, ἀτάλαντος Ἐνυαλίῳ ἀνδρεϊφόντῃ,  
 τοῖσι δ' ἐπ' Εὐρύπυλος Εὐαίμονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός,  
 ἅν δὲ Θόας Ἀνδραϊμονίδης καὶ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς.  
 πάντες ἄρ' οἳ γ' ἔθελον πολεμιζέμεν Ἑκτορι δίῳ.  
 τοῖς δ' αὖτις μετέειπε Γερῆνιος ἱππότης Νέστωρ· 170  
 “κλήρῳ νῦν πεπάλασθε διαμπερές, ὅς κε λάχῃσιν·  
 οὗτος γὰρ δὴ ὀνήσει εὐκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς,  
 καὶ δ' αὐτὸς ὃν θυμὸν ὀνήσεται, αἶ κε φύγῃσιν  
 δηῖον ἐκ πολέμοιο καὶ αἰνῆς δηιοτῆτος.”  
 ὥς ἔφαθ', οἳ δὲ κλῆρον ἐσημήναντο ἕκαστος, 175  
 ἐν δ' ἔβαλον κυνέῃ Ἀγαμέμνωνος Ἀτρεΐδαιο.  
 λαοὶ δ' ἠρήσαντο θεοῖσι δὲ χεῖρας ἀνέσχον.  
 ὦδε δέ τις εἶπεςκε ἰδὼν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν·  
 “Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἦ Αἴαντα λαχεῖν ἦ Τυδέος υἱόν  
 ἦ αὐτὸν βασιλῆα πολυχρύσοιο Μυκῆνης.” 180  
 ὥς ἄρ' ἔφαν, πάλλεν δὲ Γερῆνιος ἱππότης Νέστωρ,  
 ἐκ δ' ἔθορεν κλῆρος κυνέης ὃν ἄρ' ἤθελον αὐτοί,  
 Αἴαντος. κῆρυξ δὲ φέρων ἅν' ὄμιλον ἀπάντῃ  
 δεῖξ' ἐνδέξια πᾶσιν ἀριστήεσσιν Ἀχαιῶν·  
 οἳ δ' οὐ γιγνώσκοντες ἀπηνῆναντο ἕκαστος. 185  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τὸν ἵκανε φέρων ἅν' ὄμιλον ἀπάντῃ  
 ὅς μιν ἐπιγράψας κυνέῃ βάλε, φαίδιμος Αἴας,  
 ἦ τοι ὑπέσχεθε χεῖρ', ὃ δ' ἄρ' ἔμβαλεν ἄγχι παραστάς,  
 γνῶ δὲ κλήρου σῆμα ἰδὼν, γήθησε δὲ θυμῷ.  
 τὸν μὲν παρ πόδ' ἐὼν χαμάδις βάλε, φώνησέν τε· 190

Then Ajax with his namesake, clothed in might  
 Impetuous both : followed Idomeneus,  
 And of Idomeneus the attendant squire  
 Meriones, peer of Enyalios  
 Man-slaughtering power : Eurypylus the next,  
 Evaemon's glorious son : uprore withal  
 Thoas Andraemon's son, and rose with him  
 Godlike Odysseus. These were willing all  
 Battle with godlike Hector to assay.  
 Nestor, Gerené's knight, then spake again :  
 "Now let your lots full throughly shaken say  
 Whose is the chance : for his it then will be  
 To bless with good Achaia's well-greaved sons,  
 And his own heart to gladden, if he 'scape  
 Such deadly warfare and such furious fight."  
 He spake : they marked each for himself a lot,  
 And cast them all in Agamemnon's helm.  
 The people prayed, with hands to gods upraised,  
 And thus spake each as toward wide heaven he looked :  
 "O Father Zeus, to Ajax fall the chance,  
 Or Tydeus' son, or to our liege himself,  
 The sovereign of Mycenae's golden town!"

So spake they all. Nestor Gerené's knight  
 Then shook ; and from the helm out leapt the lot  
 Which all desired, of Ajax. Through the throng  
 A herald bare it round from left to right,  
 And duly showed to all Achaian chiefs,  
 Who knew it not and each in turn disowned.  
 But when, as round the throng he bare the lot,  
 The herald came to him who graved thereon  
 His token sure and cast it in the helm—  
 To glorious Ajax—he outstretched his hand,  
 Wherein the other dropt it standing nigh,  
 And on the lot the mark he saw and knew  
 Rejoicing in his heart ; then on the ground  
 He cast it by his foot, and thus he spake :



“ὦ φίλοι, ἦ τοι κλῆρος ἐμός, χαίρω δὲ καὶ αὐτός  
θυμῷ, ἐπεὶ δοκέω νικησέμεν” Ἐκτορα δῖον.

ἀλλ’ ἄγετ’, ὄφρ’ ἂν ἐγὼ πολεμήια τεύχεα δύω,  
τόφρ’ ὑμεῖς εὐχεσθε Διὶ Κρονίωνι ἄνακτι  
σιγῇ ἐφ’ ὑμείων, ἵνα μὴ Τρῳῆς γε πύθωνται,  
ἦὲ καὶ ἀμφαδίην, ἐπεὶ οὐ τίνα δείδιμεν ἔμπης·  
οὐ γάρ τίς με βίῃ γε ἐκὼν ἀέκοντα δίηται,  
οὐδέ τι ἰδρεῖη, ἐπεὶ οὐδ’ ἐμὲ νῆϊδά γ’ οὕτως  
ἔλπομαι ἐν Σαλαμῖνι γενέσθαι τε τραφέμεν τε.”

195

ὥς ἔφαθ’, οἱ δ’ εὐχοντο Διὶ Κρονίωνι ἄνακτι.  
ὦδε δέ τις εἶπεςκε ἰδὼν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν·

200

“Ζεῦ πάτερ Ἰδηθεν μεδέων, κύδιστε μέγιστε,  
δὸς νίκην Αἴαντι καὶ ἀγλαὸν εὖχος ἀρέσθαι.  
εἰ δὲ καὶ Ἐκτορά περ φιλέεις καὶ κήδεαι αὐτοῦ,  
ἴσῃν ἀμφοτέροισι βίην καὶ κῦδος ὅπασσον.”

205

ὥς ἄρ’ ἔφαν, Αἴας δὲ κορύσσετο νώροπι χαλκῷ.  
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ πάντα περὶ χροὶ ἔσσατο τεύχεα,  
σεύατ’ ἔπειθ’ οἷός τε πελώριος ἔρχεται Ἄρης,  
ὅς τ’ εἰσιν πόλεμόνδε μετ’ ἀνέρας, οὓς τε Κρονίων  
θυμοβόρου ἔριδος μένει ξυνέηκε μάχεσθαι.

210

τοῖος ἄρ’ Αἴας ὦρτο πελώριος, ἔρκος Ἀχαιῶν,  
μειδιῶν βλοσυροῖσι προσώπασι· νέρθε δὲ ποσσὶν  
ἦε μακρὰ βιβάς, κραδάων δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος.  
τὸν δὲ καὶ Ἀργεῖοι μέγ’ ἐγήθεον εἰσορώοντες,  
Τρῳᾶς δὲ τρόμος αἰνὸς ὑπήλυθε γυῖα ἕκαστον,  
Ἐκτορί τ’ αὐτῷ θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι πάτασσε·  
ἀλλ’ οὐ πῶς ἔτι εἶχεν ὑποτρέσαι οὐδ’ ἀναδύναι  
ἄψ λαῶν ἐς ὄμιλον, ἐπεὶ προκαλέσσατο χάρμη.

215

"O friends, the lot is surely mine : whereat  
I too, as ye, am glad ; for I do think  
To conquer glorious Hector. Come ye then,  
And, while I don my panoply of war,  
Pray to the son of Cronos, Zeus the king,  
In silence by yourselves, that none may hear  
Among the Trojans ; or aloud and plain—  
Since, whatso chance, we stand in fear of none.  
For none by force shall drive me 'gainst my will,  
Will how he may ; nor yet by craft of war ;  
For I am no such witless fool, I trow,  
The son and fosterling of Salamis."

He spake : they prayed Zeus Cronides the king ;  
And thus spake each as toward wide heaven he looked :  
"O Father Zeus, who rul'st from Ida's height,  
Most glorious, greatest, grant to Ajax now  
To win the victory and glorious boast ;  
Or, if thou lov'st and car'st for Hector too,  
To both give equal might and equal fame."

So spake they : Ajax armed himself the while  
In dazzling mail. And when around his limbs  
His armour all complete he now had donned,  
Forth sped he, as the giant Ares goes,  
When to the field he moves to mix with men  
Whom Cronos' son hath matched to fight amain  
With furious rage of soul-devouring strife ;  
So giant Ajax showed, as he arose,  
Achaia's bulwark, smiling with grim face ;  
Whose feet below him bore him striding on,  
As high he brandished his long-shadowed lance.  
And him the Argives greatly joyed to see,  
But trembling dread thrilled through each Trojan's knees.  
Nay ev'n of Hector's self within his breast  
Loud beat the heart : yet might he now no more  
Shrink back or hide him in his people's throng,  
Who challenged forth a foeman to the fight.

Αἴας δ' ἐγγύθεν ἦλθε φέρων σάκος ἥντε πύργον,  
 χάλκεον ἑπταβόειον, ὃ οἱ Τυχίος κάμε τεύχων, 220  
 σκυτοτόμων ὃχ' ἄριστος, "Τλη ἔνι οἰκία ναίων,  
 ὅς οἱ ἐποίησεν σάκος αἰόλον ἑπταβόειον  
 ταύρων ζατρεφέων, ἐπὶ δ' ὄγδοον ἤλασε χαλκόν.  
 τὸ πρόσθε στέρνοιο φέρων Τελαμώνιος Αἴας  
 στῆ ῥα μάλ' Ἑκτορος ἐγγύς, ἀπειλήσας δὲ προσηύδα· 225  
 "Ἑκτορ, νῦν μὲν δὴ σάφα εἴσεαι οἰόθεν οἶος  
 οἶοι καὶ Δαναοῖσιν ἀριστῆες μετέασιν,  
 καὶ μετ' Ἀχιλλῆα ῥηξήνορα θυμολέοντα.  
 ἀλλ' ὃ μὲν ἐν νήεσσι κορωνίσι ποντοπόροισιν  
 κείτ' ἀπομηνίσας Ἀγαμέμνονι ποιμένι λαῶν, 230  
 ἡμεῖς δ' εἰμὲν τοῖοι οἳ ἂν σέθεν ἀντιάσαιμεν,  
 καὶ πολέες. ἀλλ' ἄρχε μάχης ἡδὲ πτολέμοιο."

τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἑκτωρ·  
 "Αἴαν διογενὲς Τελαμώνιε, κοίρανε λαῶν,  
 μή τί μεν ἥντε παιδὸς ἀφανροῦ πειρήτιζε 235  
 ἢ ἐ γυναικός, ἢ οὐ οἶδεν πολεμήια ἔργα.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν εὖ οἶδα μάχας τ' ἀνδροκτασίας τε.  
 οἶδ' ἐπὶ δεξιᾷ, οἶδ' ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ νωμῆσαι βῶν  
 ἀζαλέην, τό μοι ἐστι ταλαύρινον πολεμίζειν·  
 οἶδα δ' ἐπαῖξαι μόθον ἵππων ὠκείων, 240  
 οἶδα δ' ἐνὶ σταδίῃ δηῖω μέλπεσθαι Ἀρηι.  
 ἀλλ' οὐ γάρ σ' ἐθέλω βαλέειν τοιοῦτον ἔοντα  
 λάθρῃ ὀπιπτεύσας, ἀλλ' ἀμφαδόν, αἶ κε τύχωμι."

ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἀμπεπαλὼν προῖη δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,  
 καὶ βάλεν Αἴαντος δεινὸν σάκος ἑπταβόειον 245  
 ἀκρότατον κατὰ χαλκόν, ὃς ὄγδοος ἦεν ἐπ' αὐτῷ.

And Ajax drew anigh, with tower-like targe,  
 Brazen, sevenfold with hides, which Tychius wrought  
 By armourer's craft, of leather-cutters he  
 The deftest, who at Hylé dwelt. 'Twas he  
 For Ajax made his lightly-wielded targe,  
 With hides of well-grown bulls sevenfold, whereon  
 An eighth and outer plate of brass he laid.  
 This shield before his breast did Ajax bear,  
 The son of Telamon, and stood full nigh  
 To Hector, as with threat'ning words he spake :  
 "Hector, alone and singly thou wilt now  
 Learn well what chiefs are with the Danaans left,  
 Beside Achilleus, battle-breaking wight  
 Of lion heart. He lies indeed retired  
 Among his beakèd sea-borne ships, in wrath  
 With Agamemnon shepherd of our hosts :  
 But we are such as well may cope with thee,  
 Not I alone, but many. Wherefore come,  
 Make thou beginning of the fight and fray."

But mighty plumèd Hector made reply :  
 "O Zeus-born Ajax son of Telamon,  
 Thou prince of peoples, do not try me thus,  
 As weakling child or woman thou would'st try  
 Who knoweth nothing of the works of war.  
 Battles and bloody fields I know full well.  
 I know to left or right nimbly to turn  
 The dry bull's hide when battle stout and hard  
 I wage: I know through turmoil of swift steeds  
 To charge amain: I know, where foot meets foot,  
 To make the music that fell Ares loves.  
 But guard thee! for I would not wish to strike  
 By spying unawares a foe like thee;  
 But openly, if I may hit my mark."

He spake, and poising the long-shadowed lance  
 Cast it, and struck the dread seven-hided targe  
 Of Ajax on the outer orb of brass,

ἐξ δὲ διὰ πτύχας ἦλθε δαΐζων χαλκὸς ἀτειρής,  
 ἐν τῇ δ' ἐβδομάτῃ ῥινῶ σκέτο. δεύτερος αὖτε  
 Αἴας διογενῆς προῖη δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,  
 καὶ βάλε Πριαμίδαο κατ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' εἵσθη. 250  
 διὰ μὲν ἀσπίδος ἦλθε φαεινῆς ὄβριμον ἔγχος,  
 καὶ διὰ θώρηκος πολυδαίδαλου ἡρήρειστο·  
 ἀντικρὺς δὲ παραὶ λαπάρην διάμνησε χιτῶνα  
 ἔγχος· ὃ δὲ κλίνθη καὶ ἀλεύατο κῆρα μέλαιναν.  
 τὼ δ' ἐκσπασαμένω δολίχ' ἔγχεα χερσὶν ἄμ' ἄμφω 255  
 σὺν ῥ' ἔπεισον, λείουσι εἰκότες ὠμοφάγοισιν  
 ἢ συσὶ κάπροισιν, τῶν τε σθένος οὐκ ἀλαπαδνόν.  
 Πριαμίδης μὲν ἔπειτα μέσον σάκος οὔτασε δουρί,  
 οὐδ' ἔρρηξεν χαλκός, ἀνεγνάμφθη δέ οἱ αἰχμή·  
 Αἴας δ' ἀσπίδα νύξεν ἐπ' ἄλμενος, ἣ δὲ διαπρό 260  
 ἦλυθεν ἐγχείῃ, στυφέλιξε δέ μιν μεμαῶτα,  
 τμήδην δ' αὐχέν' ἐπῆλθε, μέλαν δ' ἀνεκῆκιν αἶμα.  
 ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὥς ἀπέληγε μάχης κορυθαίολος Ἑκτωρ,  
 ἀλλ' ἀναχασσάμενος λίθον εἵλετο χειρὶ παχείῃ  
 κείμενον ἐν πεδίῳ, μέλανα, τρηχύν τε μέγαν τε 265  
 τῷ βάλεν Αἴαντος δεινὸν σάκος ἑπταβόειον  
 μέσσον ἐπομφάλιον, περιήχησεν δ' ἄρα χαλκός.  
 δεύτερος αὖτ' Αἴας πολὺ μείζονα λᾶαν αἶρας  
 ἦκ' ἐπιδινήσας, ἐπέρεισε δὲ ἱν' ἀπέλεθρον,  
 εἴσω δ' ἀσπίδ' ἔαξε βαλὼν μυλοειδέϊ πέτρῳ, 270  
 βλάβῃ δὲ οἱ φίλα γούναθ'· ὃ δ' ὕπτιος ἐξετανύσθη  
 ἀσπίδ' ἐνιχριμφθείς· τὸν δ' αἰψ' ὥρθωσεν Ἀπόλλων.  
 καὶ νύ κε δὴ ξιφέεσσ' αὐτοσχεδὸν οὐτάζοντο,  
 εἰ μὴ κήρυκες, Διὸς ἄγγελοι ἠδὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν,



The eighth and surface plate. Through six stout folds  
 The brazen point unwearied clove a way,  
 And in the seventh was stayed. Second in turn  
 Then Zeus-born Ajax his long-shadowed lance  
 Cast forth, and smote upon the orbèd shield  
 Of Priam's son. Through shield refulgent came  
 The forceful shaft, through corslet richly-wrought  
 Pressed firmly on, and mowed the tunic through  
 With severing edge, close to the wearer's side,  
 Who quickly bending shunned the gloomy death.  
 Then forth with hasty hands plucked both at once  
 The lances long, and on each other ran,  
 Like unto lions greedy of their prey,  
 Or tuskèd boars, whose is no feeble strength.  
 First Priam's son his foeman's middle targe  
 Smote with the spear, but brake not through the brass,  
 Which turned the blunted point. Then bounded on  
 Ajax, and struck his shield: the lance right through  
 And onwards passed, and dashed the foeman back  
 Though forward bent, and with a cut it gashed  
 The neck, wherefrom the black blood spirted out.  
 Yet not for this did plumèd Hector quit  
 The fight, but stepping back a space he grasped  
 In his broad hand a stone, that on the plain  
 Lay black and rough and large, and threw and hit  
 The dread seven-hided targe on midmost boss,  
 That loud around the brazen circle rang.  
 Second in turn a boulder larger far  
 Ajax lift up and whirling threw, and laid  
 A giant strength therein, and smote and brake  
 The targe right in with mill-stone crag, and stunned  
 His foeman's yielding knees, who backward fell  
 Stretched out at length, his shield upon him driven.  
 But soon Apollo raised him to his feet.  
 And now with swords close combat they had waged,  
 Had not the heralds, messengers alike

ἦλθον, ὃ μὲν Τρώων ὃ δ' Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων, 275  
Ταλθύβιός τε καὶ Ἰδαῖος, πεπνυμένω ἄμφω.

μέσσω δ' ἀμφοτέρων σκῆπτρα σχέθον, εἶπέ τε μῦθον  
κῆρυξ Ἰδαῖος, πεπνυμένα μῆδεα εἰδώς·

“μηκέτι, παῖδε φίλω, πολεμίζετε μηδὲ μάχεσθον·  
ἀμφοτέρω γὰρ σφῶι φιλεῖ νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς, 280

ἄμφω δ' αἰχμητά· τό γε δὴ καὶ ἴδμεν ἅπαντες.  
νῆξ δ' ἤδη τελέθει· ἀγαθὸν καὶ νυκτὶ πιθέσθαι.”

τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη Τελαμώνιος Αἴας·  
“Ἰδαῖ, Ἐκτορα ταῦτα κελεύετε μυθήσασθαι·

αὐτὸς γὰρ χάρμη προκαλέσσατο πάντας ἀρίστους. 285  
ἀρχέτω· αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ μάλα πείσομαι ἢ περ ἂν οὗτος.”

τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἐκτωρ·  
“Αἴαν, ἐπεὶ τοι δῶκε θεὸς μέγεθός τε βίην τε

καὶ πινυτήν, περὶ δ' ἔγχει Ἀχαιῶν φέρτατος ἐσσί,  
νῦν μὲν παυσώμεσθα μάχης καὶ δηιοτήτος, 290

σήμερον· ὕστερον αὖτε μαχησόμεθ' εἰς ὃ κε δαίμων  
ἄμμε διακρίνη, δάη δ' ἐτέροισί γε νίκην.

νῆξ δ' ἤδη τελέθει· ἀγαθὸν καὶ νυκτὶ πιθέσθαι,  
ὥς σύ τ' ἐϋφρήνης πάντας παρὰ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιοὺς,

σοὺς τε μάλιστα ἔτας καὶ ἐταίρους, οἳ τοι ἔασιν· 295  
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ κατὰ ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμοιο ἄνακτος

Τρώας εὐφρανέω καὶ Τρωάδας ἐλκεσιπέπλους,  
αἳ τέ μοι εὐχόμεναι θεῖον δύσονται ἀγῶνα.

δῶρα δ' ἄγ' ἀλλήλοισι περικλυτὰ δώομεν ἄμφω,  
ὄφρα τις ὥς εἴπησιν Ἀχαιῶν τε Τρώων τε· 300

‘ἡμὲν ἐμαρνάσθην ἔριδος πέρι θυμοβόροιο,  
ἦδ' αὐτ' ἐν φιλότῃ διέτμαγεν ἀρθμήσαντε.’”

ὥς ἄρα φωνήσας δῶκε ξίφος ἀργυρόηλον,  
ξὺν κολεῷ τε φέρων καὶ εὐτμήτῳ τελαμῶνι·

Of Zeus and men, advanced ; of Trojans one,  
The other of Achaia's mail-clad host,  
Talthybius and Idaeus, prudent pair.  
Between the champions twain their outstretched wands  
They held : and thus the Trojan herald spake,  
Idaeus, duly skilled in prudent lore.

"No more, dear sons, do battle, fight no more !  
Cloud-gathering Zeus well loves ye both : and both  
Are warriors proved : this now we all do know.  
Night too draws on, and night were best obeyed."

Whom Telamonian Ajax answered thus :

"Idaeus, bid ye Hector speak on this :  
For he it was who challenged all our best  
To combat. Let him but begin, and I  
Will readily obey where he may lead."

Then spake great Hector of the glancing plume :  
"Ajax, since God hath given thee stature tall  
And strength and wisdom too, and with the spear  
Of all Achaia's sons thou art the first,  
Let us e'en cease from fight and deadly strife  
To-day. Hereafter we again shall fight  
Till power divine may judge between our arms,  
And vict'ry grant to one or other host.  
Night too draws on, and night were best obeyed ;  
That thou may'st gladden all Achaia's sons  
Beside the ships, and chief thy kin and friends  
Whom there thou hast : and I the sons of Troy  
Shall gladden through king Priam's ample town,  
And long-robed dames of Troy withal, who soon  
Thankful will join the throng of worshippers.  
But come—exchange we gifts of noble name,  
That Trojan and Achaian thus may say :  
'These for a soul-devouring strife first fought,  
Then parted in a bond of friendship joined.'"

He spake, and gave a silver-studded sword,  
With scabbard offering it and shapely belt ;

Αἴας δὲ ζωστήρα δίδου φοίνικι φαεινόν. 305  
 τῷ δὲ διακρινθέντε ὃ μὲν μετὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν  
 ἦϊ, ὃ δ' ἐς Τρώων ὄμαδον κίε. τοὶ δὲ χάρησαν  
 ὥς εἶδον ζῶν τε καὶ ἀρτεμέα προσιόντα,  
 Αἴαντος προφυγόντα μένος καὶ χεῖρας ἀάπτους·  
 καὶ ῥ' ἦγον πρότ' ἄστυ, ἀελπτεύοντες σόον εἶναι. 310  
 Αἴαντ' αὖθ' ἐτέρωθεν εὐκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί  
 εἰς Ἀγαμέμνονα δῖον ἄγον, κεχαρηότα νίκη.  
 οἳ δ' ὅτε δὴ κλισίῃσιν ἐν Ἀτρεΐδαο γέγοντο,  
 τοῖσι δὲ βούν ἱέρευσε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων  
 ἄρσενα πενταέτηρον ὑπερμενεί Κρονίωνι. 315  
 τὸν δέρον ἀμφὶ θ' ἔπον, καὶ μιν διέχευαν ἅπαντα,  
 μίστυλλον τ' ἄρ' ἐπισταμένως, πειρὰν τ' ὀβελοῖσιν,  
 ὥπτησάν τε περιφραδέως, ἐρύσαντό τε πάντα.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ παύσαντο πόνου τετύκοντό τε daίτα,  
 δαίνυντ', οὐδέ τι θυμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὸς εἵσης. 320  
 νώτοισιν δ' Αἴαντα διηνεκέεσσι γέραιρεν  
 ἥρως Ἀτρεΐδης εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἔρον ἔντο,  
 τοῖς ὃ γέρων πάμπρωτος ὑφαίνειν ἤρχετο μῆτιν  
 Νέστωρ, οὗ καὶ πρόσθεν ἀρίστη φαίνετο βουλή· 325  
 ὃ σφιν εὐφρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν·  
 “Ἀτρεΐδη τε καὶ ἄλλοι ἀριστῆες Παναχαιῶν,  
 πολλοὶ γὰρ τεθνᾶσι κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαιοί,  
 τῶν νῦν αἶμα κελαινὸν ἐϋρροον ἀμφὶ Σκάμανδρον  
 ἐσκέδασ' ὀξὺς Ἄρης, ψυχαὶ δ' Αἰδόςδε κατήλθον· 330  
 τῷ σε χρὴ πόλεμον μὲν ἅμ' ἡοὶ παῦσαι Ἀχαιῶν,  
 αὐτοὶ δ' ἀγρόμενοι κυκλήσομεν ἐνθάδε νεκρούς  
 βουσὶ καὶ ἡμίονοισιν· ἀτὰρ κατακῆομεν αὐτοὺς  
 τυτθὸν ἀποπρὸ νεῶν, ὥς κ' ὁστέα παισὶ ἕκαστος

Ajax a girdle gave with purple bright.  
 So parted they, to seek Achaia's host  
 The one, the other to the Trojan throng ;  
 Who joyed to see him come alive and whole,  
 'Scaped from the might of Ajax and those hands  
 Resistless. To the town they led him back  
 Safe beyond hope. And on the other side  
 Well-greaved Achaians to their godlike king  
 Led Ajax joyful in his victory.

Now soon as to Atrides' tent they came,  
 For them did Agamemnon king of men  
 A victim slay to Cronos' mighty son,  
 A bull of five years growth : and this they flayed  
 With busy hands, and quartered all the limbs,  
 And deftly cut up small, and pierced with spits,  
 And roasted all with care, and then drew off.  
 But when the toil was done, the meal prepared,  
 They ate, nor lacked their soul the well-shared cheer.  
 And Ajax with the whole long chine was graced,  
 The mess of honour, from the hero king  
 Wide-ruling Agamemnon Atreus' son.  
 But when of drink and meat desire was stayed,  
 To them did Nestor first of all begin  
 To weave his prudent words, the grey-beard sage  
 Whose counsel still of old the best was seen.  
 He wisely thus amid their council spake :  
 "Atrides, and ye Panachaian chiefs,  
 Full many of Achaia's long-haired sons  
 Are dead, whose blood beside Scamander's stream  
 Keen Ares now hath spilt, whose souls are sunk  
 To Hades. Wherefore with the coming dawn  
 'Twere meet thou stay the Achaians from the fight ;  
 But muster we ourselves, and, hither drawn  
 By oxen and by mules, range all around  
 Our dead, a little from the ships apart,  
 And burn them, so that each may bear the bones



οἴκαδ' ἄγῃ, ὅτ' ἂν αὐτε νεώμεθα πατρίδα γαῖαν. 335  
 τύμβον δ' ἀμφὶ πυρὴν ἕνα χεύομεν ἐξαγαγόντες  
 ἄκριτον ἐκ πεδίου· ποτὶ δ' αὐτὸν δείμομεν ὦκα  
 πύργους ὑψηλοὺς, εἴλαρ νηῶν τε καὶ αὐτῶν.  
 ἐν δ' αὐτοῖσι πύλας ποιήσομεν εὖ ἀραρυίας,  
 ὄφρα δι' αὐτῶν ἵππηλασίη ἰδὸς εἴη. 340

ἔκτοσθεν δὲ βαθεῖαν ὀρύξομεν ἐγγύθι τάφρον,  
 ἥ χ' ἵππους καὶ λαὸν ἐρυκάκοι ἀμφὶς ἐοῦσα,  
 μὴ ποτ' ἐπιβρίσῃ πόλεμος Τρώων ἀγερώχων."  
 ὥς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπήνησαν βασιλῆες.  
 Τρώων αὖτ' ἀγορὴ γένετ' Ἰλίου ἐν πόλι ἄκρῃ, 345  
 δεινὴ τετρηχυῖα, παρὰ Πριάμοιο θύρῃσιν.  
 τοῖσιν δ' Ἀντήνωρ πεπνυμένος ἦρχ' ἀγορεύειν·  
 "κέκλυτέ μεν, Τρῶες καὶ Δάρδανοι ἡδ' ἐπίκουροι,  
 ὄφρ' εἴπω τά με θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι κελεύει.  
 δεῦτ' ἄγετ', Ἀργεῖην Ἑλένην καὶ κτήμαθ' ἅμ' αὐτῇ 350  
 δώομεν Ἀτρεΐδῃσιν ἄγειν. νῦν δ' ὅρκια πιστά  
 ψευδάμενοι μαχόμεσθα· τῷ οὗ νύ τι κέρδιον ἡμῖν  
 ἔλπομαι ἐκτελέεσθαι, ἵνα μὴ ῥέξομεν ὧδε."

ἦ τοι ὅ γ' ὥς εἰπὼν κατ' ἄρ' ἔξετο, τοῖσι δ' ἀνέστη  
 δῖος Ἀλέξανδρος, Ἑλένης πόσις ἠνυκόμοιο, 355  
 ὅς μιν ἀμειβόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·  
 "Ἀντήνωρ, σὺ μὲν οὐκέτ' ἐμοὶ φίλα ταῦτ' ἀγορεύεις·  
 οἶσθα καὶ ἄλλον μῦθον ἀμείνονα τοῦδε νοῆσαι.  
 εἰ δ' ἐτεὸν δὴ τοῦτον ἀπὸ σπουδῆς ἀγορεύεις,  
 ἐξ ἄρα δὴ τοι ἔπειτα θεοὶ φρένας ὤλεσαν αὐτοί. 360  
 αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ Τρῶεσσι μεθ' ἵπποδάμοις ἀγορεύσω.  
 ἀντικρὺς δ' ἀπόφῃμι, γυναῖκα μὲν οὐκ ἀποδώσω,

Home to the children of the slain, whene'er  
 We get us back to our own fatherland.  
 But draw we round the pyre and towards the plain  
 One undivided mound, and heap it high ;  
 Whereto build we high towers forthwith, a fence  
 Of ships and of ourselves ; and in the towers  
 Set we well-fitted gates, through which shall lie  
 A chariot road ; and on the outer side  
 Dig we hard by a deep trench, that may shield  
 Both steeds and host, surrounding all, lest e'er  
 The haughty Trojans' onset press us hard."

Thus Nestor spake, and all the kings approved.  
 Meanwhile the Trojans too their council held  
 Within the upper town of Ilion  
 By Priam's palace gate, a council loud  
 And violent of tongue : and 'mid them all  
 The wise Antenor first began debate :  
 "Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies !  
 That what my soul within my bosom bids  
 My voice may speak. Come, let us e'en resign  
 The Argive Helen and her wealth withal  
 To Atreus' sons to carry hence ; for now  
 We fight forsworn and faithless ; wherefore I  
 Deem that no happy issue will be ours,  
 That we may learn such outrage to forbear."

He spake and sate him down. To them uprose  
 The godlike Alexander, husband he  
 Of long-haired Helen : to Antenor thus  
 In wingèd words he quick returned reply :  
 "Antenor, thou no more in this thy rede  
 Dost please me : other counsel sure than this  
 And better far thou knowest to devise.  
 But if in truth and earnest this thou say'st,  
 Then have the gods themselves reft all thy wit.  
 But I to Troy's steed-taming sons in turn  
 Will speak my mind. Refusal flat I give :

κτήματα δ' ὅσ' ἀγόμεν ἐξ Ἀργεος ἡμέτερον δῶ,  
πάντ' ἐθέλω δόμεναι, καὶ οἴκοθεν ἄλλ' ἐπιθεῖναι."

ἦ τοι ὃ γ' ὥς εἰπὼν κατ' ἄρ' ἔξετο, τοῖσι δ' ἀνέστη 365  
Δαρδανίδης Πρίαμος, θεόφιν μῆστωρ ἀτάλαντος,  
ὃ σφιν εὐφρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν·  
"κέκλυτέ μευ, Τρῶες καὶ Δάρδανοι ἡδ' ἐπίκουροι,  
ὄφρ' εἴπω τά με θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι κελεύει.  
νῦν μὲν δόρπον ἔλεσθε κατὰ πτόλιν ὥς τὸ πάρος περ, 370  
καὶ φυλακῆς μνήσασθε καὶ ἐγρήγορθε ἕκαστος·  
ἡῶθεν δ' Ἰδαῖος ἴτω κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας  
εἰπεῖν Ἀτρεΐδης Ἀγαμέμνονι καὶ Μενελάῳ  
μῦθον Ἀλεξάνδροιο, τοῦ εἵνεκα νεῖκος ὄρωρεν,  
καὶ δὲ τὸ εἰπέμεναι πυκινὸν ἔπος, αἶ κ' ἐθέλωσιν 375  
παύσασθαι πολέμου δυσηχέος εἰς ὃ κε νεκροὺς  
κῆομεν, ὕστερον αὖτε μαχησόμεθ', εἰς ὃ κε δαίμων  
ἄμμε διακρίνη, δῶή δ' ἐτέροισί γε νίκην."

ὥς ἔφαθ', οἷ δ' ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύον ἡδὲ πίθοντο,  
δόρπον ἔπειθ' εἵλοντο κατὰ στρατὸν ἐν τελέεσσιν. 380  
ἡῶθεν δ' Ἰδαῖος ἔβη κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας.

τοὺς δ' εὖρ' εἰν ἀγορῇ Δαναούς, θεράποντας Ἀρῆος,  
νῆϊ πάρα πρυμνῇ Ἀγαμέμνονος· αὐτὰρ ὃ τοῖσιν  
στάς ἐν μέσσοισιν μετεφώνεεν ἡπύτα κῆρυξ·

"Ἀτρεΐδη τε καὶ ἄλλοι ἀριστῆες Παναχαιῶν, 385  
ἡνώγει Πρίαμός τε καὶ ἄλλοι Τρῶες ἀγαυοί  
εἰπεῖν, εἴ κέ περ ὕμμι φίλον καὶ ἡδὺ γένοιτο,  
μῦθον Ἀλεξάνδροιο, τοῦ εἵνεκα νεῖκος ὄρωρεν.  
κτήματα μὲν ὅσ' Ἀλέξανδρος κοίλῃς ἐνὶ νηυσὶν

The woman I will not restore : of wealth  
Whate'er from Argos to our home I brought  
All this I am content to yield, and more  
From my own household stores will freely add."

He spake, and sate him down. To them uprose  
Priam the son of Dardanus, a peer  
Of gods in counsel : he amid them rose,  
And wisely thus amid their council spake :  
"Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies !  
That what my soul within my bosom bids  
My voice may speak. Go take your evening meal  
Throughout the ordered host as heretofore,  
Mindful of guard, and watchful each and all.  
But with the morning let Idæus seek  
The hollow ships, to Agamemnon there  
And Menelaus, Atreus' sons, to tell  
The words of Alexander, for whose sake  
The quarrel rose : and then this counsel wise  
To add, that, if they will, we cease awhile  
From doleful din of war, till we have burned  
Our dead. Hereafter shall we fight again,  
Till power divine may judge between our arms  
And vict'ry grant to one or other host."

He spake : they gladly hearkened and obeyed.  
Their meal the army took, in ordered ranks.  
But with the morning dawn Idæus sought  
The hollow ships, and there in council found  
The Danaans, Ares' henchmen, by the stern  
Of Agamemnon's ship. Amid them all  
The clear-voiced herald stood, and thus he spake :  
"Thou son of Atreus, and ye other chiefs  
Of Panachaïans, Priam gave me charge,  
He and the other noble sons of Troy,  
To say, if haply ye may like them well,  
The words of Alexander, for whose sake  
The quarrel rose. The wealth—whate'er he brought

ἡγάγετο Τροίηνδ'—ὥς πρὶν ὄφελλ' ἀπολέσθαι—, 390  
 πάντ' ἐθέλει δόμεναι, καὶ οἴκοθεν ἄλλ' ἐπιθεῖναι·  
 κουριδίην δ' ἄλοχον Μενελάου κυδαλίμοιο  
 οὐ φησιν δώσειν· ἥ μὲν Τρῶές γε κέλονται.  
 καὶ δὲ τόδ' ἠνώγει εἰπεῖν ἔπος, αἶ κ' ἐθέλητε  
 παύσασθαι πολέμου δυσηχέος εἰς ὃ κε νεκρούς 395  
 κῆομεν. ὕστερον αὖτε μαχησόμεθ' εἰς ὃ κε δαίμων  
 ἄμμε διακρίνη, δῶη δ' ἐτέροισί γε νίκην."

ὥς ἔφαθ', οὐ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ.  
 ὄψ' δὲ δὴ μετέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·

"μήτ' ἄρ τις νῦν κτήματ' Ἀλεξάνδροιο δεχέσθω 400  
 μήθ' Ἑλένην· γνωτὸν δέ, καὶ ὃς μάλα νήπιος ἐστίν,  
 ὥς ἤδη Τρῶεσσιν ὀλέθρου πείρατ' ἐφήπται."

ὥς ἔφαθ', οὐ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπίαχον νῆες Ἀχαιῶν,  
 μῦθον ἀγασσάμενοι Διομήδεος ἵπποδάμοιο.

καὶ τότ' ἄρ' Ἰδαῖον προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων· 405  
 "Ἰδαῖ, ἥ τοι μῦθον Ἀχαιῶν αὐτὸς ἀκούεις,  
 ὥς τοι ὑποκρίνονται· ἐμοὶ δ' ἐπιανδάνει οὕτως.  
 ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκροῖσιν κατακαίμεν οὐ τι μεγαίρω·  
 οὐ γάρ τις φειδὼ νεκύων κατατεθνηώτων  
 γίγνεται, ἐπεὶ κε θάνωσι, πυρὸς μελίσσέμεν ὦκα. 410  
 ὄρκια δὲ Ζεὺς ἴστω, ἐρίγδουπος πόσις Ἥρης."

ὥς εἰπὼν τὸ σκῆπτρον ἀνέσχεθε πᾶσι θεοῖσιν,  
 ἄψορρον δ' Ἰδαῖος ἔβη προτὶ Ἴλιον ἱρήν.  
 οὐ δ' ἔατ' εἰν ἀγορῇ Τρῶες καὶ Δαρδανίωνες,  
 πάντες ὁμηγερέες, ποτιδέγμενοι ὀππότε ἄρ' ἔλθοι 415  
 Ἰδαῖος· ὃ δ' ἄρ' ἦλθε καὶ ἀγγελίην ἀπέειπεν  
 σταῖς ἐν μέσσοισιν. τοὶ δ' ὠπλίζοντο μάλ' ὦκα,



In hollow ships to Troy, would he had died  
 Before the bringing!—he is well content  
 To yield back all, and other wealth to add  
 From his own store. But her, the first-wed wife  
 Of glorious Menelaus, to restore  
 He flat refuses, though the Trojans urge  
 Full strongly. Furthermore this counsel wise  
 They bade me add, that, if ye will, we cease  
 From doleful din of war, till we have burned  
 Our dead. Hereafter shall we fight again,  
 Till power divine may judge between our arms  
 And vict'ry grant to one or other host."

He spake; but they in silence all were mute.  
 At last spake Diomedes, good in fray:  
 "Nor Alexander's wealth let any now  
 Accept, nor Helen's self. 'Tis plain to know  
 Ev'n for the veriest child, that now to Troy  
 The issue of destruction draweth near."

He spake: Achaia's sons all roared assent:  
 Steed-taming Diomedes' words aroused  
 Such wond'ring welcome. To Idæus then  
 Their sovereign Agamemnon turning spake:  
 "Idæus, the Achaïans' word thyself  
 Dost hear, and how they answer thee. And me  
 This answer pleases well. As for the dead,  
 I grudge not that ye burn them, nor would stint,  
 Once they be dead, the bodies of the slain  
 Of funeral fire's sweet solace. Yet be Zeus  
 Judge of our treaty, Heré's thundering lord."

Thus spake he, raising high to all the gods  
 His sceptre. Then Idæus gat him back  
 To sacred Ilion, where assembled sate  
 Trojans and Dardans all, expectant when  
 Idæus should return. Thither he came,  
 And standing in their midst his tidings showed.  
 Then swift they busked them for their double task,

ἀμφότερον, νέκυάς τ' ἀγέμεν, ἔτεροι δὲ μεθ' ὕλην.  
 Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐϋσσέλμων ἀπὸ νηῶν  
 ὠτρύνοντο νέκυσ τ' ἀγέμεν, ἔτεροι δὲ μεθ' ὕλην.

420

ἥελιος μὲν ἔπειτα νέον προσέβαλλεν ἀρούρας,  
 ἐξ ἀκαλαρρείταο βαθυρρόου Ὀκεανοῖο  
 οὐρανὸν εἰσανιών· οἱ δ' ἦντεον ἀλλήλοισιν.  
 ἔνθα διαγνῶναι χαλεπῶς ἦν ἄνδρα ἕκαστον·  
 ἀλλ' ὕδατι νίζοντες ἄπο βρότον αἱματόεντα,  
 δάκρυα θερμὰ χέοντες, ἀμαξάων ἐπάειραν.  
 οὐδ' εἷα κλαίειν Πρίαμος μέγας· οἱ δὲ σιωπῇ  
 νεκροὺς πυρκαϊῆς ἐπενήεον ἀχνύμενοι κῆρ,  
 ἐν δὲ πυρὶ πρήσαντες ἔβαν προτὶ Ἴλιον ἱρήν.  
 ὥς δ' αὐτῶς ἐτέρωθεν ἐϋκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί  
 νεκροὺς πυρκαϊῆς ἐπενήεον ἀχνύμενοι κῆρ,  
 ἐν δὲ πυρὶ πρήσαντες ἔβαν κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας.

425

430

ἦμος δ' οὐτ' ἄρ πω ἡώς, ἔτι δ' ἀμφιλύκη νύξ,  
 τῆμος ἄρ' ἀμφὶ πυρὴν κριτὸς ἔγρετο λαὸς Ἀχαιῶν,  
 τύμβον δ' ἀμφ' αὐτὴν ἕνα ποίεον ἐξαγαγόντες  
 ἄκριτον ἐκ πεδίου, ποτὶ δ' αὐτὸν τεῖχος ἔδειμαν  
 πύργους θ' ὑψηλοὺς, εἴλαρ νηῶν τε καὶ αὐτῶν.  
 ἐν δ' αὐτοῖσι πύλας ἐνεποίεον εὖ ἀραρυίας,  
 ὄφρα δι' αὐτῶν ἵππηλασίη ὁδὸς εἴη.

435

ἔκτοσθεν δὲ βαθεῖαν ἐπ' αὐτῷ τάφρον ὄρυξαν  
 εὐρεῖαν μεγάλην, ἐν δὲ σκόλοπας κατέπηξαν.

440

ὥς οἱ μὲν πονέοντο κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαιοί.  
 οἱ δὲ θεοὶ παρ Ζηνὶ καθήμενοι ἀστεροπητῇ  
 θηεῖντο μέγα ἔργον Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων.  
 τοῖσι δὲ μύθων ἦρχε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων·

445

“Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἣ ρά τις ἔστι βροτῶν ἐπ' ἀπείρονα γαῖαν

Their dead to gather and the wood to bring.  
Nor less the Argives on the other side  
Bestirred them, issuing from the well-benched ships,  
Their dead to gather and the wood to bring.

And now the sun but newly struck the lands,  
From the still current of deep Ocean's flood  
Climbing high heaven, when on the plain they met.  
There hardly could they know each warrior slain;  
But washing off with water blood and gore,  
Shedding warm tears they raised them on the wains.  
To weep aloud great Priam had forbid:  
Wherefore the bodies on the pyre they heaped  
In silence, sad at heart, and lit the flame,  
Then back returned to sacred Ilion.

And even so upon the other side  
Achaia's well-greaved sons heaped on the pyre  
The bodies, sad at heart, and lit the flame;  
Then back betook them to their hollow ships.

Now when nor morn was come nor night was gone,  
Just in the doubtful gloaming, then arose  
About the pyre Achaia's chosen band;  
And round it towards the plain they traced and made  
One undivided mound, whereto a wall  
They built, and lofty towers, to be a fence  
Of ships and of themselves; and in the towers  
Well-fitted gates they set, wherethrough should lie  
A chariot road, and on the outer side  
Dug a deep trench adjoining, broad and long,  
And planted thick the bed with bristling stakes.

Thus toiled on earth Achaia's long-haired sons.  
Meanwhile the gods, who round the Lightener Zeus  
Were sitting, saw amazed the mighty work  
Wrought by Achaia's mail-clad host: To whom  
Poseidon thus began, earthshaking power:  
"O Father Zeus, o'er all the boundless earth  
Lives any mortal yet who will declare

ὅς τις ἔτ' ἀθανάτοισι νόον καὶ μῆτιν ἐνίψει;  
 οὐχ ὀράας ὃ τε δ' αὖτε κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαιοί  
 τείχος ἐτειχίσσαντο νεῶν ὕπερ, ἀμφὶ δὲ τάφρον  
 ἤλασαν, οὐδὲ θεοῖσι δόσαν κλειτὰς ἐκατόμβας;  
 τοῦ δ' ἦ τοι κλέος ἔσται ὅσον τ' ἐπὶ κίδναται ἡώς.  
 τοῦ δ' ἐπιλήσονται τὸ ἐγὼ καὶ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων  
 ἦρῳ Λαομέδοντι πολίσσαμεν ἀθλήσαντες.”

τὸν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς·  
 “ὦ πόποι, ἐννοσίγαι' εὐρυσθενές, οἷον ἔειπες.  
 ἄλλος κέν τις τοῦτο θεῶν δείσειε νόημα,  
 ὃς σέο πολλὸν ἀφανρότερος χεῖράς τε μένος τε·  
 σὸν δ' ἦ τοι κλέος ἔσται ὅσον τ' ἐπὶ κίδναται ἡώς.  
 ἄγρει μὴν, ὅτ' ἂν αὖτε κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαιοί  
 οἴχωνται σὺν νηυσὶ φίλῃν ἐς πατρίδα γαίαν,  
 τείχος ἀναρρήξας τὸ μὲν εἰς ἄλα πᾶν καταχεῦναι,  
 αὗτις δ' ἥϊονα μεγάλην ψαμάθοισι καλύψαι,  
 ὥς κέν τοι μέγα τείχος ἀμαλδύνηται Ἀχαιῶν.”

ὥς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον.  
 δύσετο δ' ἥελιος, τετέλεστο δὲ ἔργον Ἀχαιῶν,  
 βουφόνεον δὲ κατὰ κλισίας καὶ δόρπον ἔλοντο.  
 νῆες δ' ἐκ Δήμνοιο παρέστασαν οἶνον ἄγουσai  
 πολλαί, τὰς προέηκεν Ἰησονίδης Εὐνῆος,  
 τόν ῥ' ἔτεχ' Ὑψιπύλη ὑπ' Ἰήσωνι ποιμένι λαῶν.  
 χωρὶς δ' Ἀτρεΐδης Ἀγαμέμνονι καὶ Μενελάῳ  
 δῶκεν Ἰησονίδης ἀγέμεν μέθυ, χίλια μέτρα.  
 ἔνθεν ἄρ' οἰνίζοντο κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαιοί,  
 ἄλλοι μὲν χαλκῷ, ἄλλοι δ' αἶθωνι σιδήρῳ,

His mind and counsel to immortal gods?  
 Seest not that now Achaia's long-haired sons  
 A wall have built to shield their ships, and traced  
 A trench around, yet have not to the gods  
 Paid the due fee of glorious hecatombs?  
 Far as the light of morning spreads shall be  
 This work's renown; but ours shall be forgot,  
 That for Laomedon the hero king  
 Phoebus Apollo once and I combined  
 Laboured and built the walls of Ilion."

To whom indignant spake cloud-gathering Zeus:  
 "For shame! thou strong earth-shaker, what a word  
 Is this thou sayest? Another god indeed  
 Might eye this cunning work with jealous fear,  
 Whose hands and force were feebler far than thine.  
 But far as light of morning spreads shall be  
 Thy work's renown. Nay rouse thee, and, whene'er  
 Achaia's long-haired sons have taken ship  
 And home are gone to their dear fatherland,  
 Break thou the rampart through, and in the sea  
 Whelm every scattered stone; then strew again  
 With sand the ample beach, that clean effaced  
 May vanish these Achaians' mighty wall."

Such converse with each other held the gods.  
 But at the sunset, when the work was done,  
 Achaians all throughout their tents slew kine  
 And took their evening meal. And thither came  
 Ships from the isle of Lemnos, bearing wine.  
 Many they were, and by Euneüs sent  
 The son of Jason, whom Hypsipylé  
 Had borne to Jason shepherd of his folk.  
 Apart a special freight to Atreus' sons,  
 To Agamemnon and his brother king,  
 Euneüs gave, one thousand jars of mead.  
 Then from the ships Achaia's long-haired sons  
 Bought wine, some paying brass, some flashing iron,



ἄλλοι δὲ ῥινοῖς, ἄλλοι δ' αὐτῇσι βόεσσιν,  
 ἄλλοι δ' ἀνδραπόδεσσι· τίθεντο δὲ δαῖτα θάλειαν. 475

παννύχιοι μὲν ἔπειτα κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαιοί  
 δαίνυντο, Τρῶες δὲ κατὰ πτόλιν ἡδ' ἐπίκουροι·  
 παννύχιος δέ σφιν κακὰ μήδετο μητιέτα Ζεὺς  
 σμερδαλέα κτυπέων. τοὺς δὲ χλωρὸν δέος ἥρει,  
 οἶνον δ' ἐκ δεπῶν χαμάδις χέον, οὐδέ τις ἔτλη 480  
 πρὶν πιέειν πρὶν λείψαι ὑπερμενέϊ Κρονίωνι.  
 κοιμήσαντ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα καὶ ὕπνου δῶρον ἔλοντο.

Some hides, some oxen whole, some captive slaves  
In barter: and a joyous feast they made.

Thus through the livelong night Achaia's sons  
Feasted, nor less the Trojans and allies  
Within the town. And through the livelong night  
Did Zeus the counsellor devise them ills  
With awful thunders, till they paled with fear.  
And from their cups the wine upon the ground  
They shed, nor dared a man to drink before  
Libation due to strong Cronion poured.  
Then lay they down and took the gift of sleep.

# ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Θ.

Θεῶν ἀγορή, Τρώων κράτος.

Ἦώς μὲν κροκόπεπλος ἐκίδνατο πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν,  
Ζεὺς δὲ θεῶν ἀγορὴν ποιήσατο τερπικέραυνος  
ἀκροτάτῃ κορυφῇ πολυδειράδος Οὐλύμποιο.  
αὐτὸς δέ σφ' ἀγόρευε, θεοὶ δ' ὑπὸ πάντες ἄκουον·  
“κέκλυτέ μεν, πάντες τε θεοὶ πᾶσαί τε θέαιναι, 5  
ὄφρ' εἴπω τά με θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι κελεύει.  
μήτε τις οὖν θήλεια θεὸς τό γε μήτε τις ἄρσην  
πειράτω διακέρσαι ἐμὸν ἔπος, ἀλλ' ἅμα πάντες  
αἰνεῖτ', ὄφρα τάχιστα τελευτήσω τάδε ἔργα.  
ὃν δ' ἂν ἐγὼν ἀπάνευθε θεῶν ἐθέλοντα νοήσω 10  
ἐλθόντ' ἢ Τρώεσσιν ἀρηγέμεν ἢ Δαναοῖσιν,  
πληγεῖς οὐ κατὰ κόσμον ἐλεύσεται Οὐλυμπόνδε,  
ἢ μιν ἐλὼν ῥίψω ἐς Τάρταρον ἡερόεντα,  
τῆλε μάλ', ἧχι βάθιστον ὑπὸ χθονός ἐστι βέρεθρον,  
ἔνθα σιδήρειαί τε πύλαι καὶ χάλκεος οὐδός, 15  
τόσσον ἔνερθ' Ἀΐδεω ὅσον οὐρανός ἐστ' ἀπὸ γαίης·  
γνώσεται ἔπειθ' ὅσον εἰμὶ θεῶν κάρτιστος ἀπάντων.  
εἰ δ' ἄγε πειρήσασθε, θεοί, ἵνα εἴδετε πάντες,  
σειρὴν χρυσεῖην ἐξ οὐρανόθεν κρεμάσαντες,  
πάντες δ' ἐξάπτεσθε θεοὶ πᾶσαί τε θέαιναι· 20  
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἂν ἐρύσαιτ' ἐξ οὐρανόθεν πεδίονδε  
Ζῆν' ὕπατον μῆστωρ, οὐδ' εἰ μάλα πολλὰ κάμοιτε.

## ILIAD VIII.

*Victory of the Trojans by the help of Zeus.*

NOW saffron-kirtled morn o'er every land  
Was spreading wide, when lightning-loving Zeus  
A council of the gods together called  
On many-ridged Olympus' topmost peak;  
And spake himself, while all attentive heard:  
"Hear every god, and every goddess hear!  
That what my heart within my bosom bids  
My voice may speak. Let now no power divine,  
Nor goddess, no nor god, essay to thwart  
This word of mine; but all in one accord  
Approve, that quickly I may work mine end.  
And whomso separate from the gods I see  
Taking his way with purpose to bear aid  
To Trojans or to Danaans, he by blows  
Unseemly to Olympus shall be driven.  
Or I myself will take and cast him down  
To murky Tartarus, far far away,  
That lowest yawning pit beneath the ground,  
Whose gates are iron, whose threshold brass, as deep  
From Hades down as heaven from earth is high.  
Then will he learn how far of all the gods  
I strongest am. Or come, ye gods, and try,  
That all may know. Hang down a golden cord  
From heaven, and cling ye to it every god  
And every goddess; yet ye would not pull  
From heaven to earth the counsellor supreme  
Great Zeus, no not though ye should toil amain.

ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ καὶ ἐγὼ πρόφρων ἐθέλοιμι ἐρύσσαι,  
αὐτῇ κεν γαίῃ ἐρύσαιμ' αὐτῇ δὲ θαλάσῃ.

σειρὴν μὲν κεν ἔπειτα περὶ ῥίον Οὐλύμποιο 25  
δησαίμην, τὰ δέ κ' αὐτε μετήορα πάντα γένοιτο.  
τόσσον ἐγὼ περὶ τ' εἰμὶ θεῶν περὶ τ' εἰμ' ἀνθρώπων."

ὥς ἔφαθ', οὐ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ  
μῦθον ἀγασσάμενοι· μάλα γὰρ κρατερῶς ἀγόρευσεν.  
ὄψ' δὲ δὴ μετέειπε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη· 30

"ὦ πάτερ ἡμέτερε Κρονίδη, ὕπατε κρειόντων,  
εὖ νυ καὶ ἡμεῖς ἴδμεν ὅ τοι σθένος οὐκ ἐπικτήτῳ·  
ἀλλ' ἔμπης Δαναῶν ὀλοφυρόμεθ' αἰχμητῶν,  
οἳ κεν δὴ κακὸν οἶτον ἀναπλήσαντες ὄλωνται.  
ἀλλ' ἣ τοι πολέμου μὲν ἀφεξόμεθ' ὥς σὺ κελεύεις, 35  
βουλὴν δ' Ἀργείοις ὑποθησόμεθ', ἣ τις ὀνήσει,  
ὥς μὴ πάντες ὄλωνται ὀδυσσαμένοιο τεοῖο."

τὴν δ' ἐπιμειδήσας προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς·  
"θάρσει, Τριτογένεια, φίλον τέκος· οὐ νύ τι θυμῷ  
πρόφρωνι μυθέομαι, ἐθέλω δέ τοι ἥπιος εἶναι." 40

ὥς εἰπὼν ὑπ' ὄχεσφι τιτύσκετο χαλκόποδ' ἵππω  
ὠκυπέτα, χρυσέῃσιν ἐθείρῃσιν κομόωντε,  
χρυσὸν δ' αὐτὸς ἔδυνε περὶ χροῖ, γέντο δ' ἱμάσθλην  
χρυσείην εὐτυκτον, ἐοῦ δ' ἐπεβήσετο δίφρου,  
μάστιξεν δ' ἐλάαν· τῷ δ' οὐκ ἀέκοντε πετέσθην 45  
μεσσηγὺς γαίης τε καὶ οὐρανοῦ ἀστερόεντος.

Ἰδὼν δ' ἵκανε πολυπίδακα, μητέρα θηρῶν,  
Γάργαρον, ἔνθα τέ οἱ τέμενος βωμός τε θυήεις.  
ἐνθ' ἵππους ἔστησε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε  
λύσας ἐξ ὀχέων, κατὰ δ' ἡέρα πουλὺν ἔχευεν, 50  
αὐτὸς δ' ἐν κορυφῇσι καθέζετο κύδει γαίων,



But I—if I in turn with earnest will  
Should choose to pull—could haul you hitherwards  
With earth and sea and all; then would I bind  
The cord around Olympus' peak, that ye  
And all attached should sway in middle air.  
So far beyond or gods or man am I."

He spake: but they in silence all were mute,  
In awe-struck wonder at his words, for he  
Full strongly spake. At length amid their host  
Athené, stern-eyed goddess, thus began:  
"O Cronides our father, king of kings  
Supreme, we too know well what strength is thine,  
A strength unyielding. Yet we pity sore  
The Danaan spearmen, who, of evil fate  
Their measure filling up, are doomed to die.  
But truly we from war will hold our hands,  
As thou dost bid, and to the Argive host  
Lend counsel only that may help, and so  
Not all beneath thy sullen wrath shall die."

To whom cloud-gathering Zeus with smile replied:  
"Fear not, Tritogeneia, darling child;  
I speak not these my threats in willing wrath,  
But rather to be gentle I am fain."

With that he led beneath the chariot yoke  
His brazen-footed steeds, swift-flying pair,  
With flowing golden mane: and all in gold  
His limbs he clad, and took a whip of gold  
Full shapely-wrought, and stept upon his car;  
Then lashed to speed his horses. Nothing loath  
Between the earth and starry heaven they flew.  
Soon reached he Ida, mount of many springs,  
Mother of beasts, and Gargaros, where lay  
His holy plot and altar incense-fed.  
His steeds the sire of gods and men there stayed,  
Loosed from the car, and shrouded close in mist;  
And sate himself amid the topmost peaks

εἰσορόων Τρώων τε πόλιν καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.

οἱ δ' ἄρα δεῖπνον ἔλοντο κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαιοί  
ρίμφα κατὰ κλισίας, ἀπὸ δ' αὐτοῦ θωρήσσοντο.

Τρώες δ' αὖθ' ἐτέρωθεν ἀνὰ πτόλιν ὠπλίζοντο, 55  
παυρότεροι· μέμασαν δὲ καὶ ὥς ὑσμῖνι μάχεσθαι,

χρειοῖ ἀναγκαίῃ, πρό τε παίδων καὶ πρὸ γυναικῶν.

πᾶσαι δ' ὠλύννυτο πύλαι, ἐκ δ' ἔσσυτο λαός,  
πεζοὶ θ' ἱππῆές τε· πολὺς δ' ὀρυμαγδὸς ὀρώρει.

οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἐς χῶρον ἓνα ξυνιόντες ἵκοντο, 60

σὺν ῥ' ἔβαλον ῥινοὺς, σὺν δ' ἔγχεα καὶ μέν' ἀνδρῶν  
χαλκεοθωρήκων· ἀτὰρ ἀσπίδες ὀμφαλόεσσαι

ἔπληντ' ἀλλήλησι, πολὺς δ' ὀρυμαγδὸς ὀρώρει.

ἔνθα δ' ἄμ' οἰμωγὴ τε καὶ εὐχολὴ πέλεν ἀνδρῶν

ὀλλύντων τε καὶ ὀλλυμένων, ῥέε δ' αἵματι γαῖα. 65

ὄφρα μὲν ἡὼς ἦν καὶ ἀέξετο ἱερὸν ἦμαρ,

τόφρα μάλ' ἀμφοτέρων βέλε' ἦπτετο, πίπτε δὲ λαός·

ἦμος δ' ἥελιος μέσον οὐρανὸν ἀμφιβεβήκει,

καὶ τότε δὴ χρύσεια πατὴρ ἐτίταινε τάλαντα,

ἐν δ' ἐτίθη δύο κῆρε τανηλεγέος θανάτοιο, 70

Τρώων θ' ἱπποδάμων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων,

ἔλκε δὲ μέσσα λαβών· ῥέπε δ' αἷσιμον ἦμαρ Ἀχαιῶν.

αἱ μὲν Ἀχαιῶν κῆρες ἐπὶ χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ

ἐξέσθην, Τρώων δὲ πρὸς οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἄερθεν.

αὐτὸς δ' ἐξ Ἰδης μεγάλα κτύπε, δαιόμενον δέ 75

ἦκε σέλας μετὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν. οἱ δὲ ἰδόντες

θάμβησαν, καὶ πάντας ὑπὸ χλωρὸν δέος εἶλεν.

ἔνθ' οὖτ' Ἰδομενεὺς τλῇ μιμνέμεν οὖτ' Ἀγαμέμνων,

οὕτε δὴ Αἴαντες μενέτην, θεράποντες Ἄρηος.

Glorying in majesty, and gazed adown  
On Troy's fair city and Achaia's ships.

Achaia's long-haired sons their meal had ta'en  
Throughout their tents in haste; and, when 'twas done,  
They harnessed them. And on the other side  
The Trojans through the town were arming them;  
Fewer in number these, but even thus  
Right sternly bent to fight in conflict close,  
By hard constraint, for children and for wives.  
All gates were opened: out the people poured,  
Both foot and horse: and loud arose the din.

And when upon one plain the armies closed,  
They met with shields and spears and strength of men  
In brazen corslet clad; and bossy targe  
Touched bossy targe, and loud arose the din.  
There wailing cry and glorying shout was heard—  
Slayers and dying—streamed with blood the ground.

While yet 'twas morning-tide and day divine  
Still grew, so long the spears of either host  
Found mark, and warriors fell. But when the sun,  
His round half run, stood in the middle heaven,  
Then did the Sire hang forth the golden scales,  
Wherein of death that stretcheth stark and stiff  
Two fates he laid—of Troy's steed-tamers one  
The other of Achaia's mail-clad men—  
Then grasped midway and drew the balance. Swift  
Sank heavy down Achaia's day of doom:  
Till on the fruitful earth Achaia's fate  
Sate low, the Trojans' to wide heaven rose high.  
Then Zeus himself from Ida thundered loud,  
And on the Achaian host a flaming bolt  
Hurled forth: who trembling with amazement saw,  
And pallid fear thrilled through the heart of all.

There neither dared Idomeneus to stay,  
Nor Agamemnon, nor the Ajaces twain,  
Henchmen of Ares, stayed. Stayed only one

Νέστωρ οἷος ἔμιμνε Γερήνιος, οὔρος Ἀχαιῶν, 80  
 οὐ τι ἐκῶν, ἀλλ' ἵππος ἐτείρετο, τὸν βάλεν ἰὼ  
 δῖος Ἀλέξανδρος, Ἑλένης πόσις ἠυκόμοιο,  
 ἄκρην καὶ κορυφὴν, ὅθι τε πρῶται τρίχες ἵππων  
 κranίῳ ἐμπεφύασι, μάλιστα δὲ καίριον ἐστίν.  
 ἀλγήσας δ' ἀνέπαλτο, βέλος δ' εἰς ἐγκέφαλον δῦ, 85  
 σὺν δ' ἵππους ἐτάραξε κυλινδόμενος περὶ χαλκῷ.  
 ὄφρ' ὁ γέρων ἵπποιο παρηορίας ἀπέταμνεν  
 φασγάνῳ αἵσσω, τόφρ' Ἑκτορος ὠκέες ἵπποι  
 ἦλθον ἀν' ἰωχμόν, θρασὺν ἠνίοχον φορέοντες  
 Ἑκτορα. καὶ νύ κεν ἔνθ' ὁ γέρων ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὄλεσεν, 90  
 εἰ μὴ ἄρ' ὄξυ νόησε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης.  
 σμερδαλέον δ' ἐβόησεν ἐποτρύνων Ὀδυσῆα·  
 “διογενὲς Λαερτιάδη, πολυμήχαν' Ὀδυσσεύ,  
 πῇ φεύγεις μετὰ νῶτα βαλὼν, κακὸς ὥς ἐν ὀμίλῳ;  
 μή τίς τοι φεύγοντι μεταφρένῳ ἐν δόρῳ πῆξῃ· 95  
 ἀλλὰ μὲν, ὄφρα γέροντος ἀπώσομεν ἄγριον ἄνδρα.”  
 ὥς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἐσάκουσε πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,  
 ἀλλὰ παρήϊξεν κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.  
 Τυδεΐδης δ' αὐτὸς περ ἐὼν προμάχοισιν ἐμίχθη,  
 στῇ δὲ πρόσθ' ἵππων Νηληιάδαο γέροντος, 100  
 καὶ μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·  
 “ὦ γέρον, ἦ μάλα δὴ σε νέοι τείρουσι μαχηταί,  
 σὴ δὲ βίη λέλυται, χαλεπὸν δέ σε γῆρας ὀπάζει,  
 ἠπεδανὸς δὲ νύ τοι θεράπων, βραδέες δέ τοι ἵπποι.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγ' ἐμῶν ὀχέων ἐπιβήσεο, ὄφρα ἴδῃαι 105  
 οἶοι Τρῳῆοι ἵπποι, ἐπιστάμενοι πεδίοιο

Gerenian Nestor, watchman of the host ;  
 Nor of free will, but by his steed's mischance :  
 Which Alexander, long-haired Helen's lord,  
 Struck with an arrow on the very crown,  
 Just where the forelock grows, above the skull,  
 Most fatal spot. In pain the stricken horse  
 Reared high, then, as the shaft sank in the brain,  
 With brazen point infixed, rolled o'er in death,  
 And hampered both his fellows of the yoke.  
 While yet the greybeard strove with hasty blade  
 To cut the trace that linked the outer steed,  
 Came Hector's flying coursers through the rout  
 Bearing a dauntless driver, Hector's self.  
 And there and then the greybeard king his life  
 Had lost, but Diomedes good in fray  
 Was quick to mark, and with terrific shout  
 Odysseus to the rescue he recalled :

"Laertes' son, thou man of many wiles,  
 Zeus-born Odysseus, whither fliest thou  
 Turning thy back, a coward in the throng?  
 Beware lest, flying thus, pursuer's lance  
 Pierce thee behind. Nay stand, that I and thou  
 May from the greybeard drive his savage foe."

So spake he : but the man of many toils,  
 Godlike Odysseus, heard him not, but passed  
 On rushing to Achaia's hollow ships.  
 Then Tydeus' son, unaided though he was,  
 Mixed in the van of fight, and stood before  
 The horses of the agèd Neleus' son,  
 And thus to him in wingèd words he spake :  
 "Father, I ween the younger fighters now  
 Distress thee sore : thy force is all unstrung,  
 And grievous age is on thee. And withal  
 Weak is thy squire, thy horses slow of foot.  
 Come, mount my car, and see what steeds be these,  
 The steeds of Tros, well-knowing to and fro



κραιπνὰ μάλ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα διωκέμεν ἡδὲ φέβεσθαι,  
οὓς ποτ' ἀπ' Αἰνείαν ἐλόμην, μῆστωρε φόβοιο.

τούτῳ μὲν θεράποντε κομείτων, τώδε δὲ νῶϊ  
Τρωσὶν ἐφ' ἵπποδάμοις ἰθύνομεν, ὅφρα καὶ Ἑκτωρ 110  
εἴσεται ἧ καὶ ἐμὸν δόρυ μαίνεται ἐν παλάμῃσιν."

ὥς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ.  
Νεστορέας μὲν ἔπειθ' ἵππους θεράποντε κομείτην  
ἵφθιμοι, Σθένελός τε καὶ Εὐρυμέδων ἀγαπήνῳρ·  
τῷ δ' εἰς ἀμφοτέρῳ Διομήδεος ἄρματ' ἐβήτην. 115

Νέστωρ δ' ἐν χεῖρεσσι λάβ' ἡνία σιγαλόεντα,  
μάστιξεν δ' ἵππους· τάχα δ' Ἑκτορος ἄγχι γέγοντο.  
τοῦ δ' ἰθὺς μεμαῶτος ἀκόντισε Τυδέος υἱός.

καὶ τοῦ μὲν ῥ' ἀφάμαρτεν, ὃ δ' ἡνίοχον θεράποντα,  
υἱὸν ὑπερθύμου Θηβαίου Ἥνιοπῆα, 120

ἵππων ἡνί' ἔχοντα βάλε στήθος παρὰ μαζόν.

ἥριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων, ὑπερώησαν δέ οἱ ἵπποι  
ὠκύποδες· τοῦ δ' αὖθι λύθη ψυχὴ τε μένος τε.

Ἑκτορα δ' αἰνὸν ἄχος πύκασεν φρένας ἡνιόχοιο.  
τὸν μὲν ἔπειτ' εἶασε, καὶ ἀχνύμενός περ ἑταίρου, 125  
κεῖσθαι, ὃ δ' ἡνίοχον μέθεπεν θρασύν. οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτι δὴν  
ἵππῳ δευέσθην σημάντορος· αἶψα γὰρ εὗρεν  
Ἴφιδίδην Ἀρχεπτόλεμον θρασύν, ὃν ῥα τόθ' ἵππων  
ὠκυπόδων ἐπέβησε, δίδου δέ οἱ ἡνία χερσίν.

ἔνθα κε λαιγὸς ἔην καὶ ἀμήχανα ἔργα γέγοντο, 130  
καὶ νύ κ' ἐσήκασθεν κατὰ Ἴλιον ἡνύτε ἄρνες,  
εἰ μὴ ἄρ' ὀξὺ νόησε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε.  
βροντήσας δ' ἄρα δεινὸν ἀφῆκ' ἀργῆτα κεραυνόν,

Swift o'er the plain to follow or to fly :  
 These counsellors of fear some while ago  
 I from Æneas took. Let then our squires  
 Look to thy horses twain : mine I and thou  
 On Troy's steed-taming sons will urge direct ;  
 That Hector's self may learn whether or no  
 My hand, as his, can wield a raging spear."

He spake : nor disobeyed Gerené's knight.  
 Then Nestor's steeds the squires received in charge,  
 Two valiant wights, Eurymedon to wit,  
 Lover of manly deeds, and Sthenelus.  
 But both the chiefs upon the chariot stept  
 Of Diomedes. Nestor in his hands  
 Then grasped the shining reins and lashed the steeds.  
 And soon to Hector they drew near. At whom,  
 As onward straight he pressed, Tydides hurled,  
 And missed the chieftain, but his charioteer  
 And squire, of mighty-souled Thebaeus son,  
 Eniopeus, who reined the steeds, he smote  
 Full in the front beside the breast ; who fell  
 From out the car : his coursers stayed their speed,  
 And there the warrior's strength and life were loosed.  
 Darkened was Hector's soul with anguish keen  
 For loss of charioteer : yet left he him  
 To lie awhile, though for his comrade grieved,  
 And sought another driver bold. Nor long  
 His horses lacked a ruler : soon he found  
 Bold Archeptolemus of Iphitus  
 The son, whom then behind his fleet-foot steeds  
 He set, and gave his hands the reins to wield.

And there had havoc been, and deeds been wrought  
 Irreparable ; and now in Ilion  
 Had all been shut, as lambs within a pen,  
 Had not the sire of gods and men been quick  
 To mark it, who with awful thunder-clap  
 Launched the white-flashing bolt, that close before

καὶ δὲ πρόσθ' ἵππων Διομήδεος ἦκε χαμᾶζε·  
 δεινὴ δὲ φλόξ ὤρτο θεεῖου καιομένοιο,  
 τῷ δ' ἵππῳ δείσαντε καταπτήτην ὑπ' ὄχεσφιν.

135

Νέστορα δ' ἐκ χειρῶν φύγον ἡνία σιγαλόεντα·  
 δείσε δ' ὃ γ' ἐν θυμῷ, Διομήδεα δὲ προσέειπεν·  
 “Τυδεΐδη, ἄγε δ' αὐτε φόβονδ' ἔχε μώνυχας ἵππους.  
 ἢ οὐ γιγνώσκεις ὅ τοι ἐκ Διὸς οὐχ ἔπετ' ἀλκή;  
 νῦν μὲν γὰρ τούτῳ Κρονίδης Ζεὺς κύδος ὀπάξει,  
 σήμερον· ὕστερον αὐτε καὶ ἡμῖν, αἳ κ' ἐθέλησιν,  
 δώσει. ἀνὴρ δέ κεν οὗ τι Διὸς νόον εἰρύσσαιτο,  
 οὐδὲ μάλ' ἵφθιμος, ἐπεὶ ἢ πολὺ φέρτερος ἐστίν.”

140

τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·

145

“ναὶ δὴ ταῦτά γε πάντα, γέρον, κατὰ μοῖραν ἔειπες.  
 ἀλλὰ τόδ' αἶνὸν ἄχος κραδίην καὶ θυμὸν ἰκάνει·  
 “Ἐκτωρ γάρ ποτε φήσει ἐνὶ Τρώεσσ' ἀγορεύων·  
 ‘Τυδεΐδης ὑπ' ἐμεῖο φοβούμενος ἵκετο νῆας.’

150

ὥς ποτ' ἀπειλήσει· τότε μοι χάνοι εὐρεῖα χθών.”

τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·  
 “ὦ μοι, Τυδέος υἱὲ δαΐφρονος, οἶον ἔειπες.  
 εἴ περ γάρ σ' “Ἐκτωρ γε κακὸν καὶ ἀνάλκιδα φήσει,  
 ἀλλ' οὐ πείσονται Τρῶες καὶ Δαρδανίῳνες  
 καὶ Τρώων ἄλοχοι μεγαθύμων ἀσπιστάων,  
 τάων ἐν κινήσιν βάλες θαλεροὺς παρακοίτας.”

155

ὥς ἄρα φωνήσας φύγαδε τράπε μώνυχας ἵππους  
 αὐτὶς ἀν' ἰωχμόν· ἐπὶ δὲ Τρῶές τε καὶ “Ἐκτωρ  
 ἡχῇ θεσπεσίῃ βέλεα στονόεντα χέοντο.

τῇ δ' ἐπὶ μακρὸν ἄνυσε μέγας κορυθαίολος “Ἐκτωρ·  
 “Τυδεΐδη, περὶ μὲν σε τίον Δαναοὶ ταχύπωλοι  
 ἔδρη τε κρέασίν τε ἰδὲ πλείοις δεπάεσσιν·  
 νῦν δέ σ' ἀτιμήσουσι· γυναικὸς ἄρ' ἀντὶ τέτυξο.

160

The steeds of Diomedes fell to ground.  
 Affrighted both the coursers starting back  
 Crouched 'neath the car; from Nestor's hands down slipped  
 The shining reins; and sore afraid at heart  
 To Diomedes thus the greybeard spake:  
 "O son of Tydeus, haste thee, turn again  
 Thy firm-hoofed steeds to fly. Dost thou not know  
 That strength of war from Zeus attends thee not?  
 For now the son of Cronos glory grants  
 To this our foe to-day; to us again  
 Hereafter, if he please, will grant the same:  
 And man may nowise thwart the mind of Zeus,  
 How strong soe'er, for Zeus is mightier far."

Then answered Diomedes good in fray:  
 "Yea, father, all thy words are fitly said.  
 Yet feel I sorrow deep in heart and soul:  
 For Hector mid the Trojans thus will say:  
 'Tydides fled before me to the ships.'  
 Thus will he boast anon. Then were I fain  
 Wide earth should gape and hide me evermore."

And answer made to him Gerené's knight:  
 "O me, thou son of Tydeus wise in heart,  
 What words are thine! If Hector call thee weak  
 And coward, yet he will not win belief  
 From sons of Troy or Dardans, or from wives  
 Of high-souled Trojan shieldmen—wives who mourn  
 Their manly husbands laid in dust by thee."

With that he turned the firm-hoofed steeds to fly  
 Back through the battle: but the Trojans all  
 With Hector showered their baleful shafts amain  
 Behind them with a wondrous din: and loud  
 Great plumèd Hector at his foeman cried:  
 "Tydides, thee the swift-horsed Danaans once  
 Honoured preeminent: high seat was thine,  
 Choice meat, full cups: but now they'll surely stint  
 Such meed; for weak as woman thou art found.

ἔρρε, κακὴ γλήνη, ἐπεὶ οὐκ εἴξαντος ἐμεῖο  
 πύργων ἡμετέρων ἐπιβήσεται, οὐδὲ γυναῖκας 165  
 ἄξεις ἐν νήεσσι· πάρος τοι δαίμονα δώσω.”

ὥς φάτο, Τυδεΐδης δὲ διάνδιχα μερμήριξεν,  
 ἵππους τε στρέψαι καὶ ἐναντίβιον μαχέσασθαι.  
 τρὶς μὲν μερμήριξε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν,  
 τρὶς δ' ἄρ' ἀπ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων κτύπε μητιέτα Ζεὺς 170  
 σῆμα τιθεὶς Τρώεσσι, μάχης ἑτεραλκέα νίκην.  
 Ἐκτωρ δὲ Τρώεσσιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν αὖσας·

“Τρώες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Δάρδανοι ἀγχιμαχηταί,  
 ἀνέρες ἔστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς.  
 γιγνώσκω δ' ὅτι μοι πρόφρων κατένευσε Κρονίων 175  
 νίκην καὶ μέγα κῦδος, ἀτὰρ Δαναοῖσί γε πῆμα.  
 νήπιοι, οὐ ἄρα δὴ τάδε τείχεα μηχανόωντο  
 ἀβλήχρ' οὐδενόσωρα· τὰ δ' οὐ μένος ἀμὸν ἐρύξει,  
 ἵπποι δὲ ῥέα τάφρον ὑπερθορέονται ὀρυκτὴν.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε κεν δὴ νηυσὶν ἐπὶ γλαφυρῇσι γένωμαι, 180  
 μνημοσύνη τις ἔπειτα πυρὸς δηίοιο γενέσθω,  
 ὥς πυρὶ νῆας ἐνιπρήσω, κτείνω δὲ καὶ αὐτοὺς  
 Ἀργεῖους παρὰ νηυσὶν, ἀτυζομένους ὑπὸ καπνοῦ.”

ὥς εἰπὼν ἵπποισιν ἐκέκλετο, φώνησέν τε·  
 “Ξάνθε τε καὶ σὺ Πόδαργε καὶ Αἴθων Λάμπε τε δῖε, 185  
 νῦν μοι τὴν κομιδὴν ἀποτίνετον, ἣν μάλα πολλὴν  
 Ἀνδρομάχῃ, θυγάτηρ μεγαλήτορος Ἡετίωνος,  
 ὑμῖν παρ' προτέροισι μελίφρονα πυρὸν ἔθηκεν  
 οἶνόν τ' ἐγκεράσασα πιεῖν, ὅτε θυμὸς ἀνώγοι,  
 ἢ ἐμοί, ὅς πέρ οἱ θαλερὸς πόσις εὐχομαι εἶναι. 190  
 ἀλλ' ἐφομαρτεῖτον καὶ σπεύδετον, ὕφρα λάβωμεν  
 ἀσπίδα Νεστορέην, τῆς νῦν κλέος οὐρανὸν ἵκει,  
 πᾶσαν χρυσεῖην ἔμεναι, κανόνας τε καὶ αὐτήν,  
 αὐτὰρ ἀπ' ὧμοιν Διομήδεος ἵπποδάμοιο



Go, puny doll! Thou wilt not by my flight,  
Or mount our towers, or bear away in ships  
Our wives: myself ere that will work thy doom."

He spake: Tydides pondered much in doubt,  
To turn his coursers and to face the fight.  
Thrice doubtful pondered he in heart and soul;  
Thrice from the crags of Ida thundered Zeus  
The counsellor, presaging thus to Troy  
Balance of strength and victory in fight.  
Then Hector to the Trojans shouted loud:  
"Ye Trojans, Lycians, and ye Dardans good  
In closest fight, quit you like men, my friends,  
And of impetuous valour be your thought.  
Now know I that Cronion's ready will  
To me grants victory and great renown,  
But to the Danaans loss. Poor fools! who planned,  
It seems, these ramparts, feeble, nothing worth,  
That will not check my onset; for my steeds  
The spade-dug trench shall lightly overleap.  
But soon as to the carvèd ships I come,  
Forget not then destructive fire, that I  
May set the fleet aflame, and by their ships  
Slay, scared before the smoke, the Argive throng."

With that he shouted to his steeds, and spake:  
"Xanthus, and thou Podargus, and withal  
Æthon, and Lampus, steed divine, now pay  
That careful tendance which Andromaché,  
High-souled Eetion's daughter, gave; who served  
You first with sweetest grain of wheat, and mixed  
Wine for your drinking whenso ye might thirst;  
You before me who am her manly lord.  
So follow on, and haste, that we may win  
The shield of Nestor, whose renown doth reach  
High heaven, that all of gold it is, both targe  
Itself and rods that cross the under side:  
And from steed-taming Diomedes' arms

δαιδάλεον θώρηκα, τὸν Ἥφαιστος κάμε τεύχων. 195  
εἰ τούτῳ γε λάβοιμεν, ἐελποίμην κεν Ἀχαιοὺς  
αὐτοunuχὶ νηῶν ἐπιβησέμεν ὠκειάων.”

ὥς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, νεμέσῃσιν δὲ πότνια Ἥρη,  
σείσατο δ' εἰνὶ θρόνῳ, ἐλέλιξε δὲ μακρὸν Ὀλυμπον,  
καὶ ῥα Ποσειδάωνα μέγαν θεὸν ἀντίον ἤνδα· 200

“ὦ πόποι, ἐννοσίγαι' εὐρυσθενές, οὐδέ νυ σοί περ  
ὀλλυμένων Δαναῶν ὀλοφύρεται ἐν φρεσὶ θυμός;  
οἱ δέ τοι εἰς Ἑλίκην τε καὶ Αἰγὰς δῶρ' ἀνάγουσιν  
πολλά τε καὶ χαρίεντα. σὺ δέ σφισι βούλεο νίκην.  
εἴ περ γάρ κ' ἐθέλοιμεν, ὅσοι Δαναοῖσιν ἄρωγοί, 205  
Τρῶας ἀπώσασθαι καὶ ἐρυκέμεν εὐρύοπα Ζῆν,  
αὐτοῦ κ' ἔνθ' ἀκάχοιτο καθήμενος οἶος ἐν Ἰδῇ.”

τὴν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη κρείων ἐνοσίχθων·  
“Ἥρη ἀπτοεπές, ποῖον τὸν μῦθον ἔειπες;  
οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ γ' ἐθέλοιμι Διὶ Κρονίωνι μάχεσθαι 210  
ἡμέας τοὺς ἄλλους, ἐπεὶ ἦ πολὺ φέρτερος ἐστίν.”

ὥς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον·  
τῶν δ', ὅσον ἐκ νηῶν ἀπὸ πύργου τάφρος ἔεργεν,  
πλήθην ὁμῶς ἵππων τε καὶ ἀνδρῶν ἀσπιστάων  
εἰλομένων· εἴλει δὲ θεῶ ἀτάλαντος Ἄρηι 215

Ἐκτωρ Πριαμίδης, ὅτε οἱ Ζεὺς κῦδος ἔδωκεν.  
καὶ νῦ κ' ἐνέπρησεν πυρὶ κηλέῳ νῆας ἔϊτας,  
εἰ μὴ ἐπὶ φρεσὶ θῆκ' Ἀγαμέμνονι πότνια Ἥρη  
αὐτῷ ποιπνύσαντι θεῶς ὀτρύναι Ἀχαιοὺς.

βῆ δ' ἰέναι παρά τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν, 220  
πορφύρεον μέγα φᾶρος ἔχων ἐν χειρὶ παχείῃ,  
στῇ δ' ἐπ' Ὀδυσσῆος μεγακῆτεϊ νηὶ μελαίνῃ,  
ἥ ῥ' ἐν μεσσάτῳ ἔσκε, γεγωνέμεν ἀμφοτέρωσε·

That we may strip his corslet rich and rare,  
Wrought by Hephaestos. If these prizes twain  
We win, then may I hope this night to force  
Achaia's sons aboard their flying ships."

Boastful he spake. Whereat indignant chafed  
Queen Heré, and upon her throne she shook,  
That tall Olympus quivered. Turning then  
Thus to Poseidon, mighty god, she spake :  
"O wondrous shame ! Earth-shaker stout and strong,  
Dost even thou no pity feel at heart  
For Danaans dying thus ? They bring to thee  
At Helicé and Ægæ gifts full fair  
And frequent : wherefore wish them victory.  
For should we will it, we the Danaans' friends,  
To drive the Trojans back, and to restrain  
Loud thundering Zeus, then might he fret and fume  
Here sitting all alone on Ida's peak."

To whom in anger hot the earth-shaking king :  
"O Heré dauntless-tongued, what words be these ?  
I ne'er can will that we the rest should fight  
With Cronos' son, for he is mightier far."

Such converse they of heaven together held.  
Meanwhile the space between Achaia's ships  
And rampart flanked by sheltering trench was filled  
With steeds alike and shielded men, close penned ;  
Whom Hector Priam's son, swift Ares' peer,  
Close penned, when Zeus gave glory to his arms.  
And with consuming fire the balanced ships  
He now had burned : but Heré goddess queen  
Moved Agamemnon's soul to stir himself  
Amain, and swiftly rouse Achaia's host.  
So through the tents and ships he took his way  
Bearing a purple robe of ample fold  
In his broad hand : and by Odysseus' ship  
He stood, that midmost lay, black-hulled and huge,  
Whence either way his voice might well be heard,

ἡμὲν ἐπ' Αἴαντος κλισίας Τελαμωνιάδαο  
 ἦδ' ἐπ' Ἀχιλλῆος, τοί ῥ' ἔσχατα νῆας ἔϊσας 225  
 εἵρυσαν ἡγορέῃ πίσυνοι καὶ κάρτεϊ χειρῶν.  
 ἦυσεν δὲ διαπρύσιον, Δαναοῖσι γεγωνώς·  
 "αἰδώς, Ἀργεῖοι, κάκ' ἐλέγχεα, εἶδος ἀγητοί.  
 πῇ ἔβαν εὐχωλαί, ὅτε δὴ φάμεν εἶναι ἄριστοι,  
 ἄς, ὑπότ' ἐν Λήμνῳ, κενεαυχέες ἡγοράασθε, 230  
 ἔσθοντες κρέα πολλὰ βοῶν ὀρθοκραϊράων,  
 πίνοντες κρητῆρας ἐπιστεφέας οἴνοιο,  
 Τρώων ἄνθ' ἑκατόν τε διηκοσίων τε ἕκαστος  
 στήσεσθ' ἐν πολέμῳ· νῦν δ' οὐδ' ἐνὸς ἄξιοι εἰμέν  
 "Εκτορος, ὃς τάχα νῆας ἐνιπρήσει πυρὶ κηλέφ. 235  
 Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἣ ῥά τιν' ἤδη ὑπερμενέων βασιλῆων  
 τῇδ' ἄτῃ ἄσας καί μιν μέγα κῦδος ἀπηύρας;  
 οὐ μὲν δὴ ποτέ φημι τεὸν περικαλλέα βωμόν  
 νηὶ πολυκλήιδι παρελθέμεν ἐνθάδε ἔρρων,  
 ἀλλ' ἐπὶ πᾶσι βοῶν δημόν καὶ μηρί' ἔκηα, 240  
 ἰέμενος Τροίην ἐϋτείχεον ἐξαλαπάξαι.  
 ἀλλὰ Ζεῦ τόδε πέρ μοι ἐπικρήνηνον ἐέλδωρ.  
 αὐτοὺς δὴ περ ἕασόν ὑπεκφυγέειν καὶ ἀλύξαι,  
 μηδ' οὔτω Τρώεσσιν ἔα δάμνασθαι Ἀχαιοὺς."

ὥς φάτο, τὸν δὲ πατὴρ ὀλοφύρατο δάκρυ χέοντα, 245  
 νεῦσε δέ οἱ λαὸν σόον ἔμμεναι οὐδ' ἀπολεῖσθαι.  
 αὐτίκα δ' αἰετὸν ἦκε, τελειότατον πετεηνῶν,  
 νεβρόν ἔχοντ' ὀνύχεσσι, τέκος ἐλάφοιο ταχείης·  
 παρ δὲ Διὸς βωμῷ περικαλλεῖ κάββαλε νεβρόν,  
 ἔνθα πανομφαίῳ Ζηνὶ ῥέζεσκον Ἀχαιοί. 250

Or to the tent of Ajax Telamon,  
 Or to Achilleus' tent, those twain who ranged  
 Last of the line their balanced ships, secure  
 In their bold manhood and their mighty hands.  
 Thence to the Danaans his shrill shout he sent :  
 "Shame, Argives ! cravens base ! for comely limbs  
 Alone admired. Where now are gone our boasts,  
 Who whilom claimed to be of all the best ?  
 Those empty vaunts that ye in Lemnos spake—  
 While of the flesh of upright-hornèd kine  
 Ye ate your fill, and drank the bowls of wine  
 Crowned to the brim—bragging that each would stand  
 Against fivescore or tenscore sons of Troy  
 In field of war ? But now not even worth  
 One champion we are found, Hector to wit,  
 Who soon will burn our ships with wasting fire.  
 O Father Zeus, didst ever heretofore  
 Cross with such curse as mine a mighty king,  
 And rob him of great glory ? Yet I say  
 That never passed I by thy altar fair,  
 As hitherward I took my luckless way  
 In many-benchèd ship, but burned on all  
 The fat and thighs of kine, in eager hope  
 To waste and sack the well-walled town of Troy.  
 But this my prayer, O Zeus, at least fulfil ;  
 Grant that ourselves may flee and scape, nor thus  
 Achaians fall before the Trojan host."

He spake : the father pitied much his tears,  
 And willed to save his host and not to slay.  
 And straightway sent an eagle, surest bird,  
 Bearing a fawn, the child of fleet-foot doe,  
 Trussed in his talons. By the altar fair  
 Of Zeus he dropped it, where Achaia's sons  
 Gave worship to the god of oracles.



οἱ δ' ὥς οὖν εἶδονθ' ὅ τ' ἄρ' ἐκ Διὸς ἤλυθεν ὄρνις,  
μᾶλλον ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι θόρον, μνήσαντο δὲ χάρμης.

ἔνθ' οὗ τις πρότερος Δαναῶν, πολλῶν περ ἑόντων,  
εὗξато Τυδεΐδαο πάρος σχέμεν ὠκέας ἵππους  
τάφρου τ' ἐξελάσαι καὶ ἐναντίβιον μαχέσασθαι, 255  
ἀλλὰ πολὺ πρῶτος Τρώων ἔλεν ἄνδρα κορυστήν,  
Φραδμονίδην Ἀγέλαον. ὁ μὲν φύγαδ' ἔτραπεν ἵππους·  
τῷ δὲ μεταστρεφθέντι μεταφρένῳ ἐν δόρυ πῆξεν  
ὦμων μεσσηγύς, διὰ δὲ στήθεσφιν ἔλασσεν.  
ἥριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ. 260

τὸν δὲ μετ' Ἀτρεΐδαι Ἀγαμέμνων καὶ Μενέλαος,  
τοῖσι δ' ἐπ' Αἴαντες θοῦριν ἐπieiμένοι ἀλκὴν,  
τοῖσι δ' ἐπ' Ἰδομενεὺς καὶ ὀπάων Ἰδομενῆος  
Μηριόνης, ἀτάλαντος Ἐνναλίῳ ἀνδρεΐφόντῃ,  
τοῖσι δ' ἐπ' Εὐρύπυλος Εὐαίμωνος ἀγλαὸς υἱός. 265  
Τεῦκρος δ' εἵνατος ἦλθε, παλίντονα τόξα τιταίνων,  
στῇ δ' ἄρ' ὑπ' Αἴαντος σάκεϊ Τελαμωνιάδαο.  
ἔνθ' Αἴας μὲν ὑπεξέφερεν σάκος· αὐτὰρ ὅ γ' ἥρως  
παπτήνας, ἐπεὶ ἄρ τιν' οὔστεύσας ἐν ὀμίλῳ  
βεβλήκοι, ὁ μὲν αὖθι πεσὼν ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὄλεσκεν, 270  
αὐτὰρ ὁ αὖτις ἰὼν, πάϊς ὥς ὑπὸ μητέρα, δύσκεν  
εἰς Αἴανθ'· ὁ δὲ μιν σάκεϊ κρύπτασκε φαεινῷ.

ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον Τρώων ἔλε Τεῦκρος ἀμύμων;  
Ὅρσίλοχον μὲν πρῶτα καὶ Ὅρμενον ἠδ' Ὁφέλεστην  
Δαίτορά τε Χρομίον τε καὶ ἀντίθεον Λυκοφόντην 275  
καὶ Πολυαιμονίδην Ἀμοπάονα καὶ Μελάνιππον  
πάντας ἐπασσυτέρους πέλασε χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ.

And they, when now they saw that sent of Zeus  
The bird had come, leapt on their Trojan foes  
More fierce, and turned their spirit to the fight.

There of the Danaans, many though they were,  
Before the son of Tydeus none could claim  
That his fleet steeds he drove and from the trench  
Urged forth in open fight to meet the foe.  
He, far the first, a helmèd Trojan slew,  
The son of Phradmon, Agelaüs named :  
Who now had turned his steeds in act to fly,  
When in his back exposed the foeman fixed  
The spear between the shoulders, and right on  
He drave it through the breast. From out his car  
He fell, and loud his armour on him rang.

Next after him the sons of Atreus came,  
With Agamemnon Menelaus : these  
Ajaces twain, clothed with impetuous might,  
Fast followed : these Idomeneus and his squire  
Meriones, peer of Enyalios  
Man-slaughtering power : and these Eurypylus  
Evæmon's glorious son. Ninth Teucer came  
Bending the springing bow, and took his stand  
Beneath the targe of Ajax Telamon.  
And there, as Ajax ever and anon  
Lift up his targe, the hero peered thereout  
And shot an arrow. Whomso in the throng  
He smote, there fell he slain and left his life :  
But back, as to a mother doth a child,  
Shrank Teucer, and with Ajax shelter found,  
Who hid him safe beneath his shining shield.

There whom of Troy slew noble Teucer first ?  
First fell Orsilochus, and Ormenus,  
And Ophelestes, Daitor, Chromius,  
And godlike Lycophontes, and the son  
Of Polyæmon, Amopaon named,  
And Melanippus : in succession swift

τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν γήθησε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,  
 τόξου ἄπο κρατεροῦ Τρώων ὀλέκοντα φάλαγγας·  
 στῇ δὲ παρ' αὐτὸν ἰὼν, καί μιν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν 280  
 “Τεῦκρε, φίλη κεφαλὴ, Τελαμώνιε, κοίρανε λαῶν,  
 βάλλ' οὕτως, αἶ κέν τι φόως Δαναοῖσι γένηαι  
 πατρί τε σῶ Τελαμῶνι, ὃ σε τρέφε τυτθὸν ἑόντα  
 καί σε νόθον περ ἑόντα κομίσσατο ᾧ ἐνὶ οἴκῳ·  
 τὸν καὶ τηλόθ' ἑόντα ἐϋκλείης ἐπίβησον. 285

σοὶ δ' ἐγὼ ἐξερέω ὥς καὶ τετελεσμένον ἔσται.  
 αἶ κέν μοι δώῃ Ζεὺς τ' αἰγίοχος καὶ Ἀθήνη  
 Ἴλιον ἐξαλαπάξαι, ἐϋκτίμενον πτολίεθρον,  
 πρῶτῳ τοι μετ' ἐμὲ πρεσβήιον ἐν χερὶ θήσω,  
 ἢ τρίποδ' ἢ ἐκ δύω ἵππους αὐτοῖσιν ὄχεσφιν 290  
 ἢ ἐκ γυναιῶν, ἢ κέν τοι ὁμὸν λέχος εἰσαναβαίνοι.”

τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσεφώνεε Τεῦκρος ἀμύμων·  
 “Ἀτρεΐδῃ κύδιστε, τί με σπεύδοντα καὶ αὐτόν  
 ὀτρύνεις; οὐ μὴν τοι, ὅση δύναμὶς γε πάρεστιν,  
 παύομαι, ἀλλ' ἐξ οὗ προτὶ Ἴλιον ὠσάμεθ' αὐτούς, 295  
 ἐκ τοῦ δὴ τόξοισι δεδεγμένος ἄνδρας ἐναίρω.  
 ὀκτὼ δὴ προέηκα τανυγλώχινας οἷστους,  
 πάντες δ' ἐν χροῖ πῆχθεν ἀρηιθῶν αἰζηῶν·  
 τοῦτον δ' οὐ δύναμαι βαλέειν κύνα λυσσητήρα.”

ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἄλλον οἷστὸν ἀπὸ νευρῆφιν ἱαλλεν 300  
 Ἔκτορος ἀντικρὺς, βαλέειν δέ ἐ ἔετο θυμός.  
 καὶ τοῦ μέν ῥ' ἀφάμαρθ', ὃ δ' ἀμύμονα Γοργυθίωνα,  
 υἷὸν εὖν Πριάμοιο, κατὰ στήθος βάλεν ἰῶ,  
 τὸν ῥ' ἐξ Αἰσύμηθεν ὀπυιομένη τέκε μήτηρ,  
 καλὴ Καστιάνειρα, δέμας εἰκυῖα θεῇσιν. 305

All these he made to touch the fruitful earth.  
 And glad was Agamemnon king of men  
 To see him dealing from his mighty bow  
 Death to the ranks of Troy. Toward him he went,  
 And stood beside the chief, and thus he spake :

“Teucer, dear head, thou son of Telamon,  
 Prince of a people, shoot thou ever thus,  
 And, if thou mayst, to Danaans be a light,  
 And to thy father Telamon, who reared  
 Thy infancy, and bastard though thou wert  
 Fostered thee in his home. Him, though he now  
 Bide far away, exalt thou to renown.

And out I tell thee what shall e'en be done :

If with Athené ægis-wielding Zeus  
 Grant me the spoil of Ilion's well-built hold,  
 To thee the first next to myself will I  
 A special guerdon in thy hand bestow,  
 Or tripod, or two steeds with ear complete,  
 Or woman captive who shall share thy bed.”

And answer thus the noble Teucer made :

“Glorious Atrides, wherefore urge me thus  
 Who am myself right eager? Never yet,  
 Far as my strength doth serve me, do I cease ;  
 But since we drove the host to Ilion  
 I with my bow lie still in wait, and slay  
 Our foemen. Long-barbed arrows I have sped  
 Already eight, and all firm lodgment found  
 In lusty warriors' flesh. Yet one is here  
 A raging hound whom still I cannot strike.”

He spake, and from the string another shaft  
 Launched full at Hector, whom he yearned to strike.  
 And him he missed, but hit upon the breast  
 Noble Gorgythion, Priam's gallant son,  
 Whose mother from Æsymé came to wed  
 Her lord, a woman goddess-like in form,  
 Castianira fair, and bare a son.

μήκων δ' ὥς ἐτέρωσε κάρη βάλεν, ἥ τ' ἐνὶ κήπῳ  
καρπῷ βριθομένη νοτίῃσί τε εἰαρινῇσιν·  
ὥς ἐτέρωσ' ἤμυσε κάρη πλήληκι βαρυνθέν.

Τεύκρος δ' ἄλλον οἷστον ἀπὸ νευρῆφιν ἴαλλεν·

Ἔκτορος ἀντικρὺς, βαλέειν δέ ἐ ἴετο θυμός. 310

ἀλλ' ὃ γε καὶ τόθ' ἄμαρτε· παρέσφηλεν γὰρ Ἀπόλλων·

ἀλλ' Ἀρχεπτόλεμον, θρασὺν Ἔκτορος ἡνιοχῆα,

ἰέμενον πόλεμόνδε βάλε στῆθος παρὰ μαζόν.

ἥριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων, ὑπερώησαν δέ οἱ ἵπποι  
ὠκύποδες· τοῦ δ' αὖθι λύθη ψυχὴ τε μένος τε. 315

Ἔκτορα δ' αἰνὸν ἄχος πύκασεν φρένας ἡνιόχοιο.

τὸν μὲν ἔπειτ' εἶασε καὶ ἀχνύμενός περ ἑταίρου,

Κεβριόνην δ' ἐκέλευσεν ἀδελφεὸν ἐγγὺς ἐόντα  
ἵππων ἡνὶ ἐλεῖν· ὃ δ' ἄρ' οὐκ ἀπίθησεν ἀκούσας.

αὐτὸς δ' ἐκ δίφροιο χαμαὶ θόρε παμφανόωντος 320

σμερδαλέα ἰάχων· ὃ δὲ χερμάδιον λάβε χειρί,

βῆ δ' ἰθὺς Τεύκρου, βαλέειν δέ ἐ θυμὸς ἀνώγει.

ἦ τοι ὃ μὲν φαρέτρης ἐξείλετο πικρὸν οἷστον,

θῆκε δ' ἐπὶ νευρῇ· τὸν δ' αὖ κορυθαίολος Ἔκτωρ

αὐερόντα παρ' ὄμον, ὅθι κληῖς ἀποέργει 325

αὐχένα τε στῆθός τε, μάλιστα δὲ καίριον ἐστίν,

τῇ ῥ' ἐπὶ οἱ μεμαῶτα βάλεν λίθῳ ὀκριόεντι,

ῥῆξε δέ οἱ νευρὴν· νάρκησε δὲ χεὶρ ἐπὶ καρπῷ,

στῇ δὲ γνύξ ἐριπᾶν, τόξον δέ οἱ ἔκπεσε χειρός.

Αἴας δ' οὐκ ἀμέλησε κασιγνήτοιο πεσόντος, 330

ἀλλὰ θεῶν περίβη καὶ οἱ σάκος ἀμφεκάλυψεν.

τὸν μὲν ἔπειθ' ὑποδύντε δύω ἐρίηρες ἑταῖροι,

Μηκιστεὺς Ἐχίοιο παῖς καὶ δῖος Ἀλάστωρ,



And as a poppy sideways hangs the head,  
That in some garden grows, weighted with fruit  
And springtide showers, so burdened by the helm  
Drooped to one side the warrior's failing head.

Then Teucer from the string another shaft  
Launched full at Hector, whom he yearned to strike,  
And missed him yet again, for the erring bolt  
Apollo turned : but Archeptolemus,  
Bold charioteer of Hector, on the breast  
Beside the nipple, as he sought the fray,  
He smote : who headlong fell from out the car,  
And from their way his fleet-foot horses swerved,  
While there the hero's life and strength were loosed.  
But sorrow deep enshrouded Hector's soul  
For loss of charioteer : whom yet he left,  
Though for a comrade grieved ; and now he bade  
Cebriones his brother, who was near,  
To take the reins : who heard, nor disobeyed.  
Then from his glittering chariot to the ground  
Out leapt himself, with shout most terrible,  
And seized a boulder in his hand, and made  
At Teucer, whom his spirit bade him strike.  
He from the quiver even now had plucked  
A bitter shaft and placed it on the string :  
But plumèd Hector, as he drew it back,  
Close by the shoulder, where the collar-bone  
Parts neck and breast—the surest spot to smite—  
There struck his foe, as at himself he aimed,  
With jagged stone ; and breaking bowstring through  
Numbed hand and wrist. Down sank he to his knees  
And stood, and from his fingers fell the bow.  
Then Ajax of his brother fallen thus  
Was not regardless : swift he ran to him  
And paced him round and covered with his shield :  
Till trusty comrades twain, Mecisteus son  
Of Echius, and Alastor godlike wight,

νῆας ἔπι γλαφυρὰς φερέτην βαρέα στενάχοντα·  
 ἄψ δ' αὖτις Τρώεσσιν Ὀλύμπιος ἐν μένος ὥρσεν. 335  
 οἷ δ' ἰθὺς τάφροιο βαθείης ὥσαν Ἀχαιοὺς,  
 Ἔκτωρ δ' ἐν πρώτοισι κίε σθένει βλεμεαίνων.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτε τίς τε κύων συνὸς ἀγρίου ἢ λέοντος  
 ἄπτηται κατόπισθε, ποσὶν ταχέεσσι διώκων,  
 ἰσχία τε γλουτοὺς τε, ἐλίσσόμενόν τε δοκεύει, 340  
 ὥς Ἔκτωρ ὥπαζε κάρη κομόωντας Ἀχαιούς,  
 αἰὲν ἀποκτείνων τὸν ὀπίστατον· οἷ δὲ φέβοντο.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ διὰ τε σκόλοπας καὶ τάφρον ἔβησαν  
 φεύγοντες, πολλοὶ δὲ δάμεν Τρώων ὑπὸ χερσίν,  
 οἷ μὲν δὴ παρὰ νηυσὶν ἐρητύοντο μένοντες, 345  
 ἀλλήλοισί τε κεκλόμενοι, καὶ πᾶσι θεοῖσιν  
 χεῖρας ἀνίσχοντες μεγάλ' εὐχετόωντο ἕκαστος·  
 Ἔκτωρ δ' ἀμφιπεριστρώφα καλλίτριχας ἵππους,  
 Γοργοῦς ὄμματ' ἔχων ἢ βροτολοιγοῦ Ἀρης.  
 τοὺς δὲ ἰδοῦσ' ἐλέησε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη, 350  
 αἶψα δ' Ἀθηναίην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·  
 “ὦ πόποι, αἰγίοχοιο Διὸς τέκος, οὐκέτι νῶϊ  
 ὀλλυμένων Δαναῶν κεκαδησόμεθ' ὑστάτιόν περ;  
 οἷ κεν δὴ κακὸν οἶτον ἀναπλήσαντες ὄλονται  
 ἀνδρὸς ἐνὸς ῥιπῇ· ὃ δὲ μαίνεται οὐκέτ' ἀνεκτῶς 355  
 Ἔκτωρ Πριαμίδης, καὶ δὴ κακὰ πολλὰ ἔοργεν.”  
 τὴν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·  
 “καὶ λίην οὗτός γε μένος θυμόν τ' ὀλέσειεν,  
 χερσὶν ὑπ' Ἀργείων φθίμενος ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ·  
 ἀλλὰ πατὴρ οὐμὸς φρεσὶ μαίνεται οὐκ ἀγαθῆσιν, 360  
 σχέτλιος, αἰὲν ἀλιτρός, ἐμῶν μενέων ἀπερφεύς.

Could lift his form and to the hollow ships  
 Bear him away as heavily he groaned.  
 Now in the sons of Troy the Olympian king  
 New spirit roused again. To the deep trench  
 Right backward did they force Achaia's lines :  
 Hector the foremost, terrible in strength.  
 And as a hound on lion or on boar  
 With nimble foot close presses from behind,  
 In act to seize the haunches of his game,  
 And marks and foils each turn, so Hector pressed  
 Achaia's long-haired sons, and ever slew  
 His hindmost foe, as they before him fled.  
 But when the stakes and trench they now had passed  
 In flight, though many fell by Trojan hands,  
 Beside the ships they rallied them and stayed,  
 Each calling on his fellow, and raised their hands  
 To all the gods, as each man loudly prayed.  
 But Hector to and fro was turning oft  
 His fair-maned steeds, and in his eyes the glance  
 Of Gorgon or of slaughtering Ares shone.

These Heré, white-armed goddess, pitying saw,  
 And to Athené cried in wingèd words :  
 "O shame! Thou child of aegis-bearing Zeus  
 Shall we no more the Danaans dying thus  
 Regard, though idle at the last our aid?  
 For soon the measure of their evil doom  
 Fulfilling they will perish by the blast  
 Of one man's fury—Hector Priam's son—  
 Who with mad force no longer to be borne  
 Doth rage, and now hath wrought unnumbered woes."

To whom Athené, stern-eyed power, replied :  
 "Nay surely he his strength and life would lose  
 And in his fatherland by Argive hands  
 Be slain, did not my sire with mind perverse  
 Rage madly—cruel is he, framing still  
 Some mischief, and a thwarter of my zeal.

οὐδέ τι τῶν μέμνηται, ὃ οἱ μάλα πολλάκις υἱὸν  
 τειρόμενον σώεσκον ὑπ' Εὐρυσθέως ἀέθλων.  
 ἦ τοι ὃ μὲν κλαίεσκε πρὸς οὐρανόν, αὐτὰρ ἐμὲ Ζεὺς  
 τῷ ἐπαλεξήσουσαν ἀπ' οὐρανόθεν προΐαλλεν· 365  
 εἰ γὰρ ἐγὼ τάδε ἦδ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ πευκαλίμησιν,  
 εὐτέ μιν εἰς Ἀἶδαο πυλάρταο προὔπεμψεν  
 ἐξ ἐρέβους ἄξοντα κύνα στυγεροῦ Ἀἶδαο,  
 οὐκ ἂν ὑπεξέφυγε Στυγὸς ὕδατος αἰπὰ ῥέεθρα.  
 νῦν δ' ἐμὲ μὲν στυγέει, Θέτιδος δ' ἐξήνυσσε βουλὰς, 370  
 ἦ οἱ γούνατ' ἔκυσσε καὶ ἔλλαβε χειρὶ γενείου  
 λισσομένη τιμῆσαι Ἀχιλλῆα πτολίπορθον.  
 ἔσται μὴν ὅτ' ἂν αὐτε φίλην γλαυκώπιδα εἶπη.  
 ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν νῶϊν ἐπέντυε μώνυχας ἵππους,  
 ὄφρ' ἂν ἐγὼ καταδῶσα Διὸς δόμον αἰγιόχοιο 375  
 τεύχεσιν ἐς πόλεμον θωρήξομαι, ὄφρα ἴδωμαι  
 ἠὲ νῶϊ Πριάμοιο πάϊς κορυθαίολος Ἑκτωρ  
 γηθήσει προφανέντε ἀνὰ πτολέμοιο γεφύρας.  
 ἦ τις καὶ Τρώων κορέει κύνας ἠδ' οἰωνούς  
 δημῷ καὶ σάρκεσσι, πεσὼν ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν." 380  
 ὥς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθυσσε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη.  
 ἦ μὲν ἐποιχομένη χρυσάμπυκας ἔντυεν ἵππους  
 Ἥρη πρέσβα θεά, θυγάτηρ μέγαλοιο Κρόνοιο·  
 αὐτὰρ Ἀθηναίη, κούρη Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο,  
 πέπλον μὲν κατέχευεν ἑανὸν πατρὸς ἐπ' οὔδει, 385  
 ποικίλον, ὅν ῥ' αὐτὴ ποιήσατο καὶ κάμε χερσίν,  
 ἦ δὲ χιτῶν' ἐνδύσα Διὸς νεφεληγερέταο  
 τεύχεσιν ἐς πόλεμον θωρήσσετο δακρυόεντα.  
 ἐς δ' ὄχρα φλόγεα ποσὶ βήσετο, λάζετο δ' ἔγχος  
 βριθὺν μέγα στιβαρόν, τῷ δάμνησι στίχας ἀνδρῶν 390

Nor bears he this in mind, how many a time  
 His son I rescued, when in sore distress  
 By labours that Eurystheus on him laid.  
 He raised his cry to heaven, from heaven I came  
 Sent down by Zeus to bear him powerful aid.  
 O had I in my wisdom surely known  
 How this would be—what time that son of Zeus  
 Was sent to Hades jailor of Hell-gate  
 To bring from nether-gloom fell Hades' hound—  
 He had not 'scaped the headlong flood of Styx.  
 But me my sire now hates, and works the will  
 Of Thetis, who his knees did kiss, and touched  
 With fondling hand his chin, entreating much  
 For honour to her city-storming son.  
 Yet time shall be when he again shall call  
 His stern-eyed daughter dear. But go thou now,  
 Harness our firm-hoofed steeds; and I the while,  
 Entering the house of aegis-bearing Zeus,  
 Will arm me for the fight: that I may see  
 If plumèd Hector, Priam's son, will joy  
 When we do show us on the battle bridge.  
 Surely some Trojan then will richly feed  
 With fat and flesh the dogs and carrion birds,  
 Beside the vessels of Achaia slain."

She spake. Nor white-armed Heré disobeyed,  
 Daughter of mighty Cronos, goddess queen:  
 But went her way to harness for the car  
 Her steeds with golden frontlet shining bright.  
 Meanwhile the maid of aegis-bearing Zeus,  
 Athené, loosed and on the Father's floor  
 Cast down her flowing mantle, broidered web  
 By her own hands and labour deftly wrought,  
 And donned the tunic of cloud-gathering Zeus,  
 And braced her armour for the tearful war.  
 Then on the fiery car she set her foot  
 And grasped her lance, long, heavy, stout, wherewith



ἡρώων τοῖσιν τε κοτέσσεται ὄμβριμοπάτρη.

Ἦρῃ δὲ μάστιγι θοῶς ἐπεμαίετ' ἄρ' ἵππους·  
αὐτόμαται δὲ πύλαι μύκον οὐρανοῦ, ἃς ἔχον ὦραι,  
τῆς ἐπιτέτραπται μέγας οὐρανὸς Οὐλυμπός τε,  
ἡμὲν ἀνακλῖναι πυκινὸν νέφος ἡδ' ἐπιθεῖναι. 395  
τῇ ῥα δι' αὐτῶν κεντρήνεκέας ἔχον ἵππους.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ Ἰδῆθεν ἐπεὶ ἶδε, χώσατ' ἄρ' αἰνῶς,  
Ἴριν δ' ὥτρυνεν χρυσόπτερον ἀγγελέουσαν·  
“βάσκ' ἴθι, Ἴρι ταχεῖα, πάλιν τρέπε μηδ' ἔα ἄντην  
ἔρχεσθ'· οὐ γὰρ καλὰ συνοισόμεθα πτόλεμόνδε. 400  
ὦδε γὰρ ἐξερέω, τὸ δὲ καὶ τετελεσμένον ἔσται·  
γυιώσω μὲν σφῶιν ὑφ' ἄρμασιν ὠκέας ἵππους,  
αὐτὰς δ' ἐκ δίφρου βαλέω, κατὰ θ' ἄρματα ἄξω,  
οὐδέ κεν ἐς δεκάτους περιτελλομένους ἐνιαυτούς  
ἔλκε' ἀπαλθήσεσθον ἅ κεν μάρπτησι κεραυνός, 405  
ὄφρ' εἰδῇ γλαυκῶπις ὅτ' ἂν ᾧ πατρὶ μάχεται.  
Ἦρῃ δ' οὐ τι τόσον νεμεσίζομαι οὐδὲ χολοῦμαι·  
αἰεὶ γάρ μοι ἔωθεν ἐνικλᾶν ὅττι κε εἴπω.”

ὥς ἔφατ', ὥρτο δὲ Ἴρις ἀελλόπος ἀγγελέουσα,  
βῆ δ' ἐξ Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ἐς μακρὸν Ὀλυμπον. 410  
πρώτησιν δὲ πύλῃσι πολυπτύχου Οὐλύμποιο  
ἀντομένη κατέρυκε, Διὸς δέ σφ' ἔννεπε μῦθον·  
“πῇ μέματον; τί σφῶιν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ μαίνεται ἦτορ;  
οὐκ ἐάα Κρονίδης ἐπαμυνέμεν Ἀργείοισιν.  
ὦδε γὰρ ἠπέιλησε Κρόνου πάϊς, ἥ τελέει περ, 415  
γυιώσειν μὲν σφῶιν ὑφ' ἄρμασιν ὠκέας ἵππους,  
αὐτὰς δ' ἐκ δίφρου βαλέειν, κατὰ θ' ἄρματα ἄξειν.  
οὐδέ κεν ἐς δεκάτους περιτελλομένους ἐνιαυτούς

She quells the ranks of men who move to wrath  
That maiden daughter of a mighty sire.  
Then Heré swiftly touched with lash the steeds.  
Self-moved before them groaned the gates of heaven  
Kept by the Hours ; for to their charge is given  
Olympus and wide heaven, and now to ope  
The massy cloud rolled back, and now to close.  
There through these gates the goaded steeds they urged.

But Father Zeus, from Ida when he saw,  
Was much in wrath, and Iris golden-winged  
Straight bade he forth to be his messenger :  
“Hie thee, fleet Iris, turn them back again,  
Nor let them meet me ; for 'twill not be well  
That we in combat close. For thus I say—  
And this my word shall surely be fulfilled—  
The swift steeds in their chariot I will lame,  
And hurl themselves from out the seat, and break  
The shattered car : nor ten revolving years  
Shall serve to heal their wounds, where once my bolt  
Has stricken home. So shall the stern-eyed maid  
Know what it is to battle with her sire.  
But Heré not so much my vengeance moves  
Or wrath ; for it is ever thus her wont  
To thwart my purpose, whatsoe'er I say.”

He spake : and storm-foot Iris rose to bear  
The message. Down from Ida's peaks she sped  
To tall Olympus, where the goddess pair  
At valley-rent Olympus' outmost gate  
She met, and stayed, and told the word of Zeus :  
“O whither bent, ye twain ? What madness moves  
Your hearts within your bosoms ? Cronos' son  
Forbids you aid the Argives : for he threatens  
Thus—and his threat he surely will fulfil—  
The swift steeds in your chariot he will lame,  
And hurl yourselves from out the seat, and break  
The shattered car : nor ten revolving years

ἔλκε' ἀπαλθήσεσθον ἅ κεν μάρπτησι κεραυνός.  
 ὄφρ' εἰδῆς, Γλαυκῶπις, ὅτ' ἂν σῶ πατρὶ μάχῃαι·  
 "Ἥρῃ δ' οὐ τι τόσον νεμεσίζεται οὐδὲ χολοῦται·  
 αἰεὶ γάρ οἱ ἔωθεν ἐνικλᾶν ὅττι κε εἶπη.

420

ἀλλὰ σύ γ' αἰνοτάτῃ, κύον ἀδεές, εἰ ἐτεόν γε  
 τολμήσεις Διὸς ἅντα πελώριον ἔγχος αἰεῖραι."

ἦ μὲν ἄρ' ὥς εἰποῦς' ἀπέβη πόδας ὠκέα Ἴρις,  
 αὐτὰρ Ἀθηναίην "Ἥρῃ πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

425

"ὦ πόποι, αἰγίοχοιο Διὸς τέκος, οὐκέτ' ἐγὼ γε  
 νῶϊ ἐῷ Διὸς ἅντα βροτῶν ἔνεκα πτολεμίζειν.  
 τῶν ἄλλος μὲν ἀποφθίσθω ἄλλος δὲ βιώτῳ,  
 ὅς κε τύχῃ· κείνος δὲ τὰ ἅ φρονέων ἐνὶ θυμῷ  
 Τρῳσὶ τε καὶ Δαναοῖσι δικαζέτω, ὥς ἐπιεικές."

430

ὥς ἄρα φωνήσασα πάλιν τρέπε μώνυχας ἵππους.  
 τῇσιν δ' ὦραι μὲν λῦσαν καλλίτριχας ἵππους,  
 καὶ τοὺς μὲν κατέδησαν ἐπ' ἀμβροσίῃσι κάπησιν,  
 ἄρματα δὲ κλῖναν πρὸς ἐνώπια παμφανόωντα·  
 αὐταὶ δὲ χρυσεόισιν ἐπὶ κλισμοῖσι καθίζον  
 μίγδ' ἄλλοισι θεοῖσι, φίλον τετιμημένοι ἦτορ.

435

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ Ἰδθθεν ἐϋτροχον ἄρμα καὶ ἵππους  
 Οὐλυμπόνδ' ἐδίωκε, θεῶν δ' ἐξίκετο θώκους.

τῷ δὲ καὶ ἵππους μὲν λῦσεν κλυτὸς ἐνοσίγαιος,  
 ἄρματα δ' ἅμ βωμοῖσι τίθη, κατὰ λῖτα πετάσσας·  
 αὐτὸς δὲ χρύσειον ἐπὶ θρόνον εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς  
 ἔζετο, τῷ δ' ὑπὸ ποσσὶ μέγας πελεμίζετ' Ὀλυμπος.

440

αἱ δ' οἶαι Διὸς ἀμφὶς Ἀθηναίῃ τε καὶ "Ἥρῃ  
 ἦσθην, οὐδέ τί μιν προσεφώνεον οὐδ' ἐρέοντο.  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ ἔγνω ἦσιν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ, φώνησέν τε·  
 "τίφθ' οὕτω τετίησθον, Ἀθηναίῃ τε καὶ "Ἥρῃ;

445

Shall serve to heal the wounds, where once his bolt  
Has stricken home. So shall the stern-eyed maid  
Know what it is to battle with her sire.

But Heré not so much his vengeance moves  
Or wrath ; for it is ever thus her wont  
To thwart his purpose, whatsoe'er he say.

But, most presumptuous queen, thou fearless hound,  
Think well if thus in very deed thou'lt dare  
To lift on Zeus thy mighty rebel spear."

Thus fleet-foot Iris spake, and went her way.  
Then to Athené thus did Heré speak :

"O me ! thou child of aegis-bearing Zeus,  
I now no more allow that we with Zeus  
Wage battle for the sake of mortal men.  
Of whom let this one perish, that one live,  
Whoso may chance : and let the sire alone  
Think his own thoughts and doom alone his dooms  
For Trojans and for Danaans, as is meet."

She spake, and backward turned the firm-hoofed steeds.  
And soon the fair-maned steeds the Hours unloosed,  
And at the ambrosial mangers tethered them,  
But 'gainst the shining inner wall aslope  
They laid the car. The goddesses themselves  
Sate them on golden seats amid the throng  
Of other gods, chafing with sullen heart.

Meanwhile toward Olympus Father Zeus  
From Ida drave his wheelèd car and steeds,  
And to the gods enthronèd came. His steeds  
The famed Earth-shaker loosed, and set the car  
On a raised base, and with a cloth o'erspread.  
But Thunderer Zeus took seat on golden throne,  
Beneath whose feet the great Olympus shook.  
Alone Athené there and Heré sat  
Apart from Zeus, nor spake him word, nor asked.  
Yet knew he all in heart and thus he spake :  
"Why, Heré and Athené, chafe ye thus .



οὐ μὴν θην κάμετόν γε μάχη ἔνι κυδιανείρῃ  
ὀλλῦσαι Τρῶας, τοῖσιν κότον αἰνὸν ἔθεσθε.

πάντως, οἶον ἐμόν γε μένος καὶ χεῖρες ἄαπτοι, 450  
οὐκ ἂν με τρέψειαν ὅσοι θεοὶ εἰς' ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ.  
σφῶν δὲ πρὶν περ τρόμος ἔλλαβε φαίδιμα γυῖα  
πρὶν πόλεμον ἰδέειν πολέμοιό τε μέρμερα ἔργα.  
ὦδε γὰρ ἐξερέω, τὸ δέ κεν τετελεσμένον ἦεν·  
οὐκ ἂν ἐφ' ὑμετέρων ὀχέων, πληγέντε κεραυνῷ, 455  
ἄψ' ἐς Ὀλυμπον ἵκεσθον, ἵν' ἀθανάτων ἔδος ἐστίν.”

ὥς ἔφαθ', αἰ δ' ἐπέμυξαν Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ Ἥρῃ  
πλησίαι αἷ γ' ἦσθην, κακὰ δὲ Τρώεσσι μεδέσθην.  
ἦ τοι Ἀθηναίη ἀκέων ἦν οὐδέ τι εἶπεν,  
σκυζομένη Διὶ πατρί, χόλος δέ μιν ἄγριος ἦρει 460  
Ἥρῃ δ' οὐκ ἔχαδε στῆθος χόλον, ἀλλὰ προσηύδα·  
“αἰνότατε Κρονίδη, ποῖον τὸν μῦθον ἔειπες·  
εὖ νυ καὶ ἡμεῖς ἴδμεν ὃ τοι σθένος οὐκ ἀλαπαδνόν·  
ἀλλ' ἔμπης Δαναῶν ὀλοφυρόμεθ' αἰχμητῶν,  
οἳ κεν δὴ κακὸν οἶτον ἀναπλήσαντες ὄλονται. 465  
ἀλλ' ἦ τοι πολέμου μὲν ἀφεξόμεθ', εἰ σὺ κελεύεις·  
βουλὴν δ' Ἀργείοις ὑποθησόμεθ', ἥ τις ὀνήσει,  
ὥς μὴ πάντες ὄλονται ὀδυσσαμένοιο τεεῖο.”

τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς·  
“ἡοὺς δὴ καὶ μᾶλλον ὑπερμενέα Κρονίωνα 470  
ὄψαι, εἴ κ' ἐθέλῃσθα, βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρῃ,  
ὀλλύντ' Ἀργείων πουλὴν στρατὸν αἰχμητῶν·  
οὐ γὰρ πρὶν πολέμου ἀποπαύσεται ὄβριμος Ἔκτωρ·  
πρὶν ὄρθαι παρὰ ναῦφι ποδώκεα Πηλεΐωνα  
ἥματι τῷ ὅτ' ἂν οὐ μὲν ἐπὶ πρύμνησι μάχωνται, 475



In sullen mood? Ye are not weary sure  
With slaying in the fight, man's field of fame,  
Troy's sons, 'gainst whom your anger was so hot.  
Truly my might and my resistless hands  
Are such that none could turn me back, not all  
The gods that hold Olympus. But ye twain  
Were seized with trembling in your glorious limbs  
Before the battle and the toilsome works  
Of battle yet ye saw. And well 'twas so.  
For thus I say, and it had been fulfilled:  
Not on your cars, smit by my bolt, had ye  
Resought Olympus, where immortals dwell."

He spake. Low murmured then those twain, who near  
Together sat and planned the Trojans' bane,  
Ev'n Heré and Athené. Silent sat  
Athené, nor spake aught, at Father Zeus  
Sullenly scowling, tho' wild wrath within  
Was stirring her; but Heré in her breast  
Pent not the swelling ire, and thus she spake:  
"Dread Cronides, what word of thine is here?  
We surely know too well what strength is thine,  
A strength unyielding. Yet we pity sore  
The Danaan spearmen, who of evil fate  
Their measure filling up are doomed to die.  
But truly we from war will hold our hands,  
If thou dost bid: but to the Argive host  
Lend counsel only that may help; and so  
Not all beneath thy anger fierce shall die."

To whom in answer thus cloud-gathering Zeus:  
"When dawns to-morrow, Heré, large-eyed queen,  
Thou shalt, if so thou wilt, yet further see  
Strong Cronides destroying wide the host  
Of Argive spearmen. For from work of war  
Hector the terrible shall never cease  
Till from his ship the fleet-foot Peleus' son  
Uprouse him, in that day when they shall fight

στείνει ἐν αἰνοτάτῳ, περὶ Πατρόκλοιο πεσόντος.  
 ὥς γὰρ θέσφατον ἐστί. σέθεν δ' ἐγὼ οὐκ ἀλεγίζω  
 χωμένης, οὐδ' εἴ κε τὰ νείατα πείραθ' ἵκηαι  
 γαίης καὶ πόντοιο, ἔν' Ἰαπετός τε Κρόνος τε  
 ἦμενοι οὔτ' αὐγῆς Ὑπερίονος Ἡελίοιο 480  
 τέρποντ' οὔτ' ἀνέμοισι, βαθὺς δέ τε Τάρταρος ἀμφίς.  
 οὐδ' ἦν ἔνθ' ἀφίκηαι ἀλωμένη, οὐ σεν ἐγὼ γε  
 σκυζομένης ἀλέγω, ἐπεὶ οὐ σέο κύντερον ἄλλο."

ὥς φάτο, τὸν δ' οὐ τι προσέφη λευκώλενος Ἥρη.  
 ἐν δ' ἔπεσ' Ὠκεανῷ λαμπρὸν φάος ἡελίοιο, 485  
 ἔλκον νύκτα μέλαιναν ἐπὶ ζεῖδωρον ἄρουραν.  
 Τρωσὶν μὲν ῥ' ἀέκουσιν ἔδν φάος, αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοῖς  
 ἀσπασίη τρίλλιστος ἐπήλυθε νύξ ἐρεβεννή.

Τρώων αὖτ' ἀγορὴν ποιήσατο φαίδιμος Ἑκτωρ,  
 νόσφι νεῶν ἀγαγών, ποταμῷ ἔπι δινῆεντι, 490  
 ἐν καθαρῷ, ὅθι δὴ νεκύων διεφαίνετο χῶρος.  
 ἐξ ἵππων δ' ἀποβάντες ἐπὶ χθόνα μῦθον ἄκουον  
 τὸν ῥ' Ἑκτωρ ἀγόρευε διίφιλος· ἐν δ' ἄρα χειρὶ  
 ἔγχος ἔχ' ἐνδεκάπηχυν· πάροιθε δὲ λάμπετο δουρός  
 αἰχμὴ χαλκείη, περὶ δὲ χρύσεος θέε πόρκης. 495  
 τῷ ὃ γ' ἐρεισάμενος ἔπεα Τρώεσσι μετῴδα·  
 "κέκλυτέ μεν, Τρώες καὶ Δάρδανοι ἠδ' ἐπίκουροι.  
 νῦν ἐφάμην νῆας τ' ὀλέσας καὶ πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς  
 ἀψ' ἀπονοστήσειν προτὶ Ἴλιον ἠνεμόεσσαν·  
 ἀλλὰ πρὶν κνέφας ἦλθε, τὸ νῦν ἐσάωσε μάλιστα 500  
 Ἀργεῖους καὶ νῆας ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνι θαλάσσης.  
 ἀλλ' ἢ τοι νῦν μὲν πειθώμεθα νυκτὶ μελαίνῃ  
 δόρπα τ' ἐφοπλισόμεσθα· ἀτὰρ καλλίτριχας ἵππους  
 λύσαθ' ὑπὲξ ὀχέων, παρὰ δέ σφισι βάλλετ' ἐδωδήν.

Hard by the vessels' sterns in fellest strait  
Thick-thronged around Patroclus' fallen corse.  
For so 'tis fate. And of thy wrath I reckon  
No whit, no not if to the depth and end  
Of earth and sea thou go, where sit the twain  
Iapetus and Cronos, never cheered  
By rays of upper sun or breath of winds,  
But girt around by deep Tartarean gloom.  
No, not shouldst thither in thy roaming come,  
Heed I thy sullen mood : for other power  
Than thee more houndlike surely there is none."

So spake he : white-armed Heré answered naught.  
And now in ocean flood the shining sun  
Dropt down, and o'er the grain-abounding lands  
Drew in his wake black night. To men of Troy  
Unwished the sunset : to Achaia's host  
Welcome, thrice-prayed for, came the murky night.

But glorious Hector now a council called  
Leading his Trojans from the ships apart,  
Beside the eddying river, where a place  
Shone void and clear amid the frequent dead.  
There from their steeds dismounting to the ground  
They heard while Hector spake, beloved of Zeus.  
A spear in hand he held, cubits eleven  
Its length, whose shaft was tipped with flashing brass  
Bound on by ring of gold : on this he leant,  
And mid the Trojan armies thus he spake :  
"Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies !  
I surely said that now I should destroy  
The ships, and all Achaia's host withal,  
Ere back I turned to wind-swept Ilion.  
But darkness came too soon : nought else but this  
Saved men and ships upon the sea-smit strand.  
But truly now let us obey black night  
And ready make our meal : your fair-maned steeds  
Unloose ye from the cars, and give them food.

ἐκ πόλιος δ' ἄξεσθε βόας καὶ ἵφια μῆλα 505  
 καρπαλίμως, οἶνον δὲ μελίφρονα οἰνίζεσθε,  
 σῖτόν τ' ἐκ μεγάρων, ἐπὶ δὲ ξύλα πολλὰ λέγεσθε,  
 ὥς κεν παννύχιοι μέσφ' ἠοῦς ἠριγενεῖης  
 καίωμεν πυρὰ πολλά, σέλας δ' εἰς οὐρανὸν ἵκη,  
 μή πως καὶ διὰ νύκτα κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαιοί 510  
 φεύγειν ὀρμήσωσιν ἐπ' εὐρέα νῶτα θαλάσσης.  
 μὴ μὲν ἀσπουδί γε νεῶν ἐπιβαῖεν ἔκκηλοι,  
 ἀλλ' ὥς τις τούτων γε βέλος καὶ οἴκοθι πέσση,  
 βλήμενος ἢ ἰῶ ἢ ἔγχρῃ ὀξυόεντι  
 νηὸς ἐπιθρώσκων, ἵνα τις στυγέησι καὶ ἄλλος 515  
 Τρῳσὶν ἐφ' ἵπποδάμοισι φέρειν πολύδακρυν Ἄρῃα.  
 κήρυκες δ' ἀνὰ ἄστυ διίφιλοι ἀγγελλόντων  
 παῖδας πρωθήβας πολιοκροτάφους τε γέροντας  
 λέξασθαι περὶ ἄστυ θεοδμήτων ἐπὶ πύργων·  
 θηλύτεραι δὲ γυναῖκες ἐνὶ μεγάροισι ἐκάστη 520  
 πῦρ μέγα καιόντων· φυλακὴ δέ τις ἔμπεδος ἔστω,  
 μὴ λόχος εἰσέλθῃσι πόλιν λαῶν ἀπεόντων.  
 ᾧδ' ἔστω, Τρῶες μεγαλήτορες, ὥς ἀγορεύω·  
 μῦθος δ' ὃς μὲν νῦν ὑγίης, εἰρημένος ἔστω·  
 τὸν δ' ἠοῦς Τρῶεσσι μεθ' ἵπποδάμοις ἀγορεύσω. 525  
 ἔλπομαι εὐχόμενος Διὶ τ' ἄλλοισιν τε θεοῖσιν  
 ἐξελάαν ἐνθένδε κύνας κηρεσσιφορήτους,  
 οὓς κῆρες φορέουσι μελαινάων ἐπὶ νηῶν.  
 ἀλλ' ἢ τοι ἐπὶ νυκτὶ φυλάξομεν ἡμέας αὐτούς,  
 πρῶι δ' ὑπηοῖοι σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες 530  
 νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσιν ἐγείρομεν ὄξυν Ἄρῃα.  
 εἵσομαι ἢ κέ μ' ὁ Τυδεΐδης κρατερὸς Διομήδης  
 παρ νηῶν πρὸς τείχος ἀπώσεται, ἢ κεν ἐγὼ τόν

And from the city drive ye kine with speed  
 And lusty sheep, and buy ye honeyed wine,  
 And bread from out your homes : gather withal  
 Great store of wood, that through the livelong night  
 Till morning early-born our fires may burn  
 Innumerable, whose blaze may mount to heaven :  
 Lest in the night Achaia's long-haired sons  
 Haply may stir themselves to flee away  
 O'er the broad ridges of the billowy sea.  
 Nay, let them not untroubled and at ease  
 Get them aboard ; but so that ev'n at home  
 Each may have wounds to nurse, by arrow struck  
 Or beechen spear, as on his ship he leaps.  
 So shall all others shuddering fear to bring  
 On Troy's steed-taming sons a woful war.  
 And let the holy heralds loved of Zeus  
 Proclaim throughout the town that stripling boys  
 And gray-haired grandsires man the god-built towers  
 Around the wall, but let the women folk,  
 Each in her halls, burn ample store of fire.  
 And let sure watch be kept : lest, while the host  
 Is absent here, an ambush win the town.  
 Thus be it, high-souled Trojans, as I say.  
 Let this my word, wholesome for present need,  
 Suffice. Yet further, when the morrow dawns,  
 Mid the steed-taming Trojans I will speak.  
 I hope indeed—and so to Zeus I pray  
 And all the gods—that we shall drive forth hence  
 These doom-led hounds, whom sure an evil doom  
 Leads to their end upon their black-hulled ships.  
 But for the night look we to guard ourselves ;  
 And with the early dawn don we our arms,  
 And at the hollow ships awake keen war.  
 Then will I know if Diomedes stout,  
 The son of Tydeus, from Achaia's ships  
 Will force me to our wall, or I slay him



χαλκῷ δηώσας ἕναρὰ βροτόεντα φέρωμαι.  
 αὔριον ἦν ἀρετὴν διαείσεται, αἶ κ' ἐμὸν ἔγχος 535  
 μείνῃ ἐπερχόμενον. ἀλλ' ἐν πρώτοισιν, ὅτω,  
 κείσεται οὔτῃθεις, πολέες δ' ἀμφ' αὐτὸν ἑταῖροι,  
 ἠέλιον ἀνιόντος ἐς αὔριον. εἰ γὰρ ἐγὼν ὥς  
 εἶην ἀθάνατος καὶ ἀγήραος ἡματα πάντα,  
 τιοίμην δ' ὥς τίετ' Ἀθηναίη καὶ Ἀπόλλων, 540  
 ὥς νῦν ἡμέρη ἥδε κακὸν φέρει Ἀργείοισιν."

ὥς Ἐκτωρ ἀγόρευ', ἐπὶ δὲ Τρῶες κελάδησαν.  
 οἱ δ' ἵππους μὲν ἔλυσαν ὑπὸ ζυγοῦ ἰδράοντας,  
 δῆσαν δ' ἰμάντεσσι παρ' ἄρμασι οἷσι ἕκαστος·  
 ἐκ πόλιος δ' ἄξαντο βόας καὶ ἵφια μῆλα 545  
 καρπαλίμως, οἶνον δὲ μελίφρονα οἰνίζοντο  
 σῖτόν τ' ἐκ μεγάρων, ἐπὶ δὲ ξύλα πολλὰ λέγοντο.  
 κνίσην δ' ἐκ πεδίου ἄνεμοι φέρον οὐρανὸν εἴσω.  
 οἱ δὲ μέγα φρονέοντες ἀνὰ πτολέμοιο γεφύρας  
 εἶατο παννύχιοι, πυρὰ δὲ σφισι καίετο πολλά. 550  
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἄστρα φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνην  
 φαίνεται ἀριπρεπέα, ὅτε τ' ἐπλετο νήνεμος αἰθήρ·  
 ἔκ τ' ἔφανε πᾶσαι σκοπιαὶ καὶ πρόωνες ἄκροι  
 καὶ νάπαι· οὐρανόθεν δ' ἄρ' ὑπερράγη ἄσπετος αἰθήρ,  
 πάντα δὲ εἶδεται ἄστρα, γέγηθε δέ τε φρένα ποιμήν· 555  
 τόσσα μεσηγὺ νεῶν ἠδὲ Ξάνθοιο ῥοάων  
 Τρώων καιόντων πυρὰ φαίνεται Ἰλιόθι πρό.  
 χίλι' ἄρ' ἐν πεδίῳ πυρὰ καίετο, πᾶρ δὲ ἐκάστῳ  
 εἶατο πεντήκοντα σέλαι πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο.  
 ἵπποι δὲ κρῖ λευκὸν ἐρεπτόμενοι καὶ ὀλύρας, 560  
 ἐσταότες παρ' ὄχεσφιν, εὐθρονον Ἠῶ μίμνον.

With brazen lance, and bear his bloody spoils.  
 To-morrow shall he prove his valour well,  
 If he abide the coming of my spear.  
 But, as I think, amid the foremost he  
 Will stricken lie, with many comrades round,  
 When mounts the morrow's sun. For O were I  
 As sure to live immortal, ever young  
 Through all my days, and honoured as the gods  
 Athené and Apollo, as I am  
 Sure that this day doth bring the Argives bane."

Thus Hector spake. The Trojans roared acclaim.  
 They loosed their sweating horses from the yoke,  
 And tethered them with reins, each by his car.  
 And from the city kine and lusty sheep  
 They drove with speed, and bought them honeyed wine,  
 And bread from out their homes : and gathered too  
 Great store of wood. And of their feast the winds  
 Bore the sweet savour heavenwards from the plain.  
 Thus with high hopes upon the battle bridge  
 All night they camped, and countless blazed their fires.  
 And as in heaven around the shining moon  
 The stars gleam sharp and clear in windless calm—  
 And all the peaks stand out, and jutting bluffs,  
 And glens : and boundless ether parted wide  
 Uncurtains all high heaven : and in full tale  
 Are seen the stars, to shepherd's heart a joy—  
 So countless 'twixt the ships and Xanthus' stream  
 The watchfires blazed in front of Ilion.  
 Burned on the plain a thousand fires : by each  
 Sat fifty men within the flame's bright glow :  
 While champng barley white and rye their steeds  
 Stood by the cars and waited fair-throned morn.

# ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Ι.

Λιταί.

“Ὡς οἱ μὲν Τρῶες φυλακὰς ἔχον· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς  
θεσπεσίη ἔχε φύζα, φόβου κρυόεντος ἑταίρη,  
πένθει δ' ἀτλήτῳ βεβολήατο πάντες ἄριστοι.  
ὥς δ' ἄνεμοι δύο πόντον ὀρίνετον ἰχθυόεντα,  
Βορέης καὶ Ζέφυρος, τῷ τε Θρήκηθεν ἄητον,  
ἐλθόντ' ἐξαπίνης· ἄμυδις δέ τε κῦμα κελαινόν  
κορθύεται, πολλὸν δὲ παρέξ ἄλα φύκος ἔχευεν·  
ὥς ἐδαΐζετο θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσιν Ἀχαιῶν.

5

Ἄτρεΐδης δ' ἄχρ' ἑὸν μέγαλ' ἄλκιμονος ἦτορ  
φοῖτα κηρύκεσσι λιγυφθόγοισι κελεύων  
κλήδην εἰς ἀγορὴν κικλησκέμεν ἄνδρα ἕκαστον,  
μηδὲ βοᾶν· αὐτὸς δὲ μετὰ πρῶτοισι πονεῖτο.  
ἶζον δ' εἰν ἀγορῇ τετιηότες· ἂν δ' Ἀγαμέμνων  
ἴστατο δάκρυ χέων ὥς τε κρήνη μελάνυδρος,  
ἣ τε κατ' αἰγίλιπος πέτρης δνοφερὸν χέει ὕδωρ.  
ὥς ὁ βαρὺ στενάχων ἔπε' Ἀργείοισι μετηύδα·  
“ὦ φίλοι Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες,  
Ζεὺς με μέγα Κρονίδης ἄτη ἐνέδησε βαρεῖη,  
σχέτλιος, ὃς τότε μὲν μοι ὑπέσχετο καὶ κατένευσεν  
Ἴλιον ἐκπέρσαντ' εὐτείχεον ἀπονέεσθαι,  
νῦν δὲ κακὴν ἀπάτην βουλεύσατο, καί με κελεύει  
δυσκλέα Ἀργὸς ἰκέσθαι, ἐπεὶ πολὺν ὤλεσα λαόν.

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## ILIAD IX.

### *Embassy to entreat Achilles.*

SUCH watch the Trojans kept. Achaia's host  
Dread Panic, comrade she of shuddering Flight,  
Fast bound : and all the bravest and the best  
Were stricken sore with grief intolerable.  
And vexed and tossed as is the fishful main  
When north and west wind meet, two Thrace-born blasts,  
With sudden squall—the black waves tumbling crowd  
High heaped ; the beach with tangle thick is strewn—  
So tossed, so vexed, their souls within them swayed.

And stricken to the heart with mighty woe  
The son of Atreus ranged the camp, and bade  
The clear-voiced heralds to the council call  
Each man with several summons, not with shout ;  
And in the toil himself bore foremost part.  
They came and sate in council sorrowing :  
But Agamemnon rose and stood, whose tears  
Fell as the dropping of a deep black spring,  
That down the steep cliff pours its waters dark.  
So he sore groaning 'mid the Argives spake :  
“ Friends, kings and captains of our Argive host,  
Zeus Cronides fast to a heavy fate  
Hath bound me—cruel god ! whose nod once pledged  
The sack of well-walled Troy and safe return ;  
Yet meant he but to lure me to my bane :  
And now—the strength of all my people lost—  
Inglorious bids to Argos take my way.

οὕτω που Διὶ μέλλει ὑπερμενέει φίλον εἶναι,  
 ὃς δὴ πολλάων πολίων κατέλυσε κάρηνα  
 ἥδ' ἔτι καὶ λύσει· τοῦ γὰρ κράτος ἐστὶ μέγιστον. 25  
 ἀλλ' ἄγεθ', ὥς ἂν ἐγὼ εἶπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες.  
 φεύγωμεν ξὺν νηυσὶ φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαίαν·  
 οὐ γὰρ ἔτι Τροίην αἰρήσομεν εὐρυάγυιαν."

ὥς ἔφαθ', οἳ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ.  
 δὴν δ' ἄνεω ἦσαν τετιηότες νῆες Ἀχαιῶν. 30  
 ὁψέ δὲ δὴ μετέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·  
 "Ἀτρεΐδῃ, σοὶ πρῶτα μαχήσομαι ἀφραδέοντι,  
 ἧ θέμις ἐστί, ἄναξ, ἀγορῇ· σὺ δὲ μή τι χολωθῆς.  
 ἀλκὴν μὲν μοι πρῶτον ὀνειδίσας ἐν Δαναοῖσιν,  
 φὰς ἔμεν ἀπτόλεμον καὶ ἀνάλκιδα· ταῦτα δὲ πάντα 35  
 ἴσας· Ἀργείων ἡμὲν νέοι ἡδὲ γέροντες.  
 σοὶ δὲ διάνδιχ' ἔδωκε Κρόνου πάϊς ἀγκυλομήτεω·  
 σκήπτρῳ μὲν τοι ἔδωκε τετιμῆσθαι περὶ πάντων,  
 ἀλκὴν δ' οὐ τοι ἔδωκεν, ὃ τε κράτος ἐστὶ μέγιστον.  
 δαιμόνι, οὕτω που μάλα ἔλπει νῆας Ἀχαιῶν 40  
 ἀπτολέμους τ' ἔμεναι καὶ ἀνάλκιδας ὥς ἀγορεύεις;  
 εἰ δὲ σοὶ αὐτῷ θυμὸς ἐπέσσυται ὥς τε νέεσθαι,  
 ἔρχεο· πὰρ τοι ὁδός, νῆες δέ τοι ἄγχι θαλάσσης  
 ἐστᾶσ', αἵ τοι ἔποντο Μυκῆνηθεν μάλα πολλάι.  
 ἀλλ' ἄλλοι μενέουσι κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαιοί 45  
 εἰς ὃ κέ περ Τροίην διαπέρσομεν. εἰ δὲ καὶ αὐτοί,  
 φευγόντων ξὺν νηυσὶ φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαίαν·  
 νῶϊ δ', ἐγὼ Σθένελός τε, μαχησόμεθ' εἰς ὃ κε τέκμωρ  
 Ἴλίου εὕρωμεν· ξὺν γὰρ θεῷ εἰλήλουθμεν."

ὥς ἔφαθ', οἳ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπίαχον νῆες Ἀχαιῶν, 50  
 μῦθον ἀγασσάμενοι Διομήδεος ἱπποδάμοιο.  
 τοῖσι δ' ἀνιστάμενος μετεφώνεεν ἱππότα Νέστωρ·



So Zeus, methinks, will have it, Zeus the strong,  
Who many cities' heads ere now hath bowed,  
And yet will bow, for matchless is his might.  
Then come, obey we all, e'en as I say,  
Take ship, and fly to our dear father-land;  
For now we ne'er shall win wide-streeted Troy."

He spake: but they were hushed and silent all.  
Long were Achaia's sons in sorrow mute:  
At last spake Diomedes good in fray:  
"Atrides, first with thee, who art unwise,  
I will contend, as is our right, my king,  
In council; wherefore be not moved to wrath.  
My courage thou didst heretofore impugn  
Before the Danaans, and didst call me there  
Unwarlike coward; and these words of thine  
Are known to every Argive, young and old.  
Now surely 'tis thyself to whom the son  
Of crooked-counselled Cronos halved his boon,  
And gave thee sceptred honour chief of all,  
But courage not—which is the mightiest power.  
What, sire! dost really deem Achaia's sons  
Unwarlike cowards, as thy words would say?  
Nay if thine own heart hasteth to return,  
Go thou: the way is near, and by the sea  
The ships that from Mycenæ followed thee  
Stand not a few. But others here will stay,  
Long-haired Achaians, till at last we sack  
Troy's city. Or let them too, if they will,  
Take ship and fly to their own father-land;  
Yet will we twain, myself and Sthenelus,  
Fight till we work the end of Ilion:  
For not without a god we hither came."

So spake he: and Achaia's sons all roared  
A loud acclaim, in wonder at the words  
Of the steed-taming prince. Then straight uprose  
Nestor, Gerené's knight, and 'mid them spake:

“Τυδεΐδῃ, περὶ μὲν πολέμῳ ἔνι καρτερός ἐσσι,  
 καὶ βουλῇ μετὰ πάντας ὁμήλικας ἔπλευ ἄριστος.  
 οὐ τίς τοι τὸν μῦθον ὀνόσσεται, ὅσσοι Ἀχαιοί,  
 οὐδὲ πάλιν ἐρέει· ἀτὰρ οὐ τέλος ἵκεο μύθων.  
 ἦ μὴν καὶ νέος ἐσσί, ἐμὸς δέ κε καὶ πᾶϊς εἷης  
 ὀπλότατος γενεῆφιν· ἀτὰρ πεπνυμένα βάζεις  
 Ἀργείων βασιλῆας, ἐπεὶ κατὰ μοῖραν ἔειπες.  
 ἀλλ’ ἄγ’ ἐγὼν, ὃς σείο γεραίτερος εὐχομαι εἶναι,  
 ἐξείπω καὶ πάντα διίξομαι· οὐδέ κέ τίς μοι  
 μῦθον ἀτιμήσει, οὐδὲ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων.  
 ἀφρήτωρ ἀθέμιστος ἀνέστιός ἐστιν ἐκεῖνος  
 ὃς πολέμου ἔραται ἐπιδημίου ὀκρυόεντος.  
 ἀλλ’ ἦ τοι νῦν μὲν πειθώμεθα νυκτὶ μελαίνῃ  
 δόρπα τ’ ἐφοπλισόμεσθα, φυλακτῆρες δὲ ἕκαστοι  
 λεξάσθων παρὰ τάφρον ὀρυκτὴν τείχεος ἐκτός.  
 κούροισιν μὲν ταῦτ’ ἐπιτέλλομαι· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα,  
 Ἀτρεΐδῃ, σὺ μὲν ἄρχε· σὺ γὰρ βασιλεύτατος ἐσσί.  
 δαίνυ δαῖτα γέρουσι· ἔοικέ τοι, οὐ τοι ἀεικές.  
 πλεῖαί τοι οἶνον κλισίαι, τὸν νῆες Ἀχαιῶν  
 ἡμάτιαι Θρήκηθεν ἐπ’ εὐρέα πόντον ἄγουσιν·  
 πᾶσά τοι ἔσθ’ ὑποδεξίῃ, πολέεσσι ἀνάσσεις,  
 πολλῶν δ’ ἀγρομένων τῷ πείσει· ὃς κεν ἀρίστην  
 βουλήν βουλεύσῃ. μάλα δὲ χρεὼ πάντας Ἀχαιούς  
 ἐσθλῆς καὶ πυκινῆς, ὅτι δήιοι ἐγγύθι νηῶν  
 καίουσιν πυρὰ πολλά· τίς ἂν τάδε γηθήσειεν;  
 νύξ δ’ ἥδ’ ἡὲ διαρραΐσει στρατὸν ἡὲ σαώσει.”

ὥς ἔφαθ’, οἱ δ’ ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύον ἡδὲ πίθοντο,  
 ἐκ δὲ φυλακτῆρες σὺν τεύχεσιν ἐσσεύοντο  
 ἀμφί τε Νεστορίδην Θρασυμήδεα, ποιμένα λαῶν,  
 ἡδ’ ἀμφ’ Ἀσκάλαφον καὶ Ἰάλμενον νῆας Ἀρης,  
 ἀμφί τε Μηριόνην Ἀφαρῆά τε Δηίπυρόν τε,

“Tydides, thou in war art passing strong,  
And best in counsel too among thy peers.  
Of all Achaians none will blame thy words,  
Nor gainsay : yet thou reachedst not the end.  
Truly thou’rt young, and mightest be my son,  
My youngest born ; yet utterest words full wise  
To Argive kings, for all was fitly said.  
But come, and I, who claim more years than thou,  
Will speak and set forth all in full : and none—  
Not Agamemnon’s self—will scorn my words.  
Surely a tribeless, lawless, homeless man  
Is he who loves to stir the strife of war  
In his own people, that abhorrèd plague.  
But let us now indeed obey black night,  
And spread our meals : and let the several guards  
Be ranged along the trench without the wall.  
To our young men this charge I give : but then  
Take thou the lead, Atrides, for thou art  
The chiefest king, and to our elders make  
A feast, as fits thee well nor misbeseems.  
Thy tents are full of wine, which day by day  
O’er the wide waters from the shore of Thrace  
Achaia’s ships convey : all stores thou hast  
For hospitality, and thou art a king  
O’er many. But when many thus have met,  
Him shalt thou follow who shall counsel best.  
And all Achaia’s sons have now sore need  
Of counsel good and shrewd : for near our ships  
Burn many foemen’s watch-fires ; and this night  
Will work our army’s ruin or will save.”

He spake : they heard attentive and obeyed.  
Out hasted then the guards, in armour clad,  
Gathering round Thrasymedes Nestor’s son,  
A people’s shepherd, and the war-god’s sons  
Ascalaphus and Ialmenus ; and around  
Meriones, Aphareus, Deïpyrus,

ἡδ' ἄμφι Κρείοντος υἱόν, Λυκομήδεα δῖον.  
 ἔπτ' ἔσαν ἡγεμόνες φυλάκων, ἑκατὸν δὲ ἑκάστῳ 85  
 κούροι ἅμα στεῖχον, δολίχ' ἔγχεα χερσὶν ἔχοντες.  
 καδ δὲ μέσον τάφρου καὶ τείχεος ἴζον ἰόντες·  
 ἔνθα δὲ πῦρ κήαντο, τίθεντο δὲ δόρπα ἕκαστος.

Ἄτρεΐδης δὲ γέροντας ἀολλέας ἦγεν Ἀχαιῶν  
 ἐς κλισίην, παρὰ δέ σφι τίθη μενοεικέα δαῖτα· 90  
 οἳ δ' ἐπ' ὀνειάθ' ἐτοῖμα προκείμενα χεῖρας ἱαλλον.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἔξ ἔρον ἔντο,  
 τοῖς ὁ γέρων πάμπρωτος ὑφαινέμεν ἤρχετο μῆτιν  
 Νέστωρ, οὗ καὶ πρόσθεν ἀρίστη φαίνετο βουλή·  
 ὃ σφιν εὐφρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν· 95  
 “Ἄτρεΐδη κύδιστε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,  
 ἐν σοὶ μὲν λήξω, σέο δ' ἄρξομαι, οὐνεκα πολλῶν  
 λαῶν ἐσσι ἄναξ καὶ τοι Ζεὺς ἐγγυάλιξεν  
 σκῆπτρόν τ' ἡδὲ θέμιστας, ἵνα σφίσι βουλευήσθαι.  
 τῷ σε χρὴ περὶ μὲν φάσθαι ἔπος ἡδ' ἐπακούσαι, 100  
 κρηῆναι δὲ καὶ ἄλλῳ, ὅτ' ἂν τινα θυμὸς ἀνώγη  
 εἰπεῖν εἰς ἀγαθόν· σέο δ' ἔξεται ὅττι κεν ἄρχῃ.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ ἐρέω ὥς μοι δοκεῖ εἶναι ἄριστα.  
 οὐ γάρ τις νόον ἄλλον ἀμείνονα τοῦδε νοήσει,  
 οἶον ἐγὼ νοέω, ἡμὲν πάλαι ἡδ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν, 105  
 ἐξ ἔτι τοῦ ὅτε, διογενές, Βρισηίδα κούρην  
 χωομένου Ἀχιλλῆος ἔβης κλισίῃθην ἀπούρας  
 οὐ τι καθ' ἡμέτερόν γε νόον· μάλα γάρ τοι ἐγὼ γε  
 πόλλ' ἀπεμυθεόμην. σὺ δὲ σῶ μεγαλήτορι θυμῷ  
 εἷξας ἄνδρα φέριστον, ὃν ἀθάνατοί περ ἔτισαν, 110  
 ἠτίμησας· ἐλὼν γὰρ ἔχεις γέρας. ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν

And godlike Lycomedes Creion's son.  
Seven captains were there of the guards ; with each  
Went young men full fivescore, bearing in hand  
Their lances long. The space between the wall  
And trench they sought, and took their ground ; and there  
Kindled their fires and spread their several meals.

Meanwhile Atrides gathered to his tent  
Achaia's greybeards all ; and by them set  
A full and pleasant feast : who laid their hands  
Upon the meats before them ready spread.  
But when desire of meat and drink was stayed,  
To them did Nestor first of all begin  
To weave his prudent words, the greybeard sage  
Whose counsel still of old the best was seen.  
He now right wisely 'mid their council spake :  
"Most honoured son of Atreus, king of men,  
Great Agamemnon, I with thee will end,  
From thee begin ; because thou art a king  
Of many peoples, and dost hold from Zeus  
Sceptre and laws, to be their counsellor.  
Wherefore 'above all other 'tis thy right  
To say thy word, and yet withal to hear  
And ratify what other man may say  
Moved by his spirit for the public weal :  
And what he prompts must still on thee depend.  
But I will speak as seemeth me the best :  
For better judgment none will form than this—  
My judgment both of old, and yet to-day,  
Ay ever since that time when, Zeus-born prince,  
Braving the chieftan's wrath thou ledst away  
The maid Briseis from Achilleus' tent,  
We in no wise approving. I for one  
Spake strong against it : but thou gavest way  
To thy proud heart, and on the bravest man  
(Whom ev'n immortals honoured) castest scorn,  
For thou didst take and holdest yet his prize.



φραζώμεσθ' ὥς κέν μιν ἄρεσσάμενοι πεπύθωμεν  
δώροισιν τ' ἀγανοῖσι ἔπεσσί τε μελιχίοισιν."

τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·  
"ὦ γέρον, οὐ τι ψεῦδος ἐμὰς ἄτας κατέλεξας.

115

ἁσάμην, οὐδ' αὐτὸς ἀναίνομαι. ἀντί νυ πολλῶν  
λαῶν ἐστὶν ἀνὴρ ὃν τε Ζεὺς κῆρι φιλήσῃ,  
ὥς νῦν τοῦτον ἔτισε, δάμασσε δὲ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν.

ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ ἁσάμην φρεσὶ λευγαλέῃσι πιθήσας,  
ἄψ' ἐθέλω ἄρῆσαι, δόμεναί τ' ἀπερείσι' ἅποινα·

120

ὑμῖν δ' ἐν πάντεσσι περικλυτὰ δῶρ' ὀνομήνω,  
ἔπτ' ἀπύρους τρίποδας, δέκα δὲ χρυσοῖο τάλαντα,  
αἰθωνας δὲ λέβητας εἴκοσι, δώδεκα δ' ἵππους  
πηγοὺς ἀθλοφόρους, οἳ ἀέθλια ποσσὶν ἄροντο.

οὐ κεν ἀλῆιος εἴη ἀνὴρ ὃς τόσσα γένοιτο,

125

οὐδέ κεν ἀκτῆμων ἐριτίμοιο χρυσοῖο,  
ὅσσα μοι ἠνείκαντο ἀέθλια μώνυχες ἵπποι.

δώσω δ' ἐπτὰ γυναικας ἀμύμονα ἔργα ἰδυίας,  
Λεσβίδας, ἅς, ὅτε Λέσβον εὐκτιμένην ἔλεν αὐτός,  
ἐξελόμην, αἱ κάλλει ἐνίκων φῦλα γυναικῶν.

130

τὰς μὲν οἱ δώσω, μετὰ δ' ἔσσεται ἦν τότε ἀπηύρων,  
κούρη Βρισηῖος· ἐπὶ δὲ μέγαν ὄρκον ὁμοῦμαι  
μή ποτε τῆς εὐνῆς ἐπιβήμεναι ἡδὲ μιγῆναι  
ἢ θέμις ἀνθρώπων πέλει, ἀνδρῶν ἡδὲ γυναικῶν.

ταῦτα μὲν αὐτίκα πάντα παρέσσεται· εἰ δέ κεν αὖτε 135

ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμοιο θεοὶ δώωσ' ἀλαπάξαι,

νῆα ἅλῃς χρυσοῦ καὶ χαλκοῦ νηησάσθω

εἰσελθών, ὅτε κεν δατεώμεθα ληϊδ' Ἀχαιοί,

Τρωιάδας δὲ γυναικας εἴκοσιν αὐτὸς ἐλέσθω,

But even now tho' late, devise we plan  
That may appease his wrath, and win him o'er  
By kindly presents and by honeyed words."

Then answered Agamemnon king of men :  
" Father, too truly do thy words declare  
My folly. Fool I was : nor can myself  
Deny the charge. Worth a whole host is he  
Whom Zeus doth dearly love, as now this man  
He honours, and afflicts Achaia's host.  
But since, obedient to a baneful mood,  
I wrought the folly, I to make it good  
Am willing, and unstinted price to pay.  
And now before you all the glorious gifts  
I'll name—Seven tripod urns unscathed by fire,  
Of gold ten talents, twenty cauldrons bright ;  
Twelve steeds withal, prize-bearers, stout of limb,  
Whose nimble feet have gained them many a prize.  
Not landless he, nor poor in precious gold,  
To whom may fall those many stores of wealth,  
The prizes that my firm-hoofed steeds have won.  
Seven women will I also give, well-skilled  
In faultless work, of Lesbian race, whom I  
Chose out when by his hand fair Lesbos fell,  
Passing all womankind in comeliness.  
These will I give him : and with them shall be  
The maid of Briseus, whom erewhile I took.  
And hereto will I swear a mighty oath,  
That never have I climbed her bed or lain  
Beside her, as a man with woman may.  
All this at once shall be his own. But more—  
If gods hereafter grant us grace to sack  
Priam's great city, let him enter in  
And freight his ship with piles of brass and gold  
When our Achaian host divides the spoil.  
And twenty Trojan women let him take  
At his own choice, the fairest of the fair,

αἶ κε μετ' Ἀργείην Ἑλένην κάλλισται ἔωσιν. 140  
 εἰ δέ κεν Ἄργος ἰκοίμεθ' Ἀχαιικόν, οὐθαρ ἀρούρης,  
 γαμβρός κέν μοι ἔοι· τίσω δέ ἐ ἴσον Ὀρέστη,  
 ὅς μοι τηλύγετος τρέφεται θαλίῃ ἐνὶ πολλῇ.  
 τρεῖς δέ μοι εἰσὶ θύγατρες ἐνὶ μεγάρῳ εὐπήκτω,  
 Χρυσόθεμις καὶ Λαοδίκη καὶ Ἰφιάνασσα· 145  
 τάων ἦν κ' ἐθέλῃσι φίλην ἀνάεδνον ἀγέσθω  
 πρὸς οἶκον Πηλῆος· ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ μείλια δώσω  
 πολλὰ μάλ', ὅσσ' οὐ πώ τις ἐῖ ἐπέδωκε θυγατρί.  
 ἐπτά δέ οἱ δώσω εὐ ναιόμενα πτολίεθρα,  
 Καρδαμύλην Ἐνόπην τε καὶ Ἴρην ποιήεσσαν 150  
 Φηράς τε ζαθέας ἡδ' Ἀνθειαν βαθύλειμον  
 καλὴν τ' Αἴπειαν καὶ Πήδασον ἀμπελόεσσαν.  
 πᾶσαι δ' ἐγγὺς ἀλός, νέεται Πύλου ἡμαθόεντος·  
 ἐν δ' ἄνδρες ναίουσι πολύρρηνες πολυβοῦται,  
 οἳ κέ ἐ δωτίνῃσι θεὸν ὥς τιμήσουσιν 155  
 καὶ οἱ ὑπὸ σκῆπτρῳ λιπαρὰς τελέουσι θέμιστας.  
 ταῦτά κέ οἱ τελέσαιμι μεταλλήξαντι χόλοιο.  
 δμηθήτω. Ἀἶδης τοι ἀμείλιχος ἡδ' ἀδάμαστος·  
 τούνεκα καὶ τε βροτοῖσι θεῶν ἔχθιστος ἀπάντων.  
 καὶ μοι ὑποστήτω, ὅσσον βασιλεύτερος εἰμί 160  
 ἡδ' ὅσσον γενηῇ προγενέστερος εὐχομαι εἶναι."  
 τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·  
 "Ἀτρεΐδῃ κύδιστε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,  
 δῶρα μὲν οὐκέτ' ὄνοστα δίδως Ἀχιλῇ ἄνακτι·  
 ἀλλ' ἄγετε, κλητοὺς ὀτρύνομεν, οἳ κε τάχιστα 165  
 ἔλθωσ' ἐς κλισίην Πηληιάδew Ἀχιλῆος.  
 εἰ δ' ἄγε, τοὺς ἂν ἐγὼν ἐπιόψομαι, οἳ δὲ πιθέσθων.  
 Φοῖνιξ μὲν πρῶτιστα διίφιλος ἡγήσασθω,

By Argive Helen's self alone surpassed.  
 But to Achaian Argos if we come,  
 That land of milk, my daughter he shall wed ;  
 And I will honour him as my own son  
 Orestes, who last-born and best-beloved  
 In rich abundance there to manhood grows.  
 Three daughters have I in my firm-built hall,  
 Chrysothemis, Laodicé, and third  
 Iphianassa. Lead he which he will  
 An unbought welcome bride to Peleus' home.  
 And presents with her I will give in store  
 As never father yet with daughter gave.  
 Seven towns withal, well peopled, I will give  
 Cardamylé to wit, and Enopé,  
 And grassy Ira, Pheræ the divine,  
 Antheia's deep-soiled meads, Æpeia fair,  
 And vine-clad Pedasus. Hard by the sea  
 On sandy Pylos' border lie they all.  
 And they are rich in sheep and rich in kine  
 Who dwell therein : and they will honour him  
 With gifts ev'n as a god, and goodly dues  
 Obedient to his sceptre they will pay.  
 All this I will for him perform, if he  
 Will bate his anger. Let him then be bent—  
 Hades indeed is unappeased, unbent ;  
 And therefore is to mortals of all gods  
 The hatefullest. And let him yield to me,  
 Who am the lordlier king and elder born."

Then Nestor answered him, Gerené's knight :  
 " Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men,  
 Great Agamemnon, gifts that none can blame  
 To king Achilleus thou dost offer now.  
 Come, send we chosen men, who with all speed  
 May get them to the tent of Peleus' son.  
 Or come, whom I shall name, let them obey.  
 First Phœnix, loved of Zeus, shall lead the way ;

αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' Αἴας τε μέγας καὶ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς·  
 κηρύκων δ' Ὀδῖος τε καὶ Εὐρυβάτης ἅμ' ἐπέσθων. 170  
 φέρτε δὲ χερσὶν ὕδωρ, εὐφημῆσαι τε κέλεσθε,  
 ὕφρα Διὶ Κρονίδῃ ἀρησόμεθ', εἴ κ' ἐλεήσῃ."

ὥς φάτο, τοῖσι δὲ πᾶσιν ἐαδότα μῦθον ἔειπεν.  
 αὐτίκα κήρυκες μὲν ὕδωρ ἐπὶ χεῖρας ἔχευαν,  
 κοῦροι δὲ κρητῆρας ἐπεστέψαντο ποτοῖο, 175  
 νώμησαν δ' ἄρα πᾶσιν ἐπαρξάμενοι δεπάεσσιν.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ σπείσάν τε πῖον θ' ὅσον ἤθελε θυμός,  
 ὠρμώντ' ἐκ κλισίης Ἀγαμέμνωνος Ἀτρεΐδαιο.  
 τοῖσι δὲ πόλλ' ἐπέτελλε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ,  
 δενδύλλων ἐς ἕκαστον, Ὀδυσσῇ δὲ μάλιστα, 180  
 πειρᾶν ὥς πεπίθοιεν ἀμύμονα Πηλεΐωνα.

τὼ δὲ βάτην παρὰ θῖνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης,  
 πολλὰ μάλ' εὐχομένω γαιηόχῳ ἐννοσιγαίῳ  
 ῥηιδίως πεπιθεῖν μεγάλας φρένας Αἰακίδαο.  
 Μυρμιδόνων δ' ἐπὶ τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας ἰκέσθην, 185  
 τὸν δ' εὗρον φρένα τερπόμενον φόρμιγγι λιγείῃ  
 καλῇ δαιδαλέῃ, ἐπὶ δ' ἀργύρεον ζυγὸν ἦεν·  
 τὴν ἄρετ' ἐξ ἐνάρων, πόλιν Ἡετίωνος ὀλέσσας·  
 τῇ ὅ γε θυμὸν ἔτερπεν, αἶειδε δ' ἄρα κλέα ἀνδρῶν.  
 Πάτροκλος δέ οἱ οἷος ἐναντίος ἦστο σιωπῇ, 190  
 δέγμενος Αἰακίδην, ὁπότε λήξειεν αἶδων.  
 τὼ δὲ βάτην προτέρω, ἡγείτο δὲ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,  
 στὰν δὲ πρόσθ' αὐτοῖο. ταφὼν δ' ἀνόρουσεν Ἀχιλλεύς  
 αὐτῇ σὺν φόρμιγγι, λιπὼν ἔδος ἔνθα θάασσεν.  
 ὥς δ' αὕτως Πάτροκλος, ἐπεὶ ἴδε φῶτας, ἀνέστη. 195



Great Ajax with Odysseus, godlike wight,  
Be next: and with them of our heralds twain,  
Eurybates and Hodius, shall attend.  
But bring ye lustral water for our hands,  
And bid a holy silence, while to Zeus  
The son of Cronos we for mercy pray."

So spake he, and his counsel pleased them all.  
Then water on their hands the heralds poured;  
And youths crowned high with wine the brimming bowls,  
Made offering due, and served the cups to all.  
But when libation they had made, and drunk  
All that their soul desired, forth from the tent  
Of Agamemnon Atreus' son they sped.  
And many a charge, with earnest glance to each,  
Nestor Gerené's knight upon them pressed,  
But chiefly on Odysseus, that they strive  
To move the mind of blameless Peleus' son.

So by the margin of the sounding sea  
The envoys took their way: and much they prayed  
The god who girds the land and shakes the earth  
For grace to move with ease the mighty mind  
Of great Æacides. And now they reached  
The tents and vessels of the Myrmidons:  
And found the chief within, cheering his soul  
With lyre, clear-toned and beauteous, rich-inlaid,  
And spanned with silver bridge—The same he took  
As booty when Eetion's town he spoiled—  
With this he cheered his mind, and sang withal  
The lays of heroes. O'er against him sate  
Patroclus silent and alone, to wait  
Until Æacides should cease the song.  
Godlike Odysseus leading, forward came  
The envoys, and before Achilleus stood:  
Who started up amazed, with lyre in hand,  
Leaving the seat whereon he sate; nor less  
Patroclus, soon as e'er he saw the men,

τὼ καὶ δεικνύμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·  
 “χαίρετον· ἢ φίλοι ἄνδρες ἰκάνετον—ἢ τι μάλα χρεώ,  
 οἷ μοι σκυζομένῳ περ Ἀχαιῶν φίλτατοι ἐστόν.”

ὥς ἄρα φωνήσας προτέρῳ ἄγε δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,  
 εἶσεν δ' ἐν κλισμοῖσι τάπησί τε πορφυρέοισιν. 200  
 αἶψα δὲ Πάτροκλον προσεφώνεεν ἐγγὺς ἔοντα·  
 “μείζονα δὴ κρητῆρα, Μενoitίου υἱέ, καθίστα,  
 ζωρότερον δὲ κέραιε, δέπας δ' ἔντυνε ἐκάστω·  
 οἱ γὰρ φίλτατοι ἄνδρες ἐμῷ ὑπέασι μελάθρῳ.”

ὥς φάτο, Πάτροκλος δὲ φίλῳ ἐπεπείθεθ' ἐταίρῳ. 205  
 αὐτὰρ ὃ γε κρεῖον μέγα κάββαλεν ἐν πυρὸς αὐγῇ,  
 ἐν δ' ἄρα νῶτον ἔθηκ' ὄϊος καὶ πίνονος αἰγός,  
 ἐν δὲ σὺδς σιάλοιο ράχιν τεθαλνύαν ἀλοιφῇ.  
 τῷ δ' ἔχεν Αὐτομέδων, τάμνεν δ' ἄρα δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.  
 καὶ τὰ μὲν εὖ μίστυλλε καὶ ἀμφ' ὀβελοῖσιν ἔπειρεν, 210  
 πῦρ δὲ Μενoitιάδης δαῖεν μέγα, ἰσόθεος φῶς.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατὰ πῦρ ἐκάη καὶ φλόξ ἐμαράνθη,  
 ἀνθρακιὴν στορέσας ὀβελούς ἐφύπερθε τάνυσσεν,  
 πάσσε δ' ἀλὸς θεῖοιο, κρατευντάων ἐπαείρας.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ῥ' ὥπτησε καὶ εἰν ἑλεοῖσιν ἔχευεν, 215  
 Πάτροκλος μὲν σῖτον ἐλὼν ἐπένειμε τραπέζῃ  
 καλοῖς ἐν κανέοισιν, ἀτὰρ κρέα νεῖμεν Ἀχιλλεύς.  
 αὐτὸς δ' ἀντίον ἵζεν Ὀδυσσῆος θεῖοιο  
 τοίχου τοῦ ἐτέριοιο, θεοῖσι δὲ θῦσαι ἀνώγει  
 Πάτροκλον ὃν ἐταῖρον· ὃ δ' ἐν πυρὶ βάλλε θυηλάς. 220  
 οἱ δ' ἐπ' ὀνείαθ' ἐτοῖμα προκείμενα χεῖρας ἱαλλον.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἔρον ἔντο,  
 νεῦσ' Αἴας Φοῖνικι. νόησε δὲ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,

Uprose. To whom Achilleus fleet of foot  
 Stretched forth his hand and thus a greeting spake :  
 "Hail, sirs ! right welcome are ye. Some sore need  
 Hath surely brought ye ; whom, tho' much in wrath,  
 Of all Achaia's sons I hold most dear."

So spake the godlike prince, and led them on,  
 And made them sit on couches purple-strewn ;  
 Then to Patroclus spake, who near him stood.

"Son of Menœtius, a larger bowl  
 Set on, and mix a stronger draught, A cup  
 Serve out to each. For these, who now beneath  
 My roof have come, are men I hold most dear."

So spake he : and Patroclus straight obeyed  
 His comrade dear. Then by the blazing fire  
 An ample board the chief cast down, whereon  
 Of sheep and well-fed goat two loins he placed  
 With chine of fatted hog thick clothed in lard.  
 Automedon held for the chief the joints,  
 Godlike Achilleus cut, and sliced with care  
 And spitted all. Meanwhile Menœtius' son,  
 A godlike hero, fed a mighty fire.  
 But when the fire burnt down and flame was dead,  
 The embers he spread smooth, and over these  
 Stretched spits upraised on blocks at either end,  
 And sprinkled o'er the meats with salt divine.  
 These roasted and upon the dressers laid,  
 Patroclus taking bread in baskets fair  
 Served to each table, while Achilleus served  
 The meats. Then took he seat right opposite  
 Godlike Odysseus, by the further wall ;  
 And bade his friend Patroclus give the gods  
 Their dues : who cast their offerings on the fire.  
 Then on the viands spread they laid their hands.  
 But when desire of meat and drink was stayed,  
 Ajax to Phoenix nodded sign : this marked  
 Godlike Odysseus, and forthwith a cup

πλησάμενος δ' οἴνοιο δέπας δειδέκτ' Ἀχιλλῆα·  
 "χαῖρ' Ἀχιλεῦ. δαιτὸς μὲν εἵσης οὐκ ἐπιδενεῖς, 225  
 ἡμὲν ἐνὶ κλισίῃ Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρεΐδαιο  
 ἡδὲ καὶ ἐνθάδε νῦν· πάρα γὰρ μενοεικέα πολλὰ  
 δαίνυσθ'. ἀλλ' οὐ δαιτὸς ἐπήρατα ἔργα μέμηλεν,  
 ἀλλὰ λήνῃ μέγα πῆμα, διοτρεφές, εἰσορόωντες  
 δείδιμεν· ἐν δοιῇ δὲ σόας ἔμεν ἢ ἀπολέσθαι 230  
 νῆας εὖσσέλμους, εἰ μὴ σύ γε δύσεαι ἀλκῇν.  
 ἐγγὺς γὰρ νηῶν καὶ τείχεος αὖλιν ἔθεντο  
 Τρῶες ὑπέρθυμοι τηλεκλειτοί τ' ἐπίκουροι,  
 κηάμενοι πυρὰ πολλὰ κατὰ στρατόν, οὐδ' ἔτι φασὶν  
 σχήσεσθ' ἀλλ' ἐν νηυσὶ μελαίνησιν πεσέεσθαι. 235  
 Ζεὺς δέ σφιν Κρονίδης ἐνδέξια σήματα φαίνων  
 ἀστράπτει. Ἐκτωρ δὲ μέγα σθένει βλεμεαίνων  
 μαίνεται ἐκπάγλως, πίσυνος Διὶ, οὐδέ τι τίει  
 ἀνέρας οὐδὲ θεούς· κρατερὴ δέ ἐ λύσσα δέδυκεν.  
 ἀρᾶται δὲ τάχιστα φανήμεναι Ἡῶ δῖαν· 240  
 στεῦται γὰρ νηῶν ἀποκοψέμεν ἄκρα κόρυμβα  
 αὐτὰς τ' ἐμπρήσειν μαλεροῦ πυρός, αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς  
 δηώσειν παρὰ τῇσιν ἀτυζομένους ὑπὸ καπνοῦ.  
 ταῦτ' αἰνῶς δείδοικα κατὰ φρένα, μὴ οἱ ἀπειλὰς  
 ἐκτελέσωσι θεοί, ἡμῖν δὲ δὴ αἴσιμον εἶη 245  
 φθίσθαι ἐνὶ Τροίῃ, ἐκὰς Ἄργεος ἵπποβότοιο.  
 ἀλλ' ἄνα, εἰ μέμονάς γε καὶ ὄψέ περ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν  
 τειρομένους ἐρύεσθαι ὑπὸ Τρώων ὀρυμαγδοῦ.  
 αὐτῷ σοὶ μετόπισθ' ἄχος ἔσσεται, οὐδέ τι μῆχος  
 ῥεχθέντος κακοῦ ἔστ' ἄκος εὐρέμεν. ἀλλὰ πολὺ πρίν 250  
 φράζεω ὅπως Δαναοῖσιν ἀλεξήσεις κακὸν ἡμαρ.

Filling with wine Achilleus thus he pledged.  
 "Health to Achilleus! Of the well-shared feast  
 We find no lack, whether within the tent  
 Of Agamemnon Atreus' son, or now  
 With thee; for full and pleasant meats are here  
 To feast on. But no joyous feast is now  
 Our need. We see a danger, Zeus-born prince,  
 Exceeding great, and tremble: 'tis in doubt  
 Whether we save or lose our well-benched ships,  
 Unless again thou clothe thee in thy might.  
 For near our vessels and our wall are camped  
 Proud Trojans and allies from distant lands,  
 With many a watch-fire burning through their host:  
 Nor shall we stay them more (they say) but fly  
 Driven to our black-hulled ships. And Cronos' son  
 Doth lighten on their right with fav'ring signs:  
 While Hector great and terrible in strength,  
 On Zeus reliant, raves amain, nor reckes  
 Of men or gods, by fury fell possest.  
 And now he prays that dawn divine will haste  
 Her light: for he is bent to hew away  
 Our ships' high sterns, and with devouring fire  
 Set all ablaze, and scared before the smoke  
 Achaia's sons beside their ships to slay.  
 And greatly fears my soul that these his threats  
 The gods may bring to pass: and so methinks  
 It were our doom to perish here in Troy  
 From horse-cropt plains of Argos far away.  
 But up, if thou art minded, e'en tho' late,  
 To succour in their strait Achaia's sons  
 From Trojan rout. 'Twill be a grief to thee  
 Hereafter else; nor, when an ill is done,  
 Can means of cure be found. Wherefore in time  
 Take heed, and ward the Danaans' day of doom.



ὦ πέπον, ἦ μὴν σοί γε πατὴρ ἐπετέλλετο Πηλεΐς,  
 ἡματι τῷ ὅτε σ' ἐκ Φθίης Ἀγαμέμνονι πέμπεν·  
 'τέκνον ἐμόν, κάρτος μὲν Ἀθηναίῃ τε καὶ Ἥρῃ  
 δώσουσ', αἶ κ' ἐθέλωσι, σὺ δὲ μεγαλήτορα θυμόν 255  
 ἴσχειν ἐν στήθεσσι· φιλοφροσύνη γὰρ ἀμείνων·  
 ληγέμεναι δ' ἔριδος κακομηχάνου, ὄφρα σε μᾶλλον  
 τίωσ' Ἀργείων ἡμὲν νέοι ἡδὲ γέροντες.  
 ὥς ἐπέτελλ' ὁ γέρων, σὺ δὲ λήθεται. ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν  
 παύε', ἕα δὲ χόλον θυμαλγέα. σοὶ δ' Ἀγαμέμνων 260  
 ἄξια δῶρα δίδωσι μεταλλήξαντι χόλοιο.  
 εἰ δέ, σὺ μὲν μευ ἄκουσον, ἐγὼ δέ κέ τοι καταλέξω  
 ὅσσα τοι ἐν κλισίῃσιν ὑπέσχετο δῶρ' Ἀγαμέμνων·  
 ἑπτ' ἀπύρους τρίποδας, δέκα δὲ χρυσοῖο τάλαντα,  
 αἶθωνας δὲ λέβητας εἴκοσι, δώδεκα δ' ἵππους 265  
 πηγοὺς ἀθλοφόρους, οἳ ἀέθλια ποσσὶν ἄροντο.  
 οὐ κεν ἀλῆιος εἶη ἀνὴρ ᾧ τόσσα γένοιτο,  
 οὐδέ κεν ἀκτῆμων ἐριτίμοιο χρυσοῖο,  
 ὅσος Ἀγαμέμνονος ἵπποι ἀέθλια ποσσὶν ἄροντο.  
 δώσει δ' ἐπτὰ γυναῖκας ἀμύμονα ἔργα ἰδυίας, 270  
 Λεσβίδας, ἃς, ὅτε Λέσβον εὐκτιμένην ἔλες αὐτός,  
 ἐξέλεθ', αἱ τότε κάλλει ἐνίκων φύλα γυναικῶν.  
 τὰς μὲν τοι δώσει, μετὰ δ' ἔσσεται ἦν τοτ' ἀπηύρα,  
 κούρη Βρισηὶος· ἐπὶ δὲ μέγαν ὄρκον ὀμείται  
 μή ποτε τῆς εὐνῆς ἐπιβήμεναι ἡδὲ μιγῆναι 275  
 ἢ θέμις ἐστί, ἄναξ, ἢ τ' ἀνδρῶν ἢ τε γυναικῶν.  
 ταῦτα μὲν αὐτίκα πάντα παρέσσεται· εἰ δέ κεν αὐτε  
 ἄστνυ μέγα Πριάμοιο θεοὶ δώωσ' ἀλαπάξαι,  
 νῆα ἄλις χρυσοῦ καὶ χαλκοῦ νηήσασθαι

Dear prince, thy father Peleus gave thee charge  
 Upon that day when from thy Phthian home  
 He sent thee forth to Agamemnon's aid :  
 'My child, Athené will grant strength of war,  
 And Heré, if they please : but thou thyself  
 Check the proud spirit in thy breast, for still  
 A kindly heart is best. And cease from strife,  
 Worker of evil, that thou may'st the more  
 Win honour of the Argives young and old.'  
 Such charge the greybeard gave : but thou forgetst.  
 But cease, e'en now, and thy heart-grieving wrath  
 Forego. Right worthy gifts are offered thee  
 By Agamemnon if thou bate thy ire.  
 Nay come, and listen thou, while I rehearse  
 The many gifts that Agamemnon's self  
 Within his tent but now did promise thee.  
 Seven tripods will he give, unscathed by fire,  
 Of gold ten talents, twenty glittering pots ;  
 Twelve steeds withal, prize-bearers, stout of limb,  
 Whose nimble feet have won them many a prize.  
 Not landless he nor poor in precious gold,  
 To whom may fall those many stores of wealth,  
 Prizes that Agamemnon's steeds have won.  
 Seven women also will he give, well-skilled  
 In faultless work, of Lesbian race, whom he  
 Chose out when by thy hand fair Lesbos fell,  
 Passing all womankind in comeliness.  
 These will he give thee ; and with them shall be  
 The maid of Briseus whom erewhile he took,  
 And hereto will he swear a mighty oath,  
 That never has he climbed her bed or lain  
 Beside her, as a man with woman may.  
 All this at once shall be thine own. But more—  
 If gods hereafter grant us grace to sack  
 Priam's great city, thou may'st enter in  
 And freight thy ship with piles of brass and gold,

εἰσελθών, ὅτε κεν δατεώμεθα ληίδ' Ἀχαιοί, 280  
 Τρωιάδας δὲ γυναικας εἰκόσιν αὐτὸς ἐλέσθαι,  
 αἶ κε μετ' Ἀργείην Ἑλένην κάλλισται ἔωσιν.  
 εἰ δέ κεν Ἄργος ἰκοίμεθ' Ἀχαικόν, οὐθαρ ἀρούρης,  
 γαμβρός κέν οἱ ἔοις· τίσει δέ σε ἴσον Ὀρέστη, 285  
 ὅς οἱ τηλύγετος τρέφεται θαλίῃ ἐνὶ πολλῇ.  
 τρεῖς δέ οἱ εἰσὶ θύγατρες ἐνὶ μεγάρῳ εὐπήκτω,  
 Χρυσόθεμις καὶ Λαοδίκη καὶ Ἰφιάνασσα·  
 τῶν ἦν κ' ἐθέλησθα φίλην ἀνάεδνον ἄγεσθαι  
 πρὸς οἶκον Πηλῆος· ὃ δ' αὐτ' ἐπὶ μείλια δώσει 290  
 πολλὰ μάλ', ὅσσ' οὐ πώ τις ἔῃ ἐπέδωκε θυγατρί.  
 ἐπτα δέ τοι δώσει εὖ ναϊόμενα πτολίεθρα,  
 Καρδαμύλην Ἑνόπην τε καὶ Ἴρην ποιήεσσαν  
 Φηράς τε Ζαθείας ἥδ' Ἀνθειαν βαθύλειμον  
 καλὴν τ' Αἴπειαν καὶ Πήδασον ἀμπελόεσσαν. 295  
 πᾶσαι δ' ἐγγυὺς ἀλός, νέαται Πύλου ἡμαθόεντος·  
 ἐν δ' ἄνδρες ναίουσι πολύρρηνες πολυβοῦται,  
 οἳ κέ σε δωτίνῃσι θεὸν ὥς τιμήσουσιν  
 καὶ τοι ὑπὸ σκήπτρῳ λιπαρὰς τελέουσι θέμιστας.  
 ταῦτά κέ τοι τελέσειε μεταλλήξαντι χόλοιο.  
 εἰ δέ τοι Ἀτρεΐδης μὲν ἀπήχθετο κηρόθι μᾶλλον, 300  
 αὐτὸς καὶ τοῦ δῶρα, σὺ δ' ἄλλους περ Παναχαιοὺς  
 τειρομένους ἐλέαιρε κατὰ στρατόν, οἳ σε θεὸν ὥς  
 τίσουσ'· ἦ γάρ κέ σφι μάλα μέγα κῦδος ἄροιο.  
 νῦν γάρ χ' Ἐκτορ' ἔλοις, ἐπεὶ ἂν μάλα τοι σχεδὸν ἔλθοι 305  
 λύσσαν ἔχων ὀλοήν, ἐπεὶ οὐ τινά φησιν ὁμοῖον  
 οἳ ἔμεναι Δαναῶν οὐς ἐνθάδε νῆες ἔνεικαν."  
 τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·

When our Achaian host divides the spoil.  
 And twenty Trojan women thou may'st take  
 At thine own choice, the fairest of the fair,  
 By Argive Helen's self alone surpassed.  
 But to Achaian Argos if we come,  
 That land of milk, his daughter thou shalt wed;  
 And he will honour thee as his own son  
 Orestes, who last-born and best-beloved  
 In rich abundance there to manhood grows.  
 Three daughters has he in his firm-built hall,  
 Chrysothemis, Laodicé, and third  
 Iphianassa. Lead thou which thou wilt  
 An unbought welcome bride to Peleus' home.  
 And presents with her he will give in store,  
 As never father yet with daughter gave.  
 Seven towns withal, well-peopled, he will give,  
 Cardamylé to wit, and Enopé,  
 And grassy Ira, Pherae the divine,  
 Antheia's deep-soiled meads, Æpeia fair  
 And vine-clad Pedasus. Hard by the sea  
 On sandy Pylos' border lie they all.  
 And they are rich in sheep and rich in kine  
 Who dwell therein: and they will honour him  
 With gifts ev'n as a god, and goodly dues  
 Obedient to his sceptre they will pay.  
 All this he pays thee, if thou bate thy wrath.  
 But if thy heart so hateth Atreus' son,  
 Himself and these his gifts, yet pity thou  
 In their sore strait Achaia's general host;  
 Who as a god will honour thee, for thou  
 Wilt surely win them passing great renown.  
 For now thou may'st slay Hector, who will come  
 Full near to thee, possess with baneful rage:  
 Since of the Danaans whom our vessels bare  
 Hither to Troy, he reckons none his peer."

To him replied Achilleus fleet of foot:

“διογενὲς Λαερτιάδῃ, πολυμήχαν’ Ὀδυσσεύ,  
 χρὴ μὲν δὴ τὸν μῦθον ἀπηλεγέως ἀποειπεῖν,  
 ἧ περ δὴ φρονέω τέ καὶ ὥς τετελεσμένον ἔσται, 310  
 ὥς μή μοι τρύζητε παρήμενοι ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος.  
 ἐχθρὸς γάρ μοι κείνος ὁμῶς Ἀΐδαο πύλῃσιν  
 ὅς χ’ ἕτερον μὲν κεύθῃ ἐνὶ φρεσίν, ἄλλο δὲ εἶπῃ.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ ἐρέω ὥς μοι δοκεῖ εἶναι ἄριστα.  
 οὗτ’ ἐμέ γ’ Ἀτρεΐδην Ἀγαμέμνονα πεισέμεν οἴω 315  
 οὗτ’ ἄλλους Δαναούς, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἄρα τις χάρις ἦεν  
 μάρνασθαι δηίοισιν ἐπ’ ἀνδράσι νωλεμέσ ἀϊεί.  
 ἴση μοῖρα μένουντι, καὶ εἰ μάλα τις πολεμίζοι·  
 ἐν δὲ ἱῇ τιμῇ ἡμὲν κακὸς ἦδὲ καὶ ἐσθλός.  
 κάτθαν’ ὁμῶς ὃ τ’ ἀεργὸς ἀνὴρ ὃ τε πολλὰ ἑοργῶς. 320  
 οὐδέ τί μοι περίκειται, ἐπεὶ πάθον ἄλγεα θυμῷ  
 αἰὲν ἐμὴν ψυχὴν παραβαλλόμενος πολεμίζειν.  
 ὥς δ’ ὄρνις ἀπτῇσι νεοσσοῖσιν προφέρῃσιν  
 μάστακ’, ἐπεὶ κε λάβῃσι, κακῶς δ’ ἄρα οἱ πέλει αὐτῇ,  
 ὥς καὶ ἐγὼ πολλὰς μὲν αὖπνους νύκτας ἵανον, 325  
 ἥματα δ’ αἵματόεντα διέπρησσον πολεμίζων  
 ἀνδράσι μαρνάμενοις ὁάρων ἔνεκα σφετεράων.  
 δώδεκα δὴ σὺν νηυσὶ πόλις ἀλάπαξ’ ἀνθρώπων,  
 πεζὸς δ’ ἑνδεκά φημι κατὰ Τροίην ἐρίβωλον·  
 τάων ἐκ πασέων κειμήλια πολλὰ καὶ ἐσθλά 330  
 ἐξελόμην, καὶ πάντα φέρων Ἀγαμέμνονι δόσκον  
 Ἀτρεΐδῃ· ὃ δ’ ὄπισθε μένων παρὰ νηυσὶ θοῇσιν  
 δεξάμενος διὰ παῦρα δασάσκετο, πολλὰ δ’ ἔχεσκεν.  
 ἄσσα δ’ ἀριστήεσσι δίδου γέρα καὶ βασιλεύσιν,  
 τοῖσι μὲν ἔμπεδα κεῖται, ἐμεῦ δ’ ἀπὸ μούνου Ἀχαιῶν 335  
 εἴλετ’, ἔχει δ’ ἄλοχον θυμαρέα· τῇ παριαύων  
 τερπέσθω. τί δὲ δεῖ πολεμιζέμεναι Τρώεσσιν



"Odysseus, Zeus-born prince, Laertes' son,  
 Thou many-counselled man, my word herein  
 I must speak bluntly forth, ev'n as I think  
 And will most surely do, lest flocking here  
 Ye sit beside me to make idle moan.  
 For him I hate, ay, as the gates of death,  
 Whose heart hides aught but what his lips forthtell.  
 And I will say as seemeth me the best.  
 Me neither will Atrides, as I ween,  
 Persuade, nor other Danaan; since to fight  
 Untiringly and alway with the foe  
 Brought me no thanks. The laggard ever bore  
 Like share with warrior, fought he never so:  
 One honour had the coward and the brave.  
 Death comes not less to him of many deeds  
 Than to the deedless idler. And what gain  
 Results from all the ills my soul endured,  
 Who ever risked my life in brunt of war?  
 Ev'n as the mother-bird to unfledged young  
 Bears in her beak whate'er she find, yet fares  
 Herself but scanty—so through sleepless nights  
 Full many I lay, and fought through bloody days  
 With men who battled for their own dear wives.  
 Twelve cities sacked I, sailing with my ships,  
 Eleven on land in deep-soiled plain of Troy.  
 From all these cities many treasures rich  
 I took. To Agamemnon Atreus' son  
 I brought and gave them all: who stayed behind  
 By the swift ships, and gathering in the spoils  
 Apportioned out but little, much retained.  
 Prizes he gave to chieftains and to kings:  
 But while the rest yet keep their own secure,  
 From me alone of all Achaia's host  
 He took, and holds, the wife my heart held dear.  
 Let him e'en take his pleasure by her side.  
 But wherefore need the Argives war on Troy?

Ἀργείους; τί δὲ λαὸν ἀνήγαγεν ἐνθάδ' ἀγείρας  
 Ἀτρεΐδης; ἢ οὐχ' Ἑλένης ἔνεκ' ἠυκόμοιο;  
 ἢ μῦνοι φιλέουσ' ἀλόχους μερόπων ἀνθρώπων 340  
 Ἀτρεΐδαι; ἐπεὶ ὅς τις ἀνὴρ ἀγαθὸς καὶ ἐχέφρων,  
 τὴν αὐτοῦ φιλέει καὶ κήδεται, ὥς καὶ ἐγὼ τὴν  
 ἐκ θυμοῦ φίλεον δουρικτητὴν περ ἐοῦσαν.  
 νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ ἐκ χειρῶν γέρας εἴλετο καὶ μ' ἀπάτησεν,  
 μή μεν πειράτω εὖ εἰδότες· οὐδέ με πείσει. 345  
 ἀλλ', Ὀδυσσεῦ, σὺν σοί τε καὶ ἄλλοισιν βασιλεύσιν  
 φραζέσθω νήεσσιν ἀλεξέμεναι δῆιον πῦρ.  
 ἢ μὲν δὴ μάλα πολλὰ πονήσατο νόσφιν ἐμεῖο,  
 καὶ δὴ τεῖχος ἔδριμε, καὶ ἤλασε τάφρον ἐπ' αὐτῷ  
 εὐρεΐαν μεγάλην, ἐν δὲ σκόλοπας κατέπηξεν· 350  
 ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὥς δύναται σθένος Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνιοι  
 ἴσχειν. ὄφρα δ' ἐγὼ μετ' Ἀχαιοῖσιν πολέμιζον,  
 οὐκ ἐθέλεσκε μάχην ἀπὸ τείχεος ὀρνύμεν Ἕκτωρ,  
 ἀλλ' ὅσον ἐς Σκαιάς τε πύλας καὶ φηγὸν ἵκανεν·  
 ἔνθα ποτ' οἶον ἔμιμνε, μόγις δέ μεν ἔκφυγεν ὁρμήν. 355  
 νῦν δ', ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἐθέλω πολεμιζέμεν Ἕκτορι δίῳ,  
 αὔριοι ἰρὰ Διὶ ῥέξας καὶ πᾶσι θεοῖσιν,  
 νηήσας εὖ νῆας, ἐπὴν ἄλαδε προερεύσσω,  
 ὄψεαι, ἣν ἐθέλῃσθα καὶ εἴ κέν τοι τὰ μεμήλη,  
 ἦρι μάλ' Ἑλλήσποντον ἐπ' ἰχθυόεντα πλεύσας 360  
 νῆας ἐμάς, ἐν δ' ἄνδρας ἐρεσσέμεναι μεμαῶτας.  
 εἰ δέ κεν εὐπλοῖην δώῃ κλυτὸς εἰνοσίγαιος,  
 ἡματί κεν τριτάτῳ Φθίην ἐρίβωλον ἰκοίμην.  
 ἔστι δέ μοι μάλα πολλὰ τὰ κάλλιπον ἐνθάδε ἔρρων·  
 ἄλλον δ' ἐνθένδε χρυσὸν καὶ χαλκὸν ἐρυθρόν 365  
 ἦδὲ γυναῖκας εὐζώνους πολίων τε σίδηρον

Why led Atrides here his gathered host?  
 Say, was it not for long-haired Helen's sake?  
 Do then alone of all speech-gifted men  
 The sons of Atreus love their wives? Nay, sure  
 Whoe'er is good and wise loves well his own  
 And cherishes: and so loved I that maid  
 With all my heart, although a spear-won bride.  
 But now, since from my hands he took my prize  
 And played me false, let him not try me more  
 Who know him well: he never will persuade.  
 But let him e'en with thee and other kings,  
 Odysseus, counsel how to save his ships  
 From foemen's fire. Surely without my aid  
 Full many labours he has wrought: a wall  
 He now has built, and dug thereto a trench  
 Both broad and deep, and set it thick with stakes.  
 Yet even thus the slaughtering Hector's might  
 He cannot check. But while among your host  
 I battled, Hector dared not stir the fight  
 Out from the city-wall, but just so far  
 As to the Scaean gates and oak-tree came.  
 There once he faced me singly, and my charge  
 Hardly escaped. But now, since I to war  
 With godlike Hector choose not, I will pay  
 To-morrow morn due sacrifice to Zeus  
 And other gods, then freighting well my ships  
 Will drag them seawards down; and thou shalt see,  
 If so thou wilt and carest for the sight,  
 Bound for the fishful Hellespont betimes  
 My ships and shipmen lab'ring at the oar.  
 And if the famed Earth-shaker speed our voyage,  
 To deep-soiled Phthia in three days I come.  
 Full many stores I have, which there I left  
 Bound hither to my bane: and gold from hence  
 And ruddy brass, and well-girt women-slaves,  
 And iron grey I take—my share of spoil.

ἄξομαι, ἄσσι' ἔλαχόν γε· γέρας δέ μοι, ὅς περ ἔδωκεν,  
 αὐτὶς ἐφυβρίζων ἔλετο κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων  
 Ἀτρεΐδης. τῷ πάντ' ἀγορευέμεν ὥς ἐπιτέλλω,  
 ἀμφαδόν, ὅφρα καὶ ἄλλοι ἐπισκύζονται Ἀχαιοί, 370  
 εἴ τινα που Δαναῶν ἔτι ἔλπεται ἐξαπατήσειν,  
 αἰὲν ἀναιδείην ἐπιειμένος· οὐδ' ἂν ἐμοί γε  
 τετλαίη κύνεός περ ἐὼν εἰς ὧπα ἰδέσθαι.  
 οὐδέ τί οἱ βουλὰς συμφράσσομαι, οὐδέ τι ἔργον·  
 ἐκ γὰρ δὴ μ' ἀπάτησε καὶ ἤλιπεν. οὐδ' ἂν ἔτ' αὐτὶς 375  
 ἐξαπάφοιτο ἔπεσσι· ἄλλισ δέ οἱ. ἀλλὰ ἔκηλος  
 ἐρρέτω· ἐκ γὰρ εὖ φρένας εἵλετο μητιέτα Ζεὺς.  
 ἐχθρὰ δέ μοι τοῦ δῶρα, τίω δέ μιν ἐν καρδὸς αἴσῃ.  
 οὐδ' εἴ μοι δεκάκισ καὶ εἰκοσάκισ τόσα δοίῃ  
 ὅσα τέ οἱ νῦν ἔστι, καὶ εἴ ποθεν ἄλλα γένοιτο, 380  
 οὐδ' ὅσ' ἐς Ὀρχομενὸν ποτινίσσεται, οὐδ' ὅσα Θήβας  
 Αἰγυπτίας, ὅθι πλείστα δόμοις ἐν κτήματα κεῖται,  
 αἷ' θ' ἐκατόμπυλοι εἰσι, διηκόσιοι δ' ἂν ἐκάστας  
 ἄνδρες ἐξοιχνεῦσι σὺν ἵπποισιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν·  
 οὐδ' εἴ μοι τόσα δοίῃ ὅσα ψάμαθός τε κόνις τε, 385  
 οὐδέ κεν ὥς ἔτι θυμὸν ἐμὸν πείσει' Ἀγαμέμνων,  
 πρίν γ' ἀπὸ πᾶσαν ἐμοὶ δόμεναι θυμαλγέα λώβην.  
 κούρην δ' οὐ γαμέω Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρεΐδαο,  
 οὐδ' εἰ χρυσεῖῃ Ἀφροδίτῃ κάλλος ἐρίζοι,  
 ἔργα δ' Ἀθηναίῃ γλαυκώπιδι ἰσοφαρίζοι· 390  
 οὐδέ μιν ὥς γαμέω· ὃ δ' Ἀχαιῶν ἄλλον ἐλέσθω,  
 ὅς τις οἷ τ' ἐπέοικε καὶ ὃς βασιλεύτερος ἐστίν·  
 ἦν γὰρ δὴ με σῶσι θεοὶ καὶ οἵκαδ' ἵκωμαι,  
 Πηλεὺς θὴν μοι ἔπειτα γυναῖκα γαμέσσεται αὐτός.  
 πολλαὶ Ἀχαιίδες εἰσὶν ἂν Ἑλλάδα τε Φθίην τε, 395

But that my prize he took again who gave—  
Insulting—Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
Our sovereign lord. To whom declare ye all,  
Ev'n as I charge ye, in the public ear:  
So may Achaians all be wroth, if yet  
He hopes to cozen other Danaan chief,  
He that is ever clothed in shamelessness;  
Yet, hound-like tho' he be, he will not dare  
To look me in the face. Nor will I join  
His counsels or his deeds. He played me false,  
And wronged me; nor shall cozen me with words  
Again: be once enough. But let him go,  
By me untroubled, to his bane, for Zeus  
The counsellor hath reft him of his mind.  
His gifts I hate; I prize him at a hair.  
No, not if ten times o'er or twenty times  
His gifts were told; not all his present store  
With other joined thereto; not all the wealth  
That to Orchomenus or Egyptian Thebes  
Flows in, where countless treasures hoarded lie,  
That hundred-gated town whose every gate  
Pours forth two hundred men with steeds and cars.  
No, not if gifts in number as the sand  
Or dust he bring, not even so my mind  
Will Agamemnon move, till he have made  
For grievous outrage done atonement full.  
No child of Agamemnon will I wed,  
Be she to golden Aphrodité peer  
In beauty, and in skill of handiwork  
A rival of Athené, stern-eyed queen.  
Not e'en so will I wed her. Let him choose  
Some other of Achaia's sons, whoe'er  
May fit himself, forsooth, some lordlier king.  
For if gods speed me and I reach my home,  
Peleus himself shall find me then a bride.  
In Hellas and in Phthia many maids



κοῦραι ἀριστών οἳ τε πτολίεθρα ῥύονται  
 τάων ἦν κ' ἐθέλωμι φίλην ποιήσομ' ἄκοιτιν.  
 ἔνθα δέ μοι μάλα πολλὸν ἐπέσσυτο θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ  
 γήμαντι μνηστὴν ἄλοχον, εἰκυῖαν ἄκοιτιν,  
 κτήμασι τέρπεσθαι τὰ γέρων ἐκτῆσατο Πηλεύς. 400  
 οὐ γὰρ ἐμοὶ ψυχῆς ἀντάξιον οὐδ' ὅσα φασὶν  
 Ἴλιον ἐκτῆσθαι εὖ ναιόμενον πτολίεθρον,  
 τὸ πρὶν ἐπ' εἰρήνης, πρὶν ἐλθέμεν νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,  
 οὐδ' ὅσα λάϊνος οὐδὸς ἀφήτορος ἐντὸς ἑέργει  
 Φοῖβου Ἀπόλλωνος, Πυθοῖ ἐνι πετρηέσση. 405

λῆιστοὶ μὲν γάρ τε βόες καὶ ἵφια μῆλα,  
 κτητοὶ δὲ τρίποδες τε καὶ ἵππων ξαιθὰ κάρηνα·  
 ἀνδρὸς δὲ ψυχὴ πάλιν ἐλθέμεν οὔτε λῆιστὴ  
 οὔθ' ἐλετή, ἐπεὶ ἄρ κεν ἀμείψεται ἔρκος ὀδόντων.  
 μήτηρ γάρ τέ μέ φησι θεά, Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα, 410  
 διχθαδίας κῆρας φερέμεν θανάτοιο τέλοςδε.  
 εἰ μὲν κ' αἰθι μένων Τρώων πόλιν ἀμφιμάχωμαι,  
 ὤλετο μὲν μοι νόστος, ἀτὰρ κλέος ἄφθιτον ἔσται·  
 εἰ δέ κε οἴκαδ' ἵκωμι φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαίαν,  
 ὤλετό μοι κλέος ἐσθλόν, ἐπὶ δηρὸν δέ μοι αἰὼν 415  
 ἔσσεται, οὐδέ κέ μ' ὦκα τέλος θανάτοιο κιχέη.  
 καὶ δ' ἂν τοῖς ἄλλοισιν ἐγὼ παραμυθησαίμην  
 οἴκαδ' ἀποπλείειν, ἐπεὶ οὐκέτι δῆτε τέκμωρ  
 Ἴλίου αἰπεινῆς· μάλα γάρ ἐθεν εὐρύσπα Ζεὺς  
 χεῖρα ἐὼν ὑπερέσχε, τεθαρσήκασι δὲ λαοί. 420  
 ἀλλ' ὑμεῖς μὲν ἰόντες ἀριστήεσσιν Ἀχαιῶν  
 ἀγγελίην ἀπόφασθε (τὸ γὰρ γέρας ἐστὶ γερόντων),  
 ὄφρ' ἄλλην φράζωνται ἐνὶ φρεσὶ μῆτιν ἀμείνω,  
 ἥ κέ σφιν νῆάς τε σόω καὶ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν  
 νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῆς, ἐπεὶ οὐ σφισιν ἦδε γ' ἐτοίμη, 425

There be, Achaia's daughters, born of chiefs  
 Who keep strong cities. Whom I will of these,  
 I to my bed may take. There oft and much  
 My noble spirit wished to woo and wed  
 A wife, a fitting partner, and enjoy  
 The wealth that Peleus won, my greybeard sire.  
 For life to me is more than all the store  
 That Ilion, that well-peopled city, owned  
 Once, as they say, in peace, ere yet had come  
 Achaia's sons. And life is more than all  
 That in the temple hoarded lies behind  
 The stony threshold of the archer-god  
 Phoebus Apollo, on high Pytho's crag.

( For kine and lusty sheep may come by spoil,  
 And tripod urns and steeds of tawny mane  
 Are goods that may be won : but breath of life  
 By spoil or winning cannot come again,  
 Once it hath passed the barrier of the teeth. )

Me too—my goddess mother Thetis says,  
 The silver-footed dame—two fates at choice  
 Await, to lead me to the goal of death.  
 If biding here around Troy's walls I fight,  
 Return is lost to me for evermore,  
 But I shall gain a name imperishable.  
 But if to home and fatherland I go,  
 My noble name is lost, but long my life,  
 Nor soon will death o'ertake and bring the end.  
 Such lot is mine. And to the rest of ye  
 My counsel is, 'Sail home : ' for Ilion's end  
 Ye will not see ; o'er whom loud-thundering Zeus  
 Holds shielding hand, whereat her hosts are bold.  
 But go your way, and to Achaia's chiefs  
 Bear back plain word—as is the greybeards' part—  
 That other plan and better they devise  
 To save the ships and save Achaia's host  
 Beside the hollow ships : since nought avails

ἦν νῦν ἐφράσσαντο, ἐμεῦ ἀπομηνίσαντος·  
 Φοῖνιξ δ' αὖθι παρ' ἄμμι μένων κατακοιμηθήτω,  
 ὅφρα μοι ἐν νήεσσι φίλῃν ἐς πατρίδ' ἔπῃται  
 αὐριον, ἣν ἐθέλῃσιν· ἀνάγκη δ' οὐ τί μιν ἄξω."

ὥς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ 430  
 μῦθον ἀγασσάμενοι· μάλα γὰρ κρατερῶς ἀπέειπεν.  
 ὁψὲ δὲ δὴ μετέειπε γέρων ἵππηλάτα Φοῖνιξ  
 δάκρυ ἀναπρήσας· περὶ γὰρ δῖε νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν·  
 "εἰ μὲν δὴ νόστον γε μετὰ φρεσί, φαίδιμ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,  
 βάλλεαι, οὐδέ τι πάμπαν ἀμύνειν νηυσὶ θοῇσιν 435  
 πῦρ ἐθέλεις αἰδῆλον, ἐπεὶ χόλος ἔμπεσε θυμῷ,  
 πῶς ἂν ἔπειτ' ἀπὸ σείῳ, φίλον τέκος, αὖθι λιποίμην  
 οἶος; σοὶ δέ μ' ἔπεμπε γέρων ἵππηλάτα Πηλεὺς  
 ἡματι τῷ ὅτε σ' ἐκ Φθίης Ἀγαμέμνονι πέμπεν  
 νήπιον, οὐ πω εἰδόθ' ὁμοίου πολέμοιο 440  
 οὐδ' ἀγορέων, ἵνα τ' ἄνδρες ἀριπρεπέες τελέθουσιν.  
 τούνεκά με προέηκε διδασκόμεναι τάδε πάντα,  
 μύθων τε ῥητῆρ' ἔμεναι πρηκτῆρρά τε ἔργων.  
 ὥς ἂν ἔπειτ' ἀπὸ σείῳ, φίλον τέκος, οὐκ ἐθέλοιμι  
 λείπεσθ', οὐδ' εἴ κέν μοι ὑποσταίῃ θεὸς αὐτός, 445  
 γῆρας ἀποξύσας, θήσειν νέον ἡβώνοντα,  
 οἶον ὅτε πρῶτον λίπον Ἑλλάδα καλλιγύναικα,  
 φεύγων νείκεα πατρὸς Ἀμύντορος Ὀρμενίδαο,  
 ὅς μοι παλλακίδος περιχώσατο καλλικόμοιο,  
 τὴν αὐτὸς φιλέεσκεν, ἀτιμάζεσκε δ' ἄκοιτιν, 450  
 μητέρ' ἐμήν. ἣ δ' αἰὲν ἐμὲ λισσέσκετο γούνων  
 παλλακίδι προμιγῆναι, ἵν' ἐχθήρειε γέροντα.

What now they planned, for still my wrath endures.  
For Phoenix, let him bide the night with us,  
And rest him here : that with me he may sail  
To-morrow to our own dear fatherland,  
If so he please : I shall not force his will."

He spake : but they in silence all were mute,  
Awed at his words ; for he full strongly spake.  
At length amid them Phoenix, greybeard knight,  
Found words and spake, with bursting flood of tears,  
So sorely feared he for Achaia's ships :  
"If of return indeed thou hast a thought,  
Glorious Achilleus, and thus utterly  
Deniest thine aid to ward the wasting fire  
From our swift ships, since wrath hath seized thy soul ;  
How can I then away from thee, dear son,  
Be left behind alone? With thee I came  
By Peleus, greybeard knight, sent on that day  
When thee to Agamemnon's aid he sent  
From Phthia ; thee a child, nought knowing yet  
Of doubtful war, or council, where full soon  
Men shine conspicuous forth. Wherefore thy sire  
Despatched me too, to teach thee all that lore,  
To speak where words are meet, where deeds, to do.  
I would not then consent, dear son, of thee  
Thus to be left behind. No not although  
A god himself should promise me to strip  
My slough of age and make me young again,  
As once I was, when Hellas first I left,  
Land of fair women ; fleeing, in his wrath,  
Amyntor son of Ormenus, my sire.  
Wroth was he with me for a woman's sake,  
A fair-haired paramour, whom now he loved,  
Scorning my mother his true wedded wife.  
But she besought me ever at my knees  
The grey-beard with her rival to forestall,  
That she might loathe him. I obeyed her hest

τῇ πιθόμην καὶ ἔρεξα. πατήρ δ' ἐμός. αὐτίκ' οὔσθεις  
 πολλὰ κατηρᾶτο, στυγεράς δ' ἐπεκέκλετ' ἐρινύς,  
 μή ποτε γούνασι οἷσιν ἐφέσσεσθαι φίλον υἱόν 455  
 ἐξ ἐμέθεν γεγαῶτα· θεοὶ δ' ἐτέλειον ἐπαράς,  
 Ζεὺς τε καταχθόνιος καὶ ἐπαινὴ Περσεφόνεια.  
 τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ βούλευσα κατακτάμεν ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ·  
 ἀλλὰ τις ἀθανάτων παῦσεν χόλον, ὅς ῥ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ  
 δήμου θῆκε φάτιν καὶ ὀνειδέα πόλλ' ἀνθρώπων, 460  
 ὥς μὴ πατροφόνος μετ' Ἀχαιοῖσιν καλεοίμην.  
 ἔνθ' ἐμοὶ οὐκέτι πάμπαν ἐρητύετ' ἐν φρεσὶ θυμός  
 πατρὸς χωομένοιο κατὰ μέγαρά στρωφᾶσθαι.  
 ἦ μὴν πολλὰ ἔται καὶ ἀνεψιοὶ ἀμφὶς ἑόντες  
 αὐτοῦ λισσόμενοι κατερήτυον ἐν μεγάροισιν, 465  
 πολλὰ δὲ ἴφια μῆλα καὶ εἰλίποδας ἔλικας βοῦς  
 ἔσφαζον, πολλοὶ δὲ σύες θαλέθοντες ἀλοιφῇ  
 εὐόμενοι τανύοντο διὰ φλογὸς Ἥφαίστοιο,  
 πολλὸν δ' ἐκ κεράμων μέθυ πίνετο τοῖο γέροντος.  
 εἰνάνυχες δέ μοι ἀμφ' αὐτῷ παρὰ νύκτας ἵανον· 470  
 οἱ μὲν ἀμειβόμενοι φυλακὰς ἔχον, οὐδέ ποτ' ἔσβη  
 πῦρ, ἕτερον μὲν ὑπ' αἰθούσῃ εὐερκέος αὐλῆς,  
 ἄλλο δ' ἐνὶ προδόμῳ, πρόσθεν θαλάμοιο θυράων.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ δεκάτῃ μοι ἐπήλυθε νύξ ἐρεβεννή,  
 καὶ τότε ἐγὼ θαλάμοιο θύρας πυκινῶς ἀραρυίας 475  
 ῥήξας ἐξῆλθον, καὶ ὑπέρθορον ἐρκίον αὐλῆς  
 ῥεῖα, λαθὼν φύλακας τ' ἄνδρας δμῳάς τε γυναῖκας.  
 φεύγον ἔπειτ' ἀπάνευθε δι' Ἑλλάδος εὐρυχόροιο,  
 Φθίην δ' ἐξικόμην ἐριβώλακα, μητέρα μῆλων,  
 ἐς Πηλῆα ἀναχθ'. ὃ δέ με πρόφρων ὑπέδεκτο, 480  
 καί με φίλησ' ὥς εἴ τε πατήρ ὃν παῖδα φιλήσῃ  
 μοῦνον τηλύγετον πολλοῖσιν ἐπὶ κτεάτεσσιν,  
 καί μ' ἀφνειὸν ἔθηκε, πολὺν δέ μοι ὥπασε λαόν·



And did the deed. My father straight perceived,  
 And cursed me deeply, calling to his aid  
 The abhorrèd Furies. Never on his knees  
 (He prayed) might sit a son by me begot.  
 And to these prayers the gods fulfilment brought,  
 The nether Zeus and dread Persephoné.  
 Him first I purposed with keen sword to slay,  
 But some immortal power my anger checked,  
 And set before my mind the people's voice  
 And all mankind's reproaches; for I feared  
 Achaian lips should call me parricide.  
 Then could my soul no more be bent to bear  
 Life in our halls beneath a father's ire:  
 Though friends indeed and kinsmen flocking round  
 Besought me much, to stay me in my home.  
 And many were the lusty sheep they slew,  
 And kine of clumsy foot and curvèd horn;  
 Many the swine, all rich with fat, they singed  
 Lying wide-stretched across the Fire-god's flame:  
 Many the jars whereout was drunk the wine,  
 The greybeard's store. And so for nights thrice three  
 Around me close they slept or watched in turn:  
 Nor e'er was quenched the fire; one burning still  
 Beneath the cloister of the well-walled court,  
 One in the hall before my chamber door.  
 But when the tenth dark night came on, I brake  
 The solid chamber door, and got me out,  
 And o'er the courtyard wall full lightly leapt  
 Unseen by watching men or women slaves.  
 Then fled I far through Hellas' plains, and came  
 To deep-soiled Phthia, mother land of flocks,  
 To Peleus Phthia's king: who took me in  
 With kindly zeal, and gave me love, as gives  
 A father to an only son, late-born,  
 Well-loved, to all his ample substance heir.  
 Wealthy he made me too, and gave in charge

ναῖον δ' ἐσχατιήν Φθίης, Δολόπεσσι ἀνάσσων.  
 καί σε τοσοῦτον ἔθηκα, θεοῖς ἐπιείκελ' Ἀχιλλεῦ, 485  
 ἐκ θυμοῦ φιλέων, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἐθέλεσκες ἅμ' ἄλλω  
 οὔτ' ἐς δαῖτ' ἵεναι οὔτ' ἐν μεγάροισι πάσασθαι,  
 πρίν γ' ὅτε δὴ σ' ἐπ' ἐμοῖσιν ἐγὼ γούνεσσι καθίσσας  
 ὄψον τ' ἄσαιμι προταμὼν καὶ οἶνον ἐπισχών.  
 πολλάκι μοι κατέδευσας ἐπὶ στήθεσσι χιτῶνα 490  
 οἶνον ἀποβλύζων ἐν νηπιέῃ ἀλεγεινῇ.  
 ὥς ἐπὶ σοὶ μάλα πολλὰ πάθον καὶ πολλὰ μόγησα,  
 τὰ φρονέων, ὃ μοι οὔ τι θεοὶ γόνον ἐξετέλειον  
 ἐξ ἐμεῦ· ἀλλὰ σέ παῖδα, θεοῖς ἐπιείκελ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,  
 ποιεύμην, ἵνα μοί ποτ' αἰκέα λαιγὸν ἀμύνης. 495  
 ἀλλ', Ἀχιλεῦ, δάμασον θυμὸν μέγαν, οὐδέ τί σε χρή  
 νηλεὲς ἦτορ ἔχειν· στρεπτοὶ δέ τε καὶ θεοὶ αὐτοί,  
 τῶν περ καὶ μείζων ἀρετὴ τιμὴ τε βίη τε.  
 καὶ μὴν τοὺς θυέεσσι καὶ εὐχολῆς ἀγανῆσιν  
 λαιβῇ τε κνίσῃ τε παρατρωπῶσ' ἄνθρωποι 500  
 λισσόμενοι, ὅτε κέν τις ὑπερβῇ καὶ ἀμάρτη.  
 καὶ γάρ τε Λιταί εἰσι Διὸς κοῦραι μέγαλοιο,  
 χωλαί τε ῥυσαί τε παραβλῶπές τ' ὀφθαλμῶ,  
 αἳ ῥά τε καὶ μετόπισθ' Ἄτης ἀλέγουσι κιούσαι.  
 ἢ δ' Ἄτη σθεναρὴ τε καὶ ἀρτίπος, οὔνεκα πάσας 505  
 πολλὸν ὑπεκπροθέει, φθάνει δέ τε πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν  
 βλάπτουσ' ἀνθρώπους· αἳ δ' ἐξακέονται ὀπίσσω.  
 ὃς μὲν τ' αἰδέσεται κούρας Διὸς ἄσσον ἰούσας,  
 τὸν δὲ μέγ' ὤνησαν καὶ τε κλύον εὐχομένοιο·  
 ὃς δέ κ' ἀνήνηται καὶ τε στερεῶς ἀποείπη, 510  
 λίσσονται δ' ἄρα ταί γε Δία Κρονίωνα κιούσαι

A numerous folk ; thus of the Dolopes  
A prince in Phthia's border land I dwelt.  
There reared I thee, Achilleus peer of gods,  
To be what now thou art, with hearty love.  
For thou with none but me would'st seek the feast,  
Nor taste the viands in the hall, till I  
Set thee upon my knees and fed thy wants,  
Cutting thy meat and holding wine to thee.  
Oft didst thou stain my bosom, when thy lips  
Spilled out the wine in froward childishness.  
Much then for thee I suffered, much I toiled :  
This thinking, that the gods ordained me not  
Child of my own ; wherefore, O peer of gods  
Achilleus, I would make of thee a son,  
To guard me in my age from shameful harm.  
But now, Achilleus, tame thy mighty wrath :  
A ruthless heart it fits thee not to have.  
The very gods to mercy may be moved,  
Whose honour worth and might are more than ours.  
And these by sacrifice and soothing prayers  
And outpoured wine and savour sweet mankind  
Turn and entreat for trespass and for wrong.  
For Supplications are of mighty Zeus  
The daughters ; lame and wrinkled to the view,  
Shamefaced with sidelong glance : who following close  
The track of Sin watch heedfully the while.  
Now Sin is strong of limb and firm of foot :  
Wherefore she far outruns them all, and comes  
To every land the first, upon mankind  
Working her harms : they follow her, and heal.  
Whoso reveres the daughters of great Zeus  
As they approach, him do they greatly bless  
And hear his prayer : but whoso shall reject  
And sternly say them nay—then do they go  
To Zeus the son of Cronos making suit  
That Sin may dwell with him, till he in turn

τῷ Ἄτην ἄμ' ἔπεσθαι, ἵνα βλαφθεὶς ἀποτίσῃ.  
 ἀλλ' Ἀχιλεὺ πόρε καὶ σὺ Διὸς κούρησιν ἔπεσθαι  
 τιμήν, ἣ τ' ἄλλων περ ἐπιγνάμπτει νόον ἐσθλῶν.  
 εἰ μὲν γὰρ μὴ δῶρα φέροι, τὰ δ' ὀπισθ' ὀνομάζοι 515  
 Ἀτρεΐδης, ἀλλ' αἰὲν ἐπιζαφέλως χαλεπαῖνοι,  
 οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ γέ σε μῆνιν ἀπορρίψαντα κελοίμην  
 Ἀργείοισιν ἀμυνέμεναι, χατέουσί περ ἔμψης·  
 νῦν δ' ἅμα τ' αὐτίκα πολλὰ διδοῖ, τὰ δ' ὀπισθεν ὑπέστη.  
 ἄνδρας δὲ λίσσεσθαι ἐπιπροέηκεν ἀρίστους 520  
 κρινάμενος κατὰ λαὸν Ἀχαικόν, οἳ τε σοὶ αὐτῷ  
 φίλτατοι Ἀργείων· τῶν μὴ σύ γε μῦθον ἐλέγξης  
 μηδὲ πόδας. πρὶν δ' οὐ τι νεμεσσητὸν κεχολῶσθαι.  
 οὔτω καὶ τῶν πρόσθεν ἐπευθόμεθα κλέα ἀνδρῶν  
 ἡρώων, ὅτε κέν τιν' ἐπιζάφελος χόλος ἵκοι· 525  
 δωρητοί τ' ἐπέλοντο παράρρητοί τε ἔπεσσιν.  
 μέμνημαι τόδε ἔργον ἐγὼ πάλαι, οὐ τι νέον γε,  
 ὥς ἦν· ἐν δ' ὑμῖν ἐρέω πάντεσσι φίλοισιν.

Κουρήτες τ' ἐμάχοντο καὶ Αἰτωλοὶ μενεχάρμαι  
 ἀμφὶ πόλιν Καλυδῶνα, καὶ ἀλλήλους ἐνάριζον, 530  
 Αἰτωλοὶ μὲν ἀμυνόμενοι Καλυδῶνος ἐραννῆς,  
 Κουρήτες δὲ διαπραθέειν μεμαῶτες Ἄρηι.  
 καὶ γὰρ τοῖσι κακὸν χρυσόθρονος Ἄρτεμις ὤρσεν,  
 χωσαμένη ὃ οἱ οὐ τι θαλύσια γουνῷ ἀλωῆς  
 Οἶνεὺς ῥέξ· ἄλλοι δὲ θεοὶ δαίνυνθ' ἐκατόμβας, 535  
 οἷη δ' οὐκ ἔρρεξε Διὸς κούρη μέγαλοιο.  
 ἦ λάθετ' ἦ οὐκ ἐνόησεν· ἀάσατο δὲ μέγα θυμῷ.  
 ἦ δὲ χολωσαμένη, δῖον γένος, ἰοχέαιρα

By suffering harm his folly shall atone.  
 Wherefore, Achilleus, to the maids of Zeus  
 Give thou due reverence : reverence for their claim  
 Doth every brave man's heart to mercy move.  
 If gifts indeed Atrides offered not,  
 Naming yet more to come, but, as before,  
 Still raged in furious wise, it is not I  
 Would bid thee cast away thy righteous wrath  
 And aid the Argives, tho' they need it sore.  
 But now not only gives he much at once  
 And warrants more to come, but he hath sent  
 With supplication chosen chiefs, the best  
 From all Achaia's host, dear to thyself  
 Above all Argives. Of such messengers  
 Scorn not the lips, nor turn thou back the feet :  
 And heretofore thine anger none will blame.  
 Such stories learn we of the men of old,  
 Those heroes, when with furious wrath possess ;  
 How gifts could alway move, and words persuade.  
 I do remember me of deeds that happed  
 Long since, not late—how all was done—and here  
 Before you all, as friends, will tell the tale.

Around the city Calydon of yore  
 Fought the Curetes and Ætolia's sons,  
 Staunch warriors these, and each the other slew.  
 Ætolia's ranks fought for fair Calydon,  
 To spoil the same by war the foemen strove.  
 For Artemis the golden-throped had sent  
 A plague upon the land ; in wrath for this,  
 That Ceneus of his fruitful orchard paid  
 To her no offerings—other gods made cheer  
 With hecatombs, to her alone, the maid  
 Of mighty Zeus, no sacrifice was given.  
 Forgat he this, once meant, or ne'er in mind  
 Conceived, he surely sinned a mighty sin.  
 And she, the seed of Zeus, the arrow-queen,



ὦρσεν ἔπι χλούνην· σὺν ἄγριον ἀργιόδοντα,  
 ὃς κακὰ πόλλ' ἔρδεσκε ἔθων Οἰνῆος ἀλωήν· 540  
 πολλὰ δ' ὅ γε προθέλυμνα χαμαὶ βάλε δένδρεα μακρὰ  
 αὐτῇσιν ῥίζησι καὶ αὐτοῖς ἄνθεσι μήλων.  
 τὸν δ' υἱὸς Οἰνῆος ἀπέκτεινεν Μελέαγρος,  
 πολλέων ἐκ πολίων θηρήτορας ἄνδρας ἀγείρας  
 καὶ κύνας· οὐ μὲν γάρ κε δάμη παύροισι βροτοῖσιν· 545  
 τόσσος ἔην, πολλοὺς δὲ πυρῆς ἐπέβησ' ἀλεγεινῆς.  
 ἦ δ' ἀμφ' αὐτῷ θῆκε πολὺν κέλαδον καὶ αὐτὴν,  
 ἀμφὶ σὺν κεφαλῇ καὶ δέρματι λαχνήεντι,  
 Κουρήτων τε μεσηγὺ καὶ Αἰτωλῶν μεγαθύμων.  
 ὄφρα μὲν οὖν Μελέαγρος ἀρηίφιλος πολέμιζεν, 550  
 τόφρα δὲ Κουρήτεσσι κακῶς ἦν, οὐδὲ δύναντο  
 τείχεος ἔκτοσθεν μίμνειν πολέες περ ἑόντες·  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ Μελέαγρον ἔδυσ' ὅλος, ὅς τε καὶ ἄλλων  
 οἰδάνει ἐν στήθεσσι νόον πύκα περ φρονεόντων,  
 ἦ τοι ὁ μητρὶ φίλῃ Ἀλθαίῃ χωόμενος κῆρ 555  
 κείμετο παρὰ μνηστῇ ἀλόχῳ, καλῇ Κλεοπάτρῃ,  
 κούρῃ Μαρπήσσης καλλισφύρου Εὐηνίνης  
 Ἰδεὼ θ', ὃς κάρτιστος ἐπιχθονίων γένετ' ἀνδρῶν  
 τῶν τότε, καὶ ῥα ἄνακτος ἐναντίον εἴλετο τόξον  
 Φοῖβου Ἀπόλλωνος καλλισφύρου εἵνεκα νύμφης. 560  
 τὴν δὲ τότε ἐν μεγάροισι πατήρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ  
 Ἀλκυόνην καλέεσκον ἐπώνυμον, οὐνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτῆς  
 μήτηρ ἀλκυόνοιο πολυπενθέος οἶτον ἔχουσα  
 κλαῖ', ὅτε μιν ἐκάεργος ἀνῆρπασε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων.

Was wroth, and stirred from out his grassy lair  
 A wild boar of the field with flashing tusks.  
 Who haunting Ceneus' orchard wrought great scathe.  
 Tall trees he cast adown in ruinous heaps,  
 With roots upwrenched and prostrate bloom of fruit.  
 Whom Meleager, son of Ceneus, slew,  
 Gathering from many cities to the chase  
 Both men and dogs. Few mortals to his death  
 Nought had availed—so huge the monster was,  
 And brought full many to their funeral fires.  
 Then did the goddess cause much noise and fray  
 About the beast, a strife for head of boar  
 And bristly hide between the peoples twain,  
 Curetes and Ætolia's high-souled race.  
 Now long as Meleager led the war,  
 Beloved of Ares, the Curetes fared  
 But ill, nor might they venture to abide  
 Without the wall, full many tho' they were.  
 But soon as Meleager's anger burned—  
 Anger that in the bosom makes to swell  
 The heart of men however wise they be,  
 He with Althaea his own mother wroth  
 Dallied in idlesse by his wedded wife  
 Fair Cleopatra—of Marpessa she  
 The daughter was, and she, fair-ankled dame,  
 Born of Evenus. Cleopatra's sire  
 Was Idas, strongest in that age of men  
 Who walked the earth; and once he took the bow  
 To face, in his fair-ankled bride's behalf,  
 Phoebus Apollo's self the archer king.  
 But Cleopatra by a second name  
 Her sire and queenly mother in their halls  
 Were wont to call, Halcyoné to wit;  
 For that her mother wept a piteous strain  
 Like to the sorrowing halcyon bird, what time  
 Far-darting Phoebus bore her swift away.

τῇ ὅ γε παρκατέλεκτο χόλον θυμαλγέα πέσσω, 565  
 ἐξ ἀρέων μητρὸς κεχολωμένος, ἥ ῥα θεοῖσιν  
 πόλλ' ἀχέουσ' ἡρᾶτο κασιγνήτοιο φόνοιο,  
 πολλὰ δὲ καὶ γαῖαν πολυφόρβην χερσὶν ἀλοία  
 κικλήσκουσ' Ἀἶδην καὶ ἐπαινὴν Περσεφόνειαν,  
 πρόχην καθεζομένην, δεύοντο δὲ δάκρυσι κόλποι, 570  
 παιδὶ δόμεν θάνατον· τῆς δ' ἡεροφοῖτις ἐρινύς  
 ἔκλυεν ἐξ ἐρέβесφιν ἀμείλιχον ἦτορ ἔχουσα.  
 τῶν δὲ τάχ' ἀμφὶ πύλας ὄμαδος καὶ δοῦπος ὀρώρει  
 πύργων βαλλομένων. τὸν δὲ λίσσοντο γέροντες  
 Αἰτωλῶν, πέμπον δὲ θεῶν ἱερῆας ἀρίστους, 575  
 ἐξελθεῖν καὶ ἀμῦναι, ὑποσχόμενοι μέγα δῶρον.  
 ὀππόθι πιότατον πεδῖον Καλυδῶνος ἐραννῆς,  
 ἔνθα μιν ἦνωγον τέμενος περικαλλὲς ἐλέσθαι  
 πεντηκοντόγυον, τὸ μὲν ἡμῖσιν οἶνοπέδοιο,  
 ἡμῖσιν δὲ ψιλὴν ἄροσιν πεδίοιο ταμέσθαι. 580  
 πολλὰ δέ μιν λιτάνευε γέρων ἱππηλάτα Οἶνευς,  
 οὐδοῦ ἐπεμβεβαὼς ὑψηρεφέος θαλάμοιο,  
 σείων κολλητὰς σανίδας, γουνούμενος υἱόν·  
 πολλὰ δὲ τὸν γε κασίγνηται καὶ πότνια μήτηρ  
 ἐλλίσσονθ'· ὃ δὲ μᾶλλον ἀναίνετο. πολλὰ δ' ἐταῖροι, 585  
 οἳ οἱ κεδνότατοι καὶ φίλτατοι ἦσαν ἀπάντων·  
 ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὥς τοῦ θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι εἵπειθον,  
 πρὶν γ' ὅτε δὴ θάλαμος πύκ' ἐβάλλετο, τοὶ δ' ἐπὶ πύργων  
 βαῖνον Κουρῆτες καὶ ἐνέπρηθον μέγα ἄστυ.  
 καὶ τότε δὴ Μελέαγρον ἐϋζωνος παράκοιτις 590  
 λίσσετ' ὀδυρομένη, καὶ οἱ κατέλεξεν ἅπαντα  
 κῆδ'· ὅσ' ἀνθρώποισι πέλει τῶν ἄστυ ἀλώῃ·  
 ἄνδρας μὲν κτείνουσι, πόλιν δέ τε πῦρ ἀμαθύνει,

By her lay Meleager, nursing still  
Heart-vexing wrath, wrath from his mother's curse,  
Who, grieving, to the gods prayed oft and long  
To venge her brother slain : and oft her hands  
Struck earth all nourishing, as loud she called  
On Hades and the dread Persephoné,  
Crouched kneeling low, while tears her bosom dewed,  
To bring her son to death. Erinnyes heard  
In Hell, gloom-haunting fiend of ruthless heart.  
And quickly round the walls of Calydon  
The battle-din arose with thundering strokes  
Of battered towers. Then prayed the angry prince  
Ætolia's greybeards, and in embassy  
The gods' most holy priests, to get him forth  
And save : and ample guerdon did they pledge.  
Where in bright Calydon is fattest soil  
There bade they him to choose a wide domain  
Surpassing fair : acres two-score and ten ;  
Half meet for vines, but half, a treeless plain,  
To plough and corn he better might assign.  
Oft too his father Æneus, greybeard knight,  
In supplication on the threshold stood  
Of his high-vaulted chamber, oft he shook  
The firm door-panels, suitor to his son.  
And sisters too, and queenly mother, oft  
Besought, but he the more refused : and oft  
His comrades, they who were to him of all  
Worthiest and dearest. Yet not even thus  
Might they persuade the spirit in his breast :  
Till now his battered chamber felt the foe,  
While on the towers the bold Curetes stepped,  
And were in act to fire the mighty town.  
To Meleager then his well-girt wife  
Prayed weeping, and rehearsed in full the woes  
That wait the dwellers in a conquered town—  
Men slain, streets crumbling in the wasteful fire,

τέκνα δέ τ' ἄλλοι ἄγουσι βαθυζώνους τε γυναῖκας.  
 τοῦ δ' ὠρίνετο θυμὸς ἀκούοντος κακὰ ἔργα, 595  
 βῆ δ' ἰέναι, χροὺ δ' ἔντε' ἐδύσετο παμφανόωντα.  
 ὥς ὁ μὲν Αἰτωλοῖσιν ἀπήμυνεν κακὸν ἡμαρ  
 εἷξας ᾧ θυμῷ· τῷ δ' οὐκέτι δῶρα τέλεσσαν  
 πολλά τε καὶ χαρίεντα, κακὸν δ' ἤμυνε καὶ αὐτῶς.  
 ἀλλὰ σὺ μή μοι ταῦτα νόει φρεσί, μηδέ σε δαίμων 600  
 ἐνταῦθα τρέψειε, φίλος· χαλεπὸν δέ κεν εἴη  
 νηυσὶν καιομένησιν ἀμυνέμεν. ἀλλ' ἐπὶ δώροις  
 ἔρχεο· ἴσον γάρ σε θεῶ τίσουσιν Ἀχαιοί.  
 εἰ δέ κ' ἄτερ δώρων πόλεμον φθισήνορα δύης,  
 οὐκέθ' ὁμῶς τιμῆς ἔσσαι, πόλεμόν περ ἀλαλκῶν." 605  
 τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·  
 "Φοῖνιξ ἄττα, γεραιέ, διοτρεφές, οὐ τί με ταύτης  
 χρεὼ τιμῆς· φρονέω δὲ τετιμῆσθαι Διὸς αἴση,  
 ἢ μ' ἔξει παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν εἰς ὃ κ' αὐτμή 610  
 ἐν στήθεσσι μένη καὶ μοι φίλα γούνατ' ὀρώρη.  
 ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω, σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῆσιν.  
 μή μοι σύγχει θυμὸν ὀδυρόμενος καὶ ἀχεύων,  
 Ἀτρεΐδῃ ἥρωι φέρων χάριν· οὐδέ τί σε χρή  
 τὸν φιλέειν, ἵνα μή μοι ἀπέχθῃαι φιλέοντι.  
 καλόν τοι σὺν ἐμοὶ τὸν κηδέμεν ὅς κ' ἐμὲ κήδη. 615  
 ἴσον ἐμοὶ βασίλευε, καὶ ἡμῖσιν μείρεο τιμῆς.  
 οὗτοι δ' ἀγγελέουσιν, σὺ δ' αὐτόθι λέξεο μίμνων  
 εὐνῇ ἐνὶ μαλακῇ· ἅμα δ' ἡοῖ φαινομένηφιν  
 φρασσόμεθ' ἢ κε νεώμεθ' ἐφ' ἡμέτερ' ἢ κε μένωμεν."  
 ἦ, καὶ Πατρόκλῳ ὃ γ' ἐπ' ὀφρύνσι νεῦσε σιωπῇ 620  
 Φοῖνικι στορέσαι πυκινὸν λέχος, ὄφρα τάχιστα



Children and deep-zoned women captive led.  
 Stirred was his spirit when those ills he heard :  
 And forth he went, in gleaming armour clad.  
 Thus warded he Ætolia's day of doom,  
 To his own pleasure yielding ; but no more  
 Paid they to him the many gracious gifts.  
 He saved from evil, but for nought he saved.  
 But thou be not thus minded. Thee, my friend,  
 May never god to such a temper turn !  
 'Twere ill for thee thus late, when ships are fired,  
 To bear them aid. Nay come, while gifts are thine :  
 Achaia's host will honour thee as god.  
 But if the warrior-wasting battle-plain  
 Giftless thou enter, thou wilt win no more  
 Like honour, tho' thine arm be strong to save."

To him replied Achilleus fleet of foot :  
 "O Phoenix, aged father, Zeus-born prince,  
 This honour need I not : truly, I ween,  
 Already by the ordinance of Zeus  
 Honour is mine ; and mine will still remain  
 Beside the beakèd ships, long as my breast  
 Have breath, and life be stirring in my limbs.  
 And I will tell thee yet another thing,  
 Which lay thou well to heart. Vex not my mind  
 Wailing and grieving, while thou seek'st to please  
 The hero Atreus' son. It fits thee not  
 Him thus to love, lest I, who love thee, hate.  
 Who troubles me, with me to trouble him  
 Were best for thee. So be thou equal king  
 With me, and of my honour share the half.  
 Now these shall bear their message. Bide thou here  
 And couch thee in soft bed. With opening dawn  
 Resolve we or to seek our home or stay."

He spake, and to Patroclus silent signed  
 With nodding brow to lay the thick-strewn bed  
 For Phoenix, while the others from his tent

ἐκ κλισίης νόστοιο μεδοίατο. τοῖσι δ' ἄρ' Αἴας  
ἀντίθεος Τελαμωνιάδης μετὰ μῦθον ἔειπεν·

“διογενὲς Λαερτιάδῃ, πολυμήχαν' Ὀδυσσεῦ,  
ἴομεν· οὐ γάρ μοι δοκέει μῦθοιο τελευτὴ 625  
τῇδ' ἔτι ὁδῷ κρανέεσθαι· ἀπαγγεῖλαι δὲ τάχιστα  
χρὴ μῦθον Δαναοῖσι, καὶ οὐκ ἀγαθὸν περ ἔοντα,  
οἳ πού νῦν ἔσται ποτιδέγμενοι. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεύς  
ἄγριον ἐν στήθεσσι θέτο μεγαλήτορα θυμόν  
σχέτλιος, οὐδὲ μετατρέπεται φιλότῃτος ἐταίρων 630  
τῆς ἧ μιν παρὰ νηυσὶν ἐτίομεν ἔξοχον ἄλλων,  
νηλὴς· καὶ μὴν τίς τε κασιγνήτοιο φονῆος  
ποινὴν ἧ οὐ παιδὸς ἐδέξατο τεθνηῶτος·  
καὶ ῥ' ὃ μὲν ἐν δήμῳ μένει αὐτοῦ πόλλ' ἀποτίσας,  
τοῦ δέ τ' ἐρητύεται κραδίη καὶ θυμὸς ἀγῆνωρ 635  
ποινὴν δεξαμένου. σοὶ δ' ἄλληκτόν τε κακόν τε  
θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι θεοὶ θέσαν εἵνεκα κούρης  
οἷης. νῦν δέ τοι ἐπὶ παρὶς σχομεν ἔξοχ' ἀρίστας  
ἄλλα τε πόλλ' ἐπὶ τῇσι. σὺ δ' ἴλαον ἔνθεο θυμόν,  
αἶδεσσαι δὲ μέλαθρον· ὑπωρόφιοι δέ τοι εἰμέν 640  
πληθύος ἐκ Δαναῶν, μέμαμεν δέ τοι ἔξοχον ἄλλων  
κῆδιστοί τ' ἔμεναι καὶ φίλτατοι, ὅσσοι Ἀχαιοί.”

τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·  
“Αἴαν διογενὲς Τελαμώνιε, κοίρανε λαῶν,  
πάντα τί μοι κατὰ θυμόν εἰσαο μυθήσασθαι 645  
ἀλλὰ μοι οἰδάνεται κραδίη χόλῳ, ὑπὸ τ' ἐκείνων  
μνήσομαι, ὥς μ' ἀσύφηλον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔρεξεν  
Ἀτρεΐδης ὥς εἴ τιν' ἀτίμητον μετανάστην.  
ἀλλ' ὑμεῖς ἔρχεσθε καὶ ἀγγελίην ἀπόφασθε·

Should busk them for return. Then 'mid them spake  
The godlike Ajax son of Telamon :

"Odysseus, Zeus-born prince, Laertes' son,  
Thou man of many counsels, let us go.  
Methinks no issue will our errand find  
By this our coming : wherefore with all speed  
Our answer bear we, tho' not good it be,  
To Danaan chiefs, who sit, I trow, and wait.  
But, for Achilleus—he within his breast  
Hardens his mighty heart, a cruel wight,  
Nor cares for comrades' love, that love wherein  
We prized him more than others by our ships.  
Unpitying ! Yet a blood-fine man accepts  
Ev'n from a brother's slayer, or for death  
Of son : and so the slayer dwelleth on  
In his own people, when full price is paid,  
And stayed from vengeance is the kinsman's soul  
And haughty spirit, when the fine he holds.  
But in thy breast the god hath set a rage  
Ceaseless and evil, for a maiden's sake,  
And only one. And now we tender thee  
Seven, of the best, and with them much besides.  
Bear then a gentle heart ; revere thy tent,  
For we are here beneath thy roof, elect  
Of all the Danaan thousands ; and we claim  
Above all other men to be to thee  
Nearest and dearest of Achaia's host."

To whom replied Achilleus fleet of foot :  
"O Zeus-born Ajax, son of Telamon,  
A people's prince, meseems in all thou say'st  
There is that stirs my soul. But still my heart  
Swells high with anger, oft as I recal  
That deed of his—what outrage Atreus' son  
Before the Argive chieftains on me wrought  
As on some alien wanderer spurned and scorned.  
But go your way, and bear my message back.

οὐ γὰρ πρὶν πολέμοιο μεδήσομαι αἱματόεντος 650  
 πρὶν γ' υἷὸν Πριάμοιο δαΐφρονος, Ἴκτορα δῖον,  
 Μυρμιδόνων ἐπὶ τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας ἰκέσθαι  
 κτείνοντ' Ἀργείους, κατὰ τε σμῦξαι πυρὶ νῆας.  
 ἀμφὶ δέ τοι τῇ ἐμῇ κλισίῃ καὶ νηὶ μελαίνῃ  
 Ἴκτορα καὶ μεμαῶτα μάχης σχήσεσθαι ὁτῶ." 655

ὥς ἔφαθ', οἱ δὲ ἕκαστος ἐλὼν δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον  
 σπείσαντες παρὰ νῆας ἴσαν πάλιν· ἦρχε δ' Ὀδυσσεύς.  
 Πάτροκλος δ' ἐτάροισι ἰδὲ δμῳῇσι κέλευεν  
 Φοίνικι στορέσαι πυκινὸν λέχος ὅττι τάχιστα·  
 αἱ δ' ἐπιπειθόμεναι στόρεσαν λέχος ὥς ἐκέλευσεν, 660  
 κῶεά τε ῥῆγός τε λῖνοιό τε λεπτὸν ἄωτον.  
 ἔνθ' ὁ γέρων κατέλεκτο καὶ Ἡῶ δῖαν ἔμιμνεν.  
 αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς εὖδε μυχῷ κλισίης ἐϋπήκτου·  
 τῷ δ' ἄρα παρκατέλεκτο γυνή, τὴν Λεσβόθεν ἦγεν,  
 Φόρβαντος θυγάτηρ Διομήδη καλλιπάρης. 665  
 Πάτροκλος δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐλέξατο· παρ δ' ἄρα καὶ τῷ  
 Ἴφιδι ἐϋζωνος, τὴν οἱ πόρε δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς  
 Σκύρον ἐλὼν αἰπεῖαν, Ἐνυῆος πτολίεθρον.

οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ κλισίῃσιν ἐν Ἀτρεΐδαο γέγοντο,  
 τοὺς μὲν ἄρα χρυσεόισι κυπέλλοις νῆες Ἀχαιῶν 670  
 δειδέχατ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος ἀνασταδόν, ἕκ τ' ἐρέοντο·  
 πρῶτος δ' ἐξερέεινε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·  
 "εἵπ' ἄγε μ', ὦ πολύαιν' Ὀδυσσεῦ, μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν,  
 ἣ ῥ' ἐθέλει νήεσσιν ἀλεξέμεναι δήιον πῦρ,  
 ἣ ἀπέειπε, χόλος δ' ἔτ' ἔχει μεγαλήτορα θυμόν." 675  
 τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς·

For never will I think of bloody war,  
Till godlike Hector, prudent Priam's son,  
On Argives dealing death, shall make his way  
To tents and vessels of the Myrmidons,  
And whelm the crumbling ships in smoke and fire.  
But at my tent and black-hulled ships I ween  
Hector tho' furious will forego the fight."

He spake: then took they each his double cup,  
Libation poured, and hied them back again  
Along the line of ships: Odysseus led.  
Meanwhile Patroclus bade at once his men  
And women-slaves to lay a thick-strewn bed  
For Phoenix: they obeying, as he charged,  
Strewed well the bed—fleeces, and coverlet,  
And linen fine and smooth. There laid him down  
The greybeard, and awaited dawn divine.  
In the far corner of the well-fixed tent  
Achilleus slept: by him a woman lay,  
Whom he from Lesbos brought; of Phorbas she  
The fair-cheeked daughter, Diomedé named.  
And on the other side Patroclus lay,  
With well-girt Iphis; whom the godlike chief  
Gave to his friend when Scyros he o'ercame,  
Enyeus' citadel, a rocky isle.

But when the envoys to Atrides' tent  
Were come, Achaia's sons in golden cups  
A welcome pledged them, each on every side  
Upstanding from his seat, and questioned them.  
And first asked Agamemnon king of men:  
"Speak, tell me now, Odysseus, highly praised,  
Achaia's boast, doth he consent to save  
The ships from foeman's fire, or saith he nay,  
Anger possessing yet his haughty soul?"

Replied Odysseus, godlike, patient chief:



“Ἀτρεΐδῃ κύδιστε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,  
 κείνός γ’ οὐκ ἐθέλει σβέσσαι χόλον, ἀλλ’ ἔτι μᾶλλον  
 πιμπλάνεται μένεος, σὲ δ’ ἀναίνεται ἡδὲ σὰ δῶρα.  
 αὐτόν σε φράζεσθαι ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἄνωγεν 680  
 ὅπως κεν νῆάς τε σόφς καὶ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν·  
 αὐτὸς δ’ ἠπείλησεν ἅμ’ ἡοῖ φαινομένηφιν  
 νῆας εὖσσέλμους ἅλαδ’ ἐλκέμεν ἀμφιελίσσας.  
 καὶ δ’ ἂν τοῖς ἄλλοισιν ἔφη παραμυθήσασθαι  
 οἴκαδ’ ἀποπλείειν, ἐπεὶ οὐκέτι δῆετε τέκμωρ 685  
 Ἰλίου αἰπεινῆς· μάλα γάρ ἐθεν εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς  
 χεῖρα ἔην ὑπερέσχε, τεθαρσήκασι δὲ λαοί.  
 ὥς ἔφατ’· εἰσὶ καὶ οἶδε τὰ εἰπόμεν, οἳ μοι ἔποντο,  
 Αἴας καὶ κήρυκε δύω, πεπνυμένω ἄμφω.  
 Φοῖνιξ δ’ αὖθ’ ὁ γέρων κατελέξατο· ὥς γὰρ ἀνώγει, 690  
 ὄφρα οἱ ἐν νήεσσι φίλην ἐς πατρίδ’ ἔπηται  
 αὐριον, ἣν ἐθέλησιν· ἀνάγκη δ’ οὐ τί μιν ἄξει.”  
 ὥς ἔφαθ’, οἳ δ’ ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ  
 μῦθον ἀγασσάμενοι, μάλα γὰρ κρατερῶς ἀγόρευσεν.  
 δὴν δ’ ἄνεω ἦσαν τετιηότες νῆες Ἀχαιῶν· 695  
 ὄψε δὲ δὴ μετέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·  
 “Ἀτρεΐδῃ κύδιστε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,  
 μηδ’ ὄφελος λίσσεσθαι ἀμύμονα Πηλεΐωνα,  
 μυρία δῶρα διδούς· ὃ δ’ ἀγήνωρ ἐστὶ καὶ ἄλλως·  
 νῦν αὖ μιν πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀγνηορίησιν ἐνῆκας. 700  
 ἀλλ’ ἢ τοι κείνον μὲν ἐάσομεν, ἢ κεν ἴησιν  
 ἢ κε μένη· τότε δ’ αὖτε μαχήσεται ὅπποτε κέν μιν  
 θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἀνώγη καὶ θεὸς ὄρη.  
 ἀλλ’ ἄγεθ’, ὥς ἂν ἐγὼ εἴπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες.  
 νῦν μὲν κοιμήσασθε τεταρπόμενοι φίλον ἦτορ 705  
 σίτου καὶ οἴνοιο· τὸ γὰρ μένος ἐστὶ καὶ ἀλκή·

“Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men,  
Great Agamemnon, he doth not consent  
To quench his wrath, but yet the more with rage  
Is filled ; and thee and all thy gifts he spurns.  
He bids thee ’mid the Argives frame thy plans  
To save thy ships and save Achaia’s host.  
But for himself, he threats with opening dawn  
Seawards to drag his well-benched rolling ships.  
And to the rest, he saith, his counsel is,  
‘Sail home, since Ilion’s end ye never now  
Will see, for over her loud-thundering Zeus  
Holds shielding hand, whereat her hosts are bold.’  
Thus did he speak. And these are also here,  
To say the same—ev’n these who followed me,  
Ajax, and heralds twain discreet and wise.  
But there with him the greybeard Phoenix lies,  
For so he bade ; that with him he may sail  
To-morrow to their own dear fatherland,  
If so he choose : he would not force his will.”

So spake he : they were mute and silent all,  
Awed at his words : for he full strongly spake.  
Long were Achaia’s sons in sorrow mute :  
At last spake Diomedes good in fray :  
“Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men,  
Great Agamemnon, would thou hadst not sued  
The blameless Peleus’ son, and proffered gifts  
Unnumbered. Proud enough was he before ;  
And now yet more thou giv’st him room for pride.  
But leave we him indeed ; whether he go  
Or stay. He then will fight, when in his breast  
The humour bids him or a god shall move.  
But come, and as I say, obey we all.  
Take now your rest, filled to your heart’s desire  
Of meat and wine—spirit and strength are they.

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κε φανῇ καλὴ ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἥώς,  
καρπαλίμως πρὸ νεῶν ἐχέμεν λαόν τε καὶ ἵππους  
ὀτρύνων, καὶ δ' αὐτὸς ἐνὶ πρώτοισι μάχεσθαι."

ὥς ἔφαθ', οἳ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπήνησαν βασιλῆες, 710  
μῦθον ἀγασσάμενοι Διομήδεος ἵπποδάμοιο.  
καὶ τότε δὴ σπείσαντες ἔβαν κλισίηνδε ἕκαστος,  
ἔνθα δὲ κοιμήσαντο καὶ ὕπνου δῶρον ἔλοντο.

But when the fair and rosy-fingered morn  
Shines forth, then swiftly range before the ships  
Thy men and steeds, O king, and give command :  
And ev'n thyself amid the foremost fight."

So spake he : and the kings around him all  
Approval gave, in wonder at the words  
Of the steed-taming prince. Then did they make  
Libation due, and sought each man his tent :  
There lay they down and took the gift of sleep.

## ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Κ.

Νυκτεγερσία, Δολωνοφονία.

Ἄλλοι μὲν παρὰ νηυσὶν ἀριστῆες Παναχαιῶν  
εὖδον παννύχιοι, μαλακῶ δεδμημένοι ὕπνῳ·  
ἀλλ' οὐκ Ἀτρεΐδην Ἀγαμέμνονα ποιμένα λαῶν  
ὕπνος ἔχε γλυκερός, πολλὰ φρεσὶν ὀρμαίνοντα.  
ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ἀστράπτῃ πόσις Ἥρης ἠυκόμοιο, 5  
τεύχων ἢ πολὺν ὄμβρον ἀθέσφατον ἢ χάλαζαν  
ἢ νιφετόν, ὅτε πέρ τε χιῶν ἐπάλυνεν ἀρούρας,  
ἢ ποθὶ πτολέμοιο μέγα στόμα πευκεδανοῖο,  
ὥς πυκὶν' ἐν στήθεσσιν ἀνестενάχιζ' Ἀγαμέμνων  
νειόθεν ἐκ κραδίης, τρομέοντο δέ οἱ φρένες ἐντός. 10  
ἢ τοι ὅτ' ἐς πεδίον τὸ Τρωικὸν ἀθρήσειεν,  
θαύμαζεν πυρὰ πολλὰ τὰ καίετο Ἰλιόθι πρό,  
αὐλῶν συρίγγων τ' ἐνοπὴν ὄμαδόν τ' ἀνθρώπων.  
αὐτὰρ ὅτ' ἐς νῆας τε ἴδοι καὶ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν,  
πολλὰς ἐκ κεφαλῆς προθελύμνους ἔλκετο χαίτας 15  
ὕψόθ' ἐόντι Δίῃ, μέγα δὲ στένε κυδάλιμον κῆρ.  
ἦδε δέ οἱ κατὰ θυμὸν ἀρίστη φαίνεται βουλή,  
Νέστορ' ἔπι πρῶτον Νηλήϊον ἐλθέμεν ἀνδρῶν,  
εἴ τινά οἱ σὺν μῆτιν ἀμύμονα τεκτῆναιτο,  
ἢ τις ἀλεξίκακος πᾶσιν Δαναοῖσι γένοιτο. 20



## ILIAD X.

### *Night expedition to the Trojan camp.*

THE chieftains of the Panachaian host  
Slept all beside their ships, the livelong night,  
By slumber soft o'erborne : but Atreus' son,  
Great Agamemnon, shepherd of his folk,  
No sweet sleep held, with many cares distraught.  
But frequent as the lightning-flashes come  
Of fair-haired Heré's lord, what time he sends  
Rain great and terrible, or hail, or snow  
To strew the fields with white, or bodes perchance  
The wide-embattled front of biting war—  
So frequent in his breast and deeply drawn  
From inmost heart were Agamemnon's groans,  
And all within his bosom trembling shook.  
Whene'er he gazed upon the Trojan plain,  
Wond'ring he saw the countless fires that burned  
In front of Ilion ; and wond'ring heard  
The sound of flutes and pipes and hum of men.  
But when upon Achaia's ships and host  
He turned to look, then plucked he from his head,  
Lock after lock, his hair, with Zeus on high  
Indignant, and deep groaned his haughty heart.  
And to his mind this counsel seemed the best,  
Nestor the son of Neleus first of all  
To seek, if haply he might lend him aid  
To frame some blameless plan that should avert  
Disastrous harm from all the Danaan host.

ὀρθωθεὶς δ' ἔνδυνε περὶ στήθεσσι χιτῶνα,  
 ποσσὶ δ' ὑπὸ λιπαροῖσιν ἐδήσατο καλὰ πέδιλα,  
 ἄμφι δ' ἔπειτα δαφνοῖνον ἐέσσατο δέρμα λέοντος  
 αἰθωνος μεγάλοιο ποδηνεκές, εἴλετο δ' ἔγχος.

ὥς δ' αὐτῶς Μενέλαον ἔχεν τρόμος· οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτῷ 25  
 ὕπνος ἐπὶ βλεφάροισιν ἐφίζανε, μή τι πάθουεν  
 Ἄργεῖοι, τοὶ δὲ ἔθεν εἵνεκα πουλὺν ἐφ' ὑγρὴν  
 ἡλυθον ἐς Τροίην πόλεμον θρασὺν ὀρμαίνοντες.  
 παρδαλήη μὲν πρῶτα μετάφρενον εὐρὺ κάλυψεν  
 ποικίλῃ, αὐτὰρ ἐπὶ στεφάνῃν κεφαλῇφιν αἰείρας 30  
 θήκατο χαλκείην, δόρυ δ' εἴλετο χειρὶ παχείῃ.  
 βῆ δ' ἔμεν ἀνστήσων ὃν ἀδελφεόν, ὃς μέγα πάντων  
 Ἄργείων ἦνασσε, θεὸς δ' ὥς τίετο δῆμῳ.

τὸν δ' εὐρ' ἄμφ' ὥμοισι τιθήμενον ἔντεα καλὰ  
 νηὶ πάρα πρυμνῇ· τῷ δ' ἀσπᾶσιος γένετ' ἐλθών. 35  
 τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος·  
 “τίφθ' οὕτως ἡθεῖε κορύσσεαι; ἢ τιν' ἑταίρων  
 ὀτρυνέεις Τρώεσσιν ἐπίσκοπον; ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰνῶς  
 δείδω μὴ οὐ τίς τοι ὑπόσχηται τόδε ἔργον,  
 ἄνδρας δυσμενέας σκοπιαζέμεν οἷος ἐπελθών 40  
 νύκτα δι' ἀμβροσίην. μάλα τις θρασυκάρδιος ἔσται.”

τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων·  
 “χρεὼ βουλῆς ἐμὲ καὶ σέ, διοτρεφὲς ὦ Μενέλαε,  
 κερδαλέης, ἢ τίς κε ἐρύσσεται ἡδὲ σαώσει  
 Ἄργεῖους καὶ νῆας, ἐπεὶ Διὸς ἐτράπετο φρήν. 45  
 Ἐκτορέοις ἄρα μᾶλλον ἐπὶ φρένα θῆχ' ἱεροῖσιν·  
 οὐ γάρ πω ἰδόμην, οὐδὲ κλύον αὐδήσαντος,  
 ἄνδρ' ἕνα τοσσάδε μέρμερ' ἐπ' ἡματι μητίσασθαι  
 ὅσσ' Ἐκτωρ ἔρρεξε διίφιλος υἱᾶς Ἀχαιῶν,  
 αὐτῶς, οὔτε θεᾶς υἱὸς φίλος οὔτε θεοῖο. 50

So up he stood, and round his breast he donned  
His tunic, and beneath his shining feet  
Bound his fair sandals, then he wrapped him round  
In tawny skin, of lion bright-hued, large,  
Mantling him to the feet, and took his spear.

And Menelaus likewise trembled sore,  
Nor on his wakeful lids sat sleep; lest harm  
Should touch the Argive host, who for his sake  
Across a water wide had come to Troy,  
Stirring a venturous war. First his broad back  
He covered with a spotted panther skin,  
Then raised and set around his head a helm  
Of brass, and in his broad hand took a spear.  
And forth he went his brother to uprouse,  
Who o'er all Argives reigned a mighty king  
And by his people honoured as a god.  
Him found he as he donned his armour fair  
Around his shoulders by his vessel's stern:  
Who gladly saw his brother come. Then first  
Addressed him Menelaus good in fray:  
"Why arming thus, mine honoured lord? Dost urge  
Some comrade forth a spy on Troy? Nay much  
I fear me none will undertake this work,  
To spy our foemen, through ambrosial night  
Alone advancing. Dauntless heart were his."

And sovereign Agamemnon made reply:  
"Needs both for me and thee, O Zeus-born prince  
My Menelaus, counsel shrewd, to guard  
And save the Argives and their ships: for now  
Changed is the mind of Zeus, who hath respect  
To Hector's sacrifices more than ours.  
For never saw I yet, nor heard it told,  
That one man in one day such deeds of dread  
Devised as Hector loved of Zeus hath wrought  
Upon Achaia's sons—wrought a mere man,  
No darling son of goddess or of god.

ἔργα δ' ἔρεξ' ὅσα φημὶ μελησέμεν Ἀργείοισιν  
 δηθά τε καὶ δολιχόν· τόσα γὰρ κακὰ μήσατ' Ἀχαιοὺς.  
 ἀλλ' ἴθι νῦν, Αἴαντα καὶ Ἰδομενῆα κάλεσσον  
 ῥίμφα θέων παρὰ νῆας· ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ Νέστορα δῖον  
 εἵμι, καὶ ὀτρυνέω ἀνστήμεναι, αἶ κ' ἐθέλῃσιν 55  
 ἐλθεῖν ἐς φυλάκων ἱερὸν τέλος ἥδ' ἐπιτεῖλαι.  
 κείνῳ γάρ κε μάλιστα πιθοίατο· τοῖο γὰρ υἱὸς  
 σημαίνει φυλάκεσσι, καὶ Ἰδομενῆος ὀπάων  
 Μηριόνης· τοῖσιν γὰρ ἐπετράπομέν γε μάλιστα.”  
 τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος· 60  
 “πῶς γάρ μοι μύθῳ ἐπιτέλλεαι ἠδὲ κελεύεις;  
 αὖθι μένω μετὰ τοῖσι, δεδεγμένος εἰς ὃ κεν ἔλθῃς,  
 ἠὲ θέω μετὰ σ' αὖτις, ἐπὴν εὖ τοῖς ἐπιτεῖλω;”  
 τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·  
 “αἴθι μένειν, μή πως ἀβροτάξομεν ἀλλήλοιν 65  
 ἐρχομένῳ· πολλαὶ γὰρ ἀνὰ στρατόν εἰσι κέλευθοι.  
 φθέγγεο δ' ἥ κεν ἵησθα, καὶ ἐγρήγορθαι ἄνωχθι,  
 πατρόθεν ἐκ γενεῆς ὀνομάζων ἄνδρα ἕκαστον,  
 πάντας κυδαίνων· μηδὲ μεγαλίζεο θυμῷ,  
 ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ περ πονεώμεθα. ὦδέ που ἄμμιν 70  
 Ζεὺς ἐπὶ γιγνομένοισιν ἴη κακότητα βαρεῖαν.”  
 ὥς εἰπὼν ἀπέπεμπεν ἀδελφεόν, εὖ ἐπιτείλας,  
 αὐτὰρ ὃ βῆ ῥ' ἰέναι μετὰ Νέστορα ποιμένα λαῶν.  
 τὸν δ' εὗρεν παρὰ τε κλισίῃ καὶ νηὶ μελαίνῃ  
 εὐνῇ ἔνι μαλακῇ· παρὰ δ' ἔντεα ποικίλ' ἔκειτο, 75  
 ἀσπίς καὶ δύο δοῦρε φαεινὴ τε τρυφάλεια.  
 παρ δὲ ζωστήρ κείμετο παναίολος, ᾧ ῥ' ὁ γεραιὸς  
 ζώννυθ' ὅτ' ἐς πόλεμον φθισήνορα θωρήσσοιτο  
 λαὸν ἄγων, ἐπεὶ οὐ μὲν ἐπέτρεπε γήραϊ λυγρῷ.

Deeds he hath wrought full many, which I deem  
 Will work the Argives sorrow long and late,  
 Such woes against Achaians hath he planned.  
 But hie thee now, run swiftly by the ships,  
 And call me Ajax and Idomeneus.  
 To godlike Nestor I myself will go,  
 And bid him rise, to seek, if so he will,  
 The sacred band of guards, and give them charge.  
 For him they best will hear: his son it is  
 Who doth command the guards; and with him joined  
 Meriones squire of Idomeneus:  
 For 'twas to them we gave that special trust."

Then answered Menelaus good in fray:  
 "How means thy word of bidding and command?  
 Shall I remaining there with them await  
 Until thou come, or speed me back again  
 To thee, when I have given them careful charge?"

Answered him Agamemnon king of men:  
 "Remain thou there; lest haply as we come  
 We miss each other: there be many paths  
 That cross the camp. Speak too, where'er thou goest,  
 And bid them wakeful be; naming each man  
 By father and by kin, with titles due  
 To all; nor bear thee with a haughty mind;  
 But labour we ourselves. Zeus at our birth  
 Willed us, I ween, such heavy lot of woe."

So spake the king, and sent his brother forth  
 With careful charge. Himself then took his way  
 To seek out Nestor, shepherd of his folk.  
 Him by his tent and black-hulled ships he found  
 On a soft bed. Beside him lay his arms  
 Full richly wrought, a shield, two spears, a helm  
 Bright-glittering: and beside him lay withal  
 The supple belt that girt the greybeard's loins  
 When for the warrior-wasting fight he armed,  
 Leading his folk: for he to grievous age



ὀρθωθείς δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' ἀγκῶνος, κεφαλὴν ἐπαίρας, 80  
 Ἀτρεΐδην προσέειπε καὶ ἐξερεείνετο μύθῳ·

“τίς δ' οὗτος κατὰ νῆας ἀνὰ στρατὸν ἔρχεαι οἷος  
 νύκτα δι' ὀρφναίην, ὅτε θ' εὖδουσιν βροτοὶ ἄλλοι;  
 ἢ τίς τιν' οὐρήων διζήμενος ἢ τιν' ἐταίρων;  
 φθέγγεο, μῆδ' ἀκέων ἐπ' ἔμ' ἔρχεο· τίπτε δέ σε χρεώ;” 85

τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·  
 “ὦ Νέστορ Νηληιάδῃ, μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν,  
 γνῶσσαι Ἀτρεΐδην Ἀγαμέμνονα, τὸν περὶ πάντων  
 Ζεὺς ἐνέηκε πόνοισι διαμπερές, εἰς ὃ κ' αὐτμή  
 ἐν στήθεσσι μένη καί μοι φίλα γούνατ' ὀρώρη. 90  
 πλάζομαι ὧδ', ἐπεὶ οὐ μοι ἐπ' ὄμμασι νήδυμος ὕπνος  
 ἰζάνει, ἀλλὰ μέλει πόλεμος καὶ κήδε' Ἀχαιῶν.  
 αἰνῶς γὰρ Δαναῶν περιδεΐδρια, οὐδέ μοι ἦτορ  
 ἔμπεδον, ἀλλ' ἀλαλύκτῃμαι, κραδίη δέ μοι ἔξω  
 στηθέων ἐκθρώσκει, τρομέει δ' ὑπὸ φαλδίμα γυῖα. 95  
 ἀλλ' εἴ τι δραινείς, ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ σέ γ' ὕπνος ἰκάνει,  
 δεῦρ' ἐς τοὺς φύλακας καταβείομεν, ὄφρα ἴδωμεν,  
 μὴ τοὶ μὲν καμάτῳ ἀδηκότες ἠδὲ καὶ ὕπνῳ  
 κοιμήσωνται, ἀτὰρ φυλακῆς ἐπὶ πάγχυ λάθωνται.  
 δυσμενέες δ' ἄνδρες σχεδὸν εἶσται· οὐδέ τι ἴδμεν, 100  
 μή πως καὶ διὰ νύκτα μενοινήσωσι μάχεσθαι.”

τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἱππότης Νέστωρ·  
 “Ἀτρεΐδῃ κύδιστε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,  
 οὐ θὴν Ἑκτορι πάντα νοήματα μητιέτα Ζεὺς  
 ἐκτελέει, ὅσα που νῦν ἔλπεται· ἀλλὰ μιν οἶω 105  
 κήδεσι μοχθήσειν καὶ πλείοσιν, εἴ κεν Ἀχιλλεύς

No whit would yield. Upon his elbow propped  
 Now lift he up his head: and Atreus' son  
 He thus addrest with words of questioning:  
 "And who art thou that comest thus alone  
 Throughout our ships and host, in darkest night,  
 When other mortals sleep? Is it some guard,  
 Or comrade that thou seekest? Speak, nor come  
 Thus voiceless on me. What may be thy need?"

Then answered Agamemnon king of men:  
 "O Nestor, Neleus' son, Achaia's boast,  
 Know me for Agamemnon Atreus' son;  
 Whom above all in troubles Zeus hath plunged,  
 Troubles to last so long as in my breast  
 Be breath, and life be stirring in my limbs.  
 I wander thus because upon mine eyes  
 Sound sleep sits not, but I am much distraught  
 By cares of war and of Achaian woes.  
 Sorely I fear for this our Danaan host;  
 Nor stedfast stands my mind, but to and fro  
 I sway, and from my breast the heart leaps forth,  
 While my bright limbs beneath me trembling shake.  
 But if thou wilt do aught—since thee, as me,  
 Sleep visits not—come, go we to the guards,  
 To see, lest haply whelmed by toil and sleep  
 They lie, their watchful duty clean forgot.  
 For foes are camped full near, nor know we well  
 That e'en by night they may not dare the fray."

Whom Nestor answered then, Gerené's knight:  
 "Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men,  
 Great Agamemnon, not to all his thoughts  
 Will Hector find that Zeus the counsellor  
 Fulfilment brings, as now perchance he hopes.  
 But, as I think, with woes more numerous yet  
 He will be troubled, if Achilleus e'er

ἐκ χόλου ἀργαλέοιο μεταστρέψῃ φίλον ἦτορ.  
 σοὶ δὲ μάλ' ἔψομ' ἐγώ· ποτὶ δ' αὖ καὶ ἐγείρομεν ἄλλους,  
 ἡμὲν Τυδεΐδην δουρικλυτὸν ἠδ' Ὀδυσῆα  
 ἠδ' Αἴαντα ταχὺν καὶ Φυλῆος ἄλκιμον υἱόν. 110  
 ἀλλ' εἴ τις καὶ τούσδε μετοιχόμενος καλέσειεν,  
 ἀντίθεόν τ' Αἴαντα καὶ Ἰδομενῆα ἄνακτα·  
 τῶν γὰρ νῆες ἔασι ἐκαστάτω, οὐδὲ μάλ' ἐγγύς.  
 ἀλλὰ φίλον περ ἔοντα καὶ αἰδοῖον Μενέλαον  
 νεικέσω, εἴ πέρ μοι νεμεσήσεται, οὐδ' ἐπικεύσω, 115  
 ὥς εὔδει, σοὶ δ' οἷω ἐπέτρεψεν πονέεσθαι.  
 νῦν ὄφελεν κατὰ πάντας ἀριστῆας πονέεσθαι  
 λισσόμενος· χρεῖῳ γὰρ ἱκάνεται οὐκέτ' ἀνεκτός.”

τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·  
 “ὦ γέρον, ἄλλοτε μὲν σε καὶ αἰτιάσθαι ἄνωγα· 120  
 πολλάκι γὰρ μεθιεῖ τε καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλει πονέεσθαι,  
 οὔτ' ὄκνω εἶκων οὔτ' ἀφραδίῃσι νόοιο,  
 ἀλλ' ἐμέ τ' εἰσορόων καὶ ἐμὴν ποτιδέγμενος ὄρμῃν.  
 νῦν δ' ἐμέο πρότερος μάλ' ἐπέγρετο καὶ μοι ἐπέστη.  
 τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ προέηκα καλήμεναι οὐς σὺ μεταλλᾷς. 125  
 ἀλλ' ἴομεν· κείνους δὲ κιχησόμεθα πρὸ πυλάων  
 ἐν φυλάκεσσ'· ἵνα γάρ σφιν ἐπέφραδον ἡγέρεθεςθαι.”

τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα Γερῆνιος ἱππότης Νέστωρ·  
 “οὕτως οὐ τίς οἱ νεμεσήσεται οὐδ' ἀπιθήσει  
 Ἀργείων, ὅτε κέν τιν' ἐποτρύνῃ καὶ ἀνώγῃ.” 130

ὥς εἰπὼν ἔνδυνε περὶ στήθεσσι χιτῶνα,  
 ποσσὶ δ' ὑπὸ λιπαροῖσιν ἐδήσατο καλὰ πέδιλα,  
 ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα χλαῖναν περονήσατο φοινικέεσαν  
 διπλὴν ἐκταδίην, οὔλη δ' ἐπενήνοθε λάχνη.  
 εἴλετο δ' ἄλκιμον ἔγχος, ἀκαχμένον ὀξείῃ χαλκῷ, 135  
 βῆ δ' ἰέναι κατὰ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτῶνων.

Shall turn his heart to quit his grievous wrath.  
 But now I readily will follow thee :  
 And rouse we others to our company,  
 Tydides, spear-famed chief, Odysseus too,  
 Ajax the fleet, and valiant Phyleus' son.  
 Nay, and 'twere not amiss if one should go  
 And summon these besides—Ajax the great,  
 A peer of gods, and king Idomeneus ;  
 Whose ships are far to seek, not near at hand.  
 But Menelaus, tho' I hold him dear  
 And honoured, I will chide, e'en if thy wrath  
 Thereby I stir, nor will I hide my thought,  
 For that he sleeps and lets thee toil alone.  
 Now ought himself to toil and sue each chief,  
 For need no longer to be borne is ours."

Then answered Agamemnon king of men :  
 "O greybeard, times there are when I would bid  
 Thy blame be spoken ; for he oft is slack,  
 Nor wills to work ; not yielding to base fear,  
 Nor from a witless mind, but looking still  
 To me, and waiting ever for my lead.  
 But now he even rose before myself,  
 And sought me first. And him have I sent forth  
 To call those very men thou askest for.  
 But go we : we shall find them with the guards  
 Before the gates ; for there I bade them meet."

Him answered Nestor then, Gerené's knight :  
 "So will no Argive chafe nor disobey,  
 Whom he may spur to action or command."

So spake he, and around his breast he donned  
 A tunic, and beneath his shining feet  
 Bound his fair sandals ; then about him clasped  
 A mantle crimson-hued, double, and long,  
 Thick with soft wool, and grasped a mighty spear  
 Tipped with keen brass, and went his way along  
 The vessels of Achaia's mail-clad men.

πρῶτον ἔπειτ' Ὀδυσῆα Διὶ μῆτιν ἀτάλαντον  
 ἐξ ὕπνου ἀνέγειρε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ  
 φθεγξάμενος. τὸν δ' αἶψα περὶ φρένας ἤλυθ' ἰωή,  
 ἐκ δ' ἤλθεν κλισίης, καὶ σφεας πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν· 140  
 “τίφθ' οὔτω κατὰ νῆας ἀνὰ στρατὸν οἶοι ἀλᾶσθε  
 νύκτα δι' ἀμβροσίην, ὅτι δὴ χρεiw̄ τόσον ἵκει;”

τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·  
 “διογενὲς Λαερτιάδη, πολυμήχαν' Ὀδυσσεῦ,  
 μὴ νεμέσα· τοιοῦν γὰρ ἄχος βεβίηκεν Ἀχαιοῦς. 145  
 ἀλλ' ἔπεν, ὄφρα καὶ ἄλλον ἐγείρομεν, ὃν τ' ἐπέοικεν  
 βουλὰς βουλεύειν, ἣ φευγέμεν ἦε μάχεσθαι.”

ὥς φάθ', ὃ δὲ κλισίηνδε κιὼν πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς  
 ποικίλον ἀμφ' ὤμοισι σάκος θέτο, βῆ δὲ μετ' αὐτούς.  
 βὰν δ' ἐπὶ Τυδεΐδην Διομήδεα. τὸν δὲ κίχανον 150  
 ἐκτὸς ἀπὸ κλισίης σὺν τεύχεσιν· ἀμφὶ δ' ἐταῖροι  
 εὔδον, ὑπὸ κρασὶν δ' ἔχον ἀσπίδας· ἔγχεα δὲ σφιν  
 ὄρθ' ἐπὶ σαυρωτῆρος ἐλήλατο, τῇλε δὲ χαλκός  
 λάμφ' ὥς τε στεροπὴ πατρὸς Διός. αὐτὰρ ὃ γ' ἥρως  
 εὔδ', ὑπὸ δ' ἔστρωτο ῥινὸν βοῶς ἀγραύλοιο, 155  
 αὐτὰρ ὑπὸ κράτεσφι τάπης τετάνυστο φαεινός.  
 τὸν παρστὰς ἀνέγειρε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ,  
 λάξ ποδὶ κινήσας, ὥτρυνέ τε, νείκεσέ τ' ἄντην·  
 “ἔγρεο, Τυδέος υἱέ. τί πάννουχον ὕπνον ἄωτεῖς;  
 οὐκ αἶεις ὥς Τρῶες ἐπὶ θρωσμῷ πεδίῳ 160  
 εἵαται ἄγχι νεῶν, ὀλίγος δ' ἔτι χῶρος ἐρύκει;”

ὥς φαθ', ὃ δ' ἐξ ὕπνοιο μάλα κραιπνῶς ἀνόρουσεν,  
 καὶ μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·  
 “σχέτλιός ἐσσι, γεραιέ· σὺ μὲν πόνου οὐ ποτε λήγεις.



Odysseus first, in counsel peer of Zeus,  
 Nestor Gerené's knight uproused from sleep  
 With summons loud. Full quickly to his soul  
 The voice found entrance ; and from out his tent  
 Advancing thus the chieftains he address :  
 "Why roam ye thus alone through ships and host  
 In night ambrosial? what your urgent need?"

Then answered him Nestor Gerené's knight :  
 "Odysseus, Zeus-born prince, Laertes' son,  
 Achaia's boast, thou man of many wiles,  
 Chafe not : for direst grief doth press our host.  
 But follow thou ; that we may likewise rouse  
 Some other, whomsoe'er it may beseem  
 Counsel to give, whether we fly or fight."

He spake. Odysseus, many-counselled man,  
 Entered his tent, and round his shoulders braced  
 A shield right richly wrought, and followed them.  
 Then Diomedes, Tydeus' son, they sought :  
 And him outside and separate from his tent  
 They found, all armed : round whom his comrades slept  
 Pillowed upon their shields ; with spears hard by,  
 Planted upon their butts upright, wherefrom  
 Blazed far a brazen sheen as of the flash  
 Of Father Zeus. Slept too the hero's self,  
 A wild bull's hide beneath his body strewn,  
 A bright-hued carpet stretched beneath his head.  
 Then by him Nestor stood Gerené's knight,  
 And stirring him with vigorous push of foot  
 Waked up, and urged him on, and roundly chid :  
 "Rouse thee, thou son of Tydeus ! Wherefore sleep'st  
 A night-long sleep? Hear'st not how sons of Troy  
 Upon the rising ground are camped, hard by  
 Our ships, and scant the space that holds them back?"

He spake : the other quick from sleep upsprang,  
 And thus in wingèd words address the king :  
 "A stubborn carle, greybeard, art thou ! Of toil

οὐ νυ καὶ ἄλλοι ἔασι νεώτεροι νῆες Ἀχαιῶν, 165  
οἳ κεν ἔπειτα ἕκαστον ἐγείρειαν βασιλῆων  
πάντῃ ἐποιχόμενοι; σὺ δ' ἀμήχανός ἐσσι, γεραιέ."

τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·  
"ναὶ δὴ ταῦτά γε πάντα, τέκος, κατὰ μοῖραν ἔειπες.  
εἰσὶν μὲν μοι παῖδες ἀμύμονες, εἰσὶ δὲ λαοί 170

καὶ πολέες, τῶν κέν τις ἐποιχόμενος καλέσειεν.  
ἀλλὰ μάλα μεγάλη χρεῖ᾽ βεβίηκεν Ἀχαιοῦς·  
νῦν γὰρ δὴ πάντεσσιν ἐπὶ ξυροῦ ἴσταται ἀκμῆς  
ἣ μάλα λυγρὸς ὄλεθρος Ἀχαιοῖς ἢ βιῶναι.

ἀλλ' ἴθι νῦν Αἴαντα ταχὺν καὶ Φυλέος νιόν 175  
ἄνστησον (σὺ γάρ ἐσσι νεώτερος), εἴ μ' ἐλεαίρεις."

ὥς φάθ', ὃ δ' ἀμφ' ὥμοισιν ἐέσσατο δέρμα λέοντος  
αἰθωνος μεγάλοιο ποδηνεκές, εἴλετο δ' ἔγχος.  
βῆ δ' ἰέναι, τοὺς δ' ἔνθεν ἀναστήσας ἄγεν ἥρως.

οἳ δ' ὅτε δὴ φυλάκεσσιν ἐν ἀγρομένοισιν ἔμιχθεν, 180  
οὐδὲ μὲν εὐδοντας φυλάκων ἡγήτορας εὖρον,  
ἀλλ' ἐγρηγορτὶ σὺν τεύχεσιν εἶατο πάντες.

ὥς δὲ κύνες περὶ μῆλα δυσωρήσωσιν ἐν αὐλῇ  
θηρὸς ἀκούσαντες κρατερόφρονος, ὅς τε καθ' ὕλην  
ἔρχηται δι' ὄρεσφι· πολὺς δ' ὀρυμαγδὸς ἐπ' αὐτῷ 185  
ἀνδρῶν ἠδὲ κυνῶν, ἀπὸ τέ σφισιν ὕπνος ὄλωλεν·

ὥς τῶν νήδυμος ὕπνος ἀπὸ βλεφάροιν ὀλώλει  
νύκτα φυλασσομένοισι κακὴν· πεδίονδε γὰρ αἰεὶ  
τετράφαθ', ὀππότε ἐπὶ Τρώων αἴτιον ἰόντων.

τοὺς δ' ὁ γέρων γήθησε ἰδὼν, θάρσυνέ τε μύθῳ, 190  
καὶ σφεας φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·  
"οὔτω νῦν, φίλα τέκνα, φυλάσσετε· μηδέ τιν' ὕπνος  
αἰρείτω, μὴ χάρμα γενώμεθα δυσμενέεσσιν."

Thou know'st no end. Are then none other found,  
Achaia's sons, younger in years, to go  
Round all our camp and rouse each sleeping king?  
Greybeard, thou art indeed a restless wight."

And answer made Nestor Gerené's knight :  
"Yea, all thou say'st, my friend, is fitly said.  
Sons have I blameless, people have I too  
Full numerous ; and of these some one might well  
Bear round the summons. But it is a need  
Exceeding great constrains Achaia's sons.  
For on a razor's edge stands now the fate  
Of all our host, destruction dire or life.  
But hie thee now, Ajax the fleet arouse,  
And Phyleus' son : for thou, the younger man,  
May'st do my errand, if thou pitiest me."

He spake : the other wrapped his shoulders round  
With skin of lion tawny-hued and large,  
Mantling him to the feet, and took his spear.  
Then went he on his way, and from their place  
The hero roused and led the chieftains twain.

And when they came among the gathered guards,  
Their captains found they not asleep, but all  
Were sitting ready armed in wakeful wise,  
And as the dogs around a flock in fold  
Keep painful watch—when they have heard the roar  
Of dauntless beast, who through the mountain wood  
Approaches by large rout of men and dogs  
Full sorely pressed—and all their sleep is gone :  
So from the eyelids of the guards sweet sleep  
Was gone, as through the evil night they watched.  
For ever and anon toward the plain  
They turned them as they heard the Trojans move.  
And these the greybeard joyed to see, and spake  
To cheer them, and in wingèd words address :  
"Watch on, dear children, thus : let none by sleep  
Be holden ; lest we cause our foemen joy."

ὥς εἰπὼν τάφροιο διέσσυτο· τοὶ δ' ἅμ' ἔποντο  
 Ἀργείων βασιλῆες, ὅσοι κεκλήατο βουλήν. 195  
 τοῖς δ' ἅμα Μηριόνης καὶ Νέστορος ἀγλαὸς υἱὸς  
 ἦισαν· αὐτοὶ γὰρ κάλεον ξυμμητιάασθαι.  
 τάφρον δ' ἐκδιαβάντες ὀρυκτὴν ἐδριόωντο  
 ἐν καθαρῷ, ὅθι δὴ νεκύων διεφαίνετο χῶρος  
 πιπτόντων· ὅθεν αὐτὶς ἀπετράπेत' ὄβριμος Ἐκτωρ 200  
 ὁλλυὺς Ἀργείους, ὅτε δὴ περὶ νύξ ἐκάλυψεν.  
 ἔνθα καθεζόμενοι ἔπε' ἀλλήλοισι πίφανσκον.  
 τοῖσι δὲ μύθων ἦρχε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·  
 “ὦ φίλοι, οὐκ ἂν δὴ τις ἀνὴρ πεπίθοιθ' ἐφ' αὐτοῦ  
 θυμῷ τολμήεντι μετὰ Τρῳάας μεγαθύμους 205  
 ἐλθεῖν; εἴ τινά που δηρίων ἔλοι ἐσχατόωντα,  
 ἢ τινά που καὶ φῆμιν ἐνὶ Τρῳέεσσι πύθοιτο,  
 ἄσσα τε μητιόωσι μετὰ σφίσιν, ἢ μεμάασιν  
 αὐθι μένειν παρὰ νηυσὶν ἀπόπροθεν, ἥ ἐ πόλινδε  
 ἄψ ἀναχωρήσουσιν, ἐπεὶ δαμάσαντό γ' Ἀχαιοὺς. 210  
 ταῦτά κε πάντα πύθοιτο, καὶ ἄψ εἰς ἡμέας ἔλθοι  
 ἀσκηθῆς. μέγα κέν οἱ ὑπουργάνιον κλέος εἴη  
 πάντας ἐπ' ἀνθρώπους, καὶ οἱ δόσις ἔσσεται ἐσθλή·  
 ὅσοι γὰρ νήεσσιν ἐπικρατεύουσιν ἄριστοι,  
 τῶν πάντων οἱ ἕκαστος οἷν δώσουσι μέλαιναν 215  
 θῆλυν ὑπόρρηνον, τῇ μὲν κτέρας οὐδὲν ὁμοῖον·  
 αἰεὶ δ' ἐν δαίτησι καὶ εἰλαπίνῃσι παρέσται.”

ὥς ἔφαθ', οἳ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ.  
 τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·  
 “Νέστορ, ἔμ' ὀτρύνει κραδίη καὶ θυμὸς ἀγῆνωρ 220  
 ἀνδρῶν δυσμενέων δύναι στρατὸν ἐγγὺς ἑόντα,  
 Τρῳών. ἀλλ' εἴ τίς μοι ἀνὴρ ἅμ' ἔποιτο καὶ ἄλλος,  
 μᾶλλον θαλπωρὴ καὶ θαρσαλεώτερον ἔσται.  
 σὺν τε δὴ ἐρχομένῳ καὶ τε πρὸ ὃ τοῦ ἐνόησεν

He spake, and swiftly sped across the trench :  
And with him followed close those Argive kings  
Who had been called to council. With them went  
Meriones and Nestor's beaming son,  
Whom now themselves did call their rede to share.  
But when the deep-dug trench was crossed and cleared,  
In a void place they seated them, where shone  
An open plot amid the thick-strewn dead.  
There was it that impetuous Hector stayed  
His charge and turned him back from dealing death  
On Argives, when the veil of night came down.  
There sate they, and in turn declared their words :  
Of whom spake first Nestor Gerené's knight :  
"O friends, will no man on his daring heart  
Reliant to the high-souled Trojans' camp  
Go forth? if haply he may take some foe  
Outlying on the verge, or learn some news  
Among the Trojans, what their counsel is,  
Whether they mean here by our ships to bide  
Abroad, or to their city back again  
To turn, Achaia's armies once repelled.  
All this a man might learn, and come again  
To us unscathed. Great would his glory be  
Beneath wide heaven o'er all the tribes of men.  
And good shall be his guerdon. For the chiefs  
Who rule our ships shall give him, each and all,  
A black ewe, mother with a sucking lamb,  
A prize that nought can rival : and a place  
At feast and banquet he shall alway claim."

He spake : but they were mute and silent all.  
Then out spake Diomedes good in fray :  
"Nestor, my heart and manly spirit prompts  
Our Trojan foemen's camp, who lie so near,  
To enter. But one comrade could I take,  
More cheer were mine, and greater boldness too.  
When two together go, what's best to do



ὅππως κέρδος ἔη· μῶνος δ' εἴ πέρ τε νοήσῃ, 225  
ἀλλὰ τέ οἱ βράσσω τε νόος λεπτή δέ τε μῆτις.”

ὥς ἔφαθ', οἳ δ' ἔθελον Διομήδεϊ πολλοὶ ἔπεσθαι.  
ἠθελέτην Αἴαντε δύω, θεράποντες Ἄρηος,  
ἠθελε Μηριόνης, μάλα δ' ἠθελε Νέστορος υἱός,  
ἠθελε δ' Ἀτρείδης δουρικλειτὸς Μενέλαος, 230  
ἠθελε δ' ὁ τλήμων Ὀδυσσεὺς καταδύναϊ ὄμιλον  
Τρώων· αἰεὶ γάρ οἱ ἐνὶ φρεσὶ θυμὸς ἐτόλμα.

τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπέ ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·  
“Τυδεΐδῃ Διόμηδες ἐμῷ κεχαρισμένε θυμῷ,  
τὸν μὲν δὴ ἔταρόν γ' αἰρήσῃαι ὅν κ' ἐθέλῃσθα, 235  
φαινομένων τὸν ἄριστον, ἐπεὶ μεμάασί γε πολλοί.  
μηδὲ σύ γ' αἰδόμενος σῆσιν φρεσὶ τὸν μὲν ἀρείω  
καλλείπειν, σὺ δὲ χεῖρον' ὁπάσσειαι αἰδοῖ εἴκων,  
ἐς γενεὴν ὀρόων, μηδ' εἰ βασιλεύτερος ἐστίν.”

ὥς ἔφατ', ἔδδεισεν δὲ περὶ ξανθῷ Μενελάῳ. 240  
τοῖς δ' αὖτις μετέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·  
“εἰ μὲν δὴ ἔταρόν γε κελεύετε μ' αὐτὸν ἐλέσθαι,  
πῶς ἂν ἔπειτ' Ὀδυσῆος ἐγὼ θείοιο λαθοίμην,  
οὗ περὶ μὲν πρόφρων κραδίη καὶ θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ  
ἐν πάντεσσι πόνοισι, φιλεῖ δέ ἐ Παιλλὰς Ἀθήνη. 245  
τούτου γε σπομένοιο καὶ ἐκ πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο  
ἄμφω νοστήσαιμεν, ἐπεὶ περίοιδε νοῆσαι.”

τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς·  
“Τυδεΐδῃ, μήτ' ἄρ με μάλ' αἴνεε μήτε τι νείκει·  
εἰδόσι γάρ τοι ταῦτα μετ' Ἀργείοις ἀγορεύεις. 250  
ἀλλ' ἴομεν· μάλα γὰρ νύξ ἄνεται, ἐγγύθι δ' ἠώς,  
ἄστρα δὲ δὴ προβέβηκε, παροίχωκεν δὲ πλέων νύξ  
τῶν δύο μοιράων, τριτάτῃ δ' ἔτι μοῖρα λέλειπται.”

ὥς εἰπόνθ' ὅπλοισιν ἐνὶ δεινοῖσιν ἐδύτην.

One sees before the other : but alone  
Tho' one may see, yet may his mind to see  
Be slower, and his single counsel weak."

He spake : and many now were fain to go  
With Diomedes. Fain the Ajax pair,  
Henchmen of Ares ; fain Meriones ;  
Full fain the son of Nestor ; fain withal  
The spear-famed Menelaus, Atreus' son.  
Fain was Odysseus, much-enduring man,  
The Trojan throng to enter, for his heart  
Within his breast was ever venturous.  
And then spake Agamemnon king of men :  
"O Diomedes, to my soul most dear,  
Thou son of Tydeus, whomsoe'er thou wilt,  
That comrade choose, of those whom here thou seest  
The best, since many to the service press.  
Nor for a scruple leave the better man  
And take the worse, from reverence of rank,  
Looking to higher birth, or kinglier sway."

He spake, afraid for Menelaus' sake,  
That hero yellow-haired. Then 'mid them all  
Again spake Diomedes, good in fray :  
"If now ye bid myself my comrade choose,  
How could I pass divine Odysseus by?  
Whose ready heart and manly spirit shines  
In every toil preeminent : whom withal  
Pallas Athené loves. If he be there,  
E'en out of burning fire we both may come,  
Since all unrivalled is his cunning wit."

To whom replied the godlike patient chief :  
"Tydides, praise me not o'er much, nor blame :  
For this whereof thou speak'st these Argives know.  
But go we. Night is waning, dawn is near :  
The stars are forward far : of night are past  
Two parts and more, a third alone remains."

So spake the twain : and then in armour dread

Τυδεΐδῃ μὲν ἔδωκε μενεπτόλεμος Θρασυμήδης 255  
 φάσγανον ἄμφηκες (τὸ δ' ἐὼν παρὰ νηὶ λέλειπτο)  
 καὶ σάκος· ἄμφι δέ οἱ κυνέην κεφαλῇφιν ἔθηκεν  
 ταυρεΐην, ἄφαλόν τε καὶ ἄλλοφον, ἣ τε καταΐτυξ  
 κέκληται, ῥύεται δὲ κάρη θαλερῶν αἰζηῶν.

Μηριόνης δ' Ὀδυσῇ δίδου βιὸν ἠδὲ φαρέτρην 260  
 καὶ ξίφος, ἄμφι δέ οἱ κυνέην κεφαλῇφιν ἔθηκεν  
 ῥινοῦ ποιητήν· πολέσιν δ' ἔντοσθεν ἰμᾶσιν  
 ἐντέτατο στερεῶς· ἔκτοσθε δὲ λευκοὶ ὀδόντες  
 ἀργιύδοντος υἱὸς θαμέες ἔχον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα  
 εὖ καὶ ἐπισταμένως, μέσση δ' ἐνὶ πῖλος ἀρήρει. 265

τὴν ῥά ποτ' ἐξ Ἑλεῶνος Ἀμύντορος Ὀρμενίδαο  
 ἐξέλετ' Αὐτόλυκος πυκινὸν δόμον ἀντιτορήσας,  
 Σκάνδειαν δ' ἄρ' ἔδωκε Κυθηρίῳ Ἀμφιδάμαντι.  
 Ἀμφιδάμας δὲ Μόλῳ δῶκε ξεινήιον εἶναι,  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ Μηριόνη δῶκεν ᾧ παιδὶ φορῆναι. 270  
 δῆ τότ' Ὀδυσσῆος πύκασεν κάρη ἀμφιτεθεῖσα.

τῷ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν ὄπλοισιν ἐνὶ δεινοῖσιν ἐδύτην,  
 βάν ῥ' ἰέναι, λιπέτην δὲ κατ' αὐτόθι πάντας ἀρίστους.  
 τοῖσι δὲ δεξιὸν ἦκεν ἐρωδιὸν ἐγγὺς ὁδοῖο

Παλλὰς Ἀθηναίῃ· τοὶ δ' οὐκ ἴδον ὀφθαλμοῖσιν 275  
 νύκτα δι' ὀρφναίην, ἀλλὰ κλάγξαντος ἄκουσαν.  
 χαῖρε δὲ τῷ ὄρνιθ' Ὀδυσσεύς, ἠρᾶτο δ' Ἀθήνη·  
 “ κλῦθί μεν, αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς τέκος, ἣ τέ μοι αἰεὶ  
 ἐν πάντεσσι πόνοισι παρίστασαι, οὐδέ σε λήθω  
 κινύμενος. νῦν αὖτε μάλιστά με φίλαι, Ἀθήνη, 280  
 δὸς δὲ πάλιν ἐπὶ νῆας εὐκλείας ἀφικέσθαι  
 ῥέξαντας μέγα ἔργον, ὃ κεν Τρώεσσι μελήσει.”

They clad them. Thrasymedes staunch in war  
 Gave Tydeus' son a sword of double edge  
 (For he beside the ships had left his own),  
 And shield besides : and on his head he set  
 A bull's hide helm, plain without cone or crest,  
 Such as is called a bonnet, and is worn  
 By lusty youths to save the head from harm.  
 But to Odysseus gave Meriones  
 A bow and quiver, and a sword withal,  
 And on his head a helm he set, all wrought  
 Of leather—plaited firm with many a thong  
 Its inner fold, to strengthen it without  
 The gleaming teeth of white-tusked boar were set  
 Frequent on every side with cunning skill,  
 While firm-packed felt lined well the space between.  
 This from Amyntor son of Ormenus  
 At Eleon once Autolycus stole away,  
 Forcing the close-barred house. He gave it then  
 To go to Scandia with Amphidamas,  
 Who in Cythera dwelt : Amphidamas  
 To Molos gave it when his guest : and he  
 To his own son Meriones to wear.  
 And now it crowned and capped Odysseus' head.

So they, when both in armour dread were clad,  
 Went on their way, and all the other chiefs  
 Left there behind. A heron on their right  
 Pallas Athené sent, near to the way,  
 Which through the gloom of night they could not see,  
 But heard his scream. Rejoicing at the bird  
 Odysseus to Athené made his prayer :  
 "Hear me, thou child of aegis-bearing Zeus,  
 Who standest by me still in all my toils,  
 Nor move I e'er by thee unseen ! Again,  
 Athené, show thy special love, and grant  
 That we may glorious from the ships return,  
 Some great deed done to vex the sons of Troy."

δεύτερος αὐτ' ἡρᾶτο βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·  
 “κέκλυθι νῦν καὶ ἐμεῖο, Διὸς τέκος, ἀτρυτώνη.  
 σπεῖό μοι ὥς ὅτε πατρὶ ἄμ' ἔσπεο Τυδεΐ δῖω 285  
 ἐς Θήβας, ὅτε τε πρὸ Ἀχαιῶν ἄγγελος ἦι.  
 τοὺς δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' Ἀσωπῷ λίπε χαλκοχίτωνας Ἀχαιοὺς,  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ μειλίχιον μῦθον φέρε Καδμείοισιν  
 κεῖσ'· ἀτὰρ ἄψ ἀπιὼν μάλα μέρμερα μήσατο ἔργα  
 σὺν σοί, δία θεά, ὅτε οἱ πρόφρασσα παρέσσης. 290  
 ὥς νῦν μοι ἐθέλουσα παρίσταο καί με φύλασσε.  
 σοὶ δ' αὖ ἐγὼ ῥέξω βοῦν ἦνιν εὐρυμέτωπον  
 ἀδμήτην, ἣν οὐ πω ὑπὸ ζυγὸν ἦγαγεν ἀνὴρ·  
 τήν τοι ἐγὼ ῥέξω, χρυσὸν κέρασιν περιχεύας.”

ὥς ἔφαν εὐχόμενοι, τῶν δὲ κλύε Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη. 295  
 οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ ἡρήσαντο Διὸς κούρη μέγαλοιο,  
 βάν ῥ' ἵμεν ὥς τε λέοντε δύω διὰ νύκτα μέλαιναν,  
 ἄμ φόνον, ἄν νέκυας, διὰ τ' ἔντεα καὶ μέλαν αἷμα.

οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδὲ Τρῶας ἀγήνορας εἶας Ἔκτωρ  
 εὔδειν, ἀλλ' ἄμυδις κικλήσκετο πάντας ἀρίστους, 300  
 ὅσσοι ἔσαν Τρώων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες.  
 τοὺς ὅ γε συγκαλέσας πυκινὴν ἡρτύνετο βουλὴν·  
 “τίς κέν μοι τόδε ἔργον ὑποσχόμενος τελέσειεν  
 δώρῳ ἔπι μέγαλῳ; μισθὸς δέ οἱ ἄρκιος ἔσται·  
 δώσω γὰρ δῖφρον τε δύω τ' ἐριαύχενας ἵππους, 305  
 οἳ κεν ἄριστοι ἔωσι θοῆς ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν,  
 ὅς τις κε τλαίῃ, οἳ κ' αὐτῷ κῦδος ἄροίτο,  
 νηῶν ὠκυπόρων σχεδὸν ἐλθέμεν, ἔκ τε πυθέσθαι  
 ἢ φυλάσσονται νῆες θοαὶ ὥς τὸ πάρος περ,  
 ἢ ἤδη χεῖρεσσιν ὑφ' ἡμετέρησι δαμέντες 310  
 φῦξιν βουλεύουσιν μετὰ σφίσιν, οὐδ' ἐθέλουσιν  
 νύκτα φυλασσέμεναι, καμάτῳ ἀδηκότες αἰνῶ.”

ὥς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ.



Second prayed Diomedes good in fray :  
 "Hear me too now, thou tameless child of Zeus !  
 Go with me, as thou wentest with my sire  
 The godlike Tydeus, when to Thebes he came  
 A messenger before Achaia's host.  
 The rest upon Asopus' bank he left,  
 Achaia's mail-clad men : himself bore on  
 Soft words of peace to them of Cadmus' line,  
 While thither bound : but, as he gat him back,  
 Devised hard deeds of dread, with thee at hand,  
 Goddess divine, who gav'st him ready aid.  
 So now stand willing by and guard thou me.  
 And I to thee a heifer of a year  
 Will sacrifice, broad-browed, unbroken yet,  
 Which never man hath led beneath the yoke.  
 This will I slay, her horns with gold o'erlaid."

So prayed they both : Pallas Athené heard.  
 Then they, the maid of mighty Zeus invoked,  
 Went onward through black night, like lions twain,  
 Through gore and bodies, over arms and blood.

Nor more the while did Hector leave to sleep  
 The manly Trojans, but together called  
 The bravest, all their leaders and their chiefs.  
 These called he, and set forth his counsel shrewd :  
 "Who, pray, will promise and perform this deed  
 For ample gift? Assured shall be his meed.  
 For I a car will give him, and two steeds  
 Of arching neck, the best that may be found  
 At the swift vessels of Achaia's host.  
 These to the man who dares—and he will win  
 Glory himself thereby—near the swift ships  
 To approach, and learn if yet our foemen guard  
 Their swift ships, as of old, or by our hands  
 Now vanquished purpose flight, nor will to keep  
 A night-long watch, o'erwhelmed by wearying toil."

He spake : but they were mute and silent all.

ἦν δέ τις ἐν Τρώεσσι Δόλων Εὐμήδεος υἱός  
 κήρυκος θείοιο, πολὺχρυσος πολύχαλκος· 315  
 ὃς δὴ τοι εἶδος μὲν ἔην κακός, ἀλλὰ ποδώκης·  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ μοῦνος ἔην μετὰ πέντε κασιγνήτησιν.  
 ὅς ῥα τότε Τρωσὶν τε καὶ Ἑκτορι μῦθον ἔειπεν·  
 “Ἑκτορ, ἔμ’ ὀτρύνει κραδίη καὶ θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ  
 νηῶν ὠκυπόρων σχεδὸν ἐλθέμεν ἔκ τε πυθέσθαι. 320  
 ἀλλ’ ἄγε μοι τὸ σκῆπτρον ἀνάσχεο, καί μοι ὅμοσον  
 ἦ μὴν τοὺς ἵππους τε καὶ ἄρματα ποικίλα χαλκῷ  
 δώσειν οἳ φορέουσιν ἀμύμονα Πηλεΐωνα.  
 σοὶ δ’ ἐγὼ οὐχ ἄλιος σκοπὸς ἔσσομαι, οὐδ’ ἀπὸ δόξης·  
 τόφρα γὰρ ἐς στρατὸν εἴμι διαμπερές ὄφρ’ ἂν ἴκωμαι 325  
 νῆ’ Ἀγαμεμνονέην, ὅθι που μέλλουσιν ἄριστοι  
 βουλὰς βουλεύειν, ἣ φευγέμεν ἢ μάχεσθαι.”

ὥς φάθ’, ὁ δ’ ἐν χερσὶ σκῆπτρον λάβε καὶ οἳ ὅμοοσεν·  
 “ἴστω νῦν Ζεὺς αὐτός, ἐρίγδουπος πόσις Ἥρης,  
 μὴ μὴν τοῖς ἵπποισιν ἀνὴρ ἐποχήσεται ἄλλος 330  
 Τρώων, ἀλλὰ σέ φημι διαμπερές ἀγλαΐεῖσθαι.”

ὥς φάτο καὶ ῥ’ ἐπὶ ὀρκον ἐπώμοσε, τὸν δ’ ὀρόθυνεν.  
 αὐτίκα δ’ ἀμφ’ ὤμοισιν ἐβάλλετο καμπύλα τόξα,  
 ἔσσατο δ’ ἔκτοσθεν ῥινὸν πολιοῖο λύκοιο,  
 κρατὶ δ’ ἐπὶ κτιδέην κυνέην, ἔλε δ’ ὄξυν ἄκοντα, 335  
 βῆ δ’ ἰέναι προτὶ νῆας ἀπὸ στρατοῦ. οὐδ’ ἄρ’ ἔμελλεν  
 ἐλθάν ἐκ νηῶν ἄψ’ Ἑκτορι μῦθον ἀποίσειν.  
 ἀλλ’ ὅτε δὴ ῥ’ ἵππων τε καὶ ἀνδρῶν κάλλιφ’ ὄμιλον,  
 βῆ ῥ’ ἀν’ ὁδὸν μεμαώς· τὸν δὲ φράσατο προσιόντα  
 διογενὴς Ὀδυσσεύς, Διομήδεα δὲ προσέειπεν· 340  
 “οὗτός τις, Διόμηδες, ἀπὸ στρατοῦ ἔρχεται ἀνὴρ,  
 οὐκ οἶδ’ ἣ νήεσσιν ἐπίσκοπος ἡμετέρησιν

Now in the ranks of Troy a man there was,  
 Dolon by name, son of Eumedes he  
 A sacred herald, rich in gold and brass,  
 Uncomely he in face, but fleet of foot ;  
 With sisters five an only brother born.  
 To Hector and the rest he stood and spake :  
 "Hector, my heart and manly spirit prompts  
 The swift ships to approach, and gather news.  
 But come, thy sceptre raise, and swear to me  
 That thou in very sooth wilt give those steeds,  
 With chariot too all richly-wrought in brass,  
 Whereon the blameless son of Peleus rides.  
 And thou shalt find that no vain scout am I,  
 Nor fail thy hope ; for I will go right on  
 Throughout the host, ev'n till I reach the ship  
 Of Agamemnon, where, be sure, the chiefs  
 Debate in council now, to fly or fight."

He spake. The prince his sceptre grasped and sware :  
 "Let Zeus himself, Heré's loud-thundering lord,  
 Be now my witness ! On these steeds shall ride  
 No other man of Troy ; but thou, I say,  
 Throughout thy life shalt boast them as thy pride."

He spake, and sware in vain ; yet spurred him on.  
 At once his curvèd bow he slung around  
 His shoulders, and a grey wolf's hide o'er all  
 He threw, and set a helmet on his head  
 Of weasel-skin, and took a pointed dart.  
 Then from the host he went and toward the ships ;  
 Those ships wherefrom he never should return,  
 Nor back again to Hector bear his word.  
 But when the throng of steeds and men was left,  
 Eager he sped along his way : of whom,  
 As on he came, Odysseus, Zeus-born prince,  
 Was ware, and thus to Diomedes spake :  
 "Yonder, O Diomedes, from the host  
 Comes on a man, I know not whether spy

ἢ τινὰ συλήσων νεκύων κατατεθνηώτων.

ἀλλ' ἐώμέν μιν πρῶτα παρεξελθεῖν πεδίοιο  
 τυτθόν· ἔπειτα δέ κ' αὐτὸν ἐπαΐξαντες ἔλοιμεν 345  
 καρπαλίμως. εἰ δ' ἄμμε παραφθαίησι πόδεσσιν,  
 αἰεὶ μιν ἐπὶ νῆας ἀπὸ στρατόφιν προτιελεῖν  
 ἔγχει ἐπαΐσσων, μή πως προτὶ ἄστυ ἀλύξῃ."

ὥς ἄρα φωνήσαντε παρέξ ὁδοῦ ἐν νεκύεσσιν  
 κλινθήτην· ὃ δ' ἄρ' ὦκα παρέδραμεν ἀφραδίῃσιν. 350  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἀπέην ὅσσον τ' ἐπὶ οὖρα πέλονται  
 ἡμιόνων (αὖ γάρ τε βοῶν προφερέστεραι εἰσὶν  
 ἐλκόμεναι νειοῖο βαθείης πηκτὸν ἄροτρον),  
 τῷ μὲν ἐπεδραμέτην, ὃ δ' ἄρ' ἔστη δοῦπον ἀκούσας·  
 ἔλπετο γὰρ κατὰ θυμὸν ἀποστρέψοντας ἐταῖρους 355  
 ἐκ Τρώων ἵεναι, πάλιν Ἑκτορος ὀτρύναντος.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἄπεσαν δουρηνεκὲς ἢ καὶ ἔλασσον,  
 γυνῶ ῥ' ἄνδρας δηίους, λαιψήρὰ δὲ γούνατ' ἐνώμα  
 φευγέμεναι· τοὶ δ' αἶψα διωκέμεν ὠρμήθησαν.  
 ὥς δ' ὕτε καρχαρόδοντε δύω κύνε, εἰδότε θήρης, 360  
 ἢ κεμάδ' ἢ ἐλαγὼν ἐπείγεται ἐμμενὲς αἰεὶ  
 χῶρον ἀν' ὑλήενθ', ὃ δέ τε προθήησι μεμηκώς,  
 ὥς τὸν Τυδεΐδης ἠδὲ πτολίπορθος Ὀδυσσεύς  
 λαοῦ ἀποτμήξαντε διώκετον ἐμμενὲς αἰεὶ.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τάχ' ἔμελλε μιγήσεσθαι φυλάκεσιν 365  
 φεύγων ἐς νῆας, τότε δὴ μένος ἔμβαλ' Ἀθήνη  
 Τυδεΐδῃ, ἵνα μή τις Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων  
 φθαίῃ ἐπευξάμενος βαλέειν, ὃ δὲ δεύτερος ἔλθοι.  
 δουρὶ δ' ἐπαΐσσων προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·  
 "ἢ ἐμὲν ἢ ἐσε δουρὶ κιχήσομαι, οὐδέ σε φημι 370  
 δηρὸν ἐμῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἀλυξέμεν αἰπὺν ὄλεθρον."

Upon our ships, or bent to spoil the dead.  
Suffer we him at first to pass us by  
A little space along the plain, then quick  
Give chase and catch him : or, by speed of foot  
If he outrun us, always hem him in  
From his own camp toward our ships, with spear  
On rushing, that he 'scape not to the town."

Such words between them passed : then from the way  
They turned, and crouched amid the dead ; and he  
Ran swiftly by them in his heedless haste.  
But when he was before them by the length  
Of such a plot of ground as mules may plow—  
For they are faster still than are the kine  
To draw the jointed plough through loamy land—  
Then gave they chase : he heard the steps, and stood ;  
For hoped his heart that comrades came from Troy,  
By change of Hector's hest, to turn him back.  
But when within a spear-throw they had come  
Or even less, he knew the men for foes,  
And quickly did he move his limbs to fly,  
While they as swiftly bent them to pursue.  
And as two sharp-toothed hounds, skilled in the chase,  
Fast on the trace of flying fawn or hare  
Come pressing ever on, o'er woody ground,  
As he before them flies with plaintive cry ;  
So did the son of Tydeus and withal  
Odysseus, city-spoiler, on their prey  
From his own people barred press ever on.  
But when he now was close upon the guards,  
As toward the ships he fled, Athené breathed  
New strength in Tydeus' son, lest other man  
Of mailed Achaïans should forestall his blow  
And boast, and Diomedes second come.  
On rushed with spear the hero stout, and cried :  
"Stand, or my spear o'ertakes thee : nor, I ween,  
Long from my hand can'st shun destruction dire."



ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἔγχος ἀφῆκε, ἐκὼν δ' ἡμάρτανε φωτός,  
 δεξιτερὸν δ' ὑπὲρ ὤμου εὗξον δουρὸς ἀκωκή  
 ἐν γαλῇ ἐπάγη. ὃ δ' ἄρ' ἔστη τάρβησέν τε  
 βαμβαίνων, ἄραβος δὲ διὰ στόμα γίγνεται ὁδόντων, 375  
 χλωρὸς ὑπὸ δείους. τὼ δ' ἀσθμαίνοντε κιχήτην,  
 χειρῶν δ' ἀψάσθην. ὃ δὲ δακρύσας ἔπος ηὔδα·  
 “ζωγρεῖτ', αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἐμὲ λύσομαι· ἔστι γὰρ ἔνδον  
 χαλκὸς τε χρυσὸς τε πολύκμητός τε σίδηρος,  
 τῶν κ' ὕμνιν χαρίσαιτο πατὴρ ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα, 380  
 εἴ κεν ἐμὲ ζῶν πεπύθοιτ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν.”

τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·  
 “θάρσει, μηδέ τί τοι θάνατος καταθύμιος ἔστω.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι τόδε εἰπὲ καὶ ἀτρεκέως κατάλεξον·  
 πῇ δ' οὕτως ἐπὶ νῆας ἀπὸ στρατοῦ ἔρχεαι οἶος 385  
 νύκτα δι' ὀρφναίην, ὅτε θ' εὔδουσιν βροτοὶ ἄλλοι;  
 ἦ τινὰ συλήσων νεκύων κατατεθνηώτων;  
 ἦ σ' Ἐκτωρ προέηκε διασκοπιᾶσθαι ἕκαστα  
 νῆας ἔπι γλαφυράς; ἦ σ' αὐτὸν θυμὸς ἀνῆκεν;”

τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα Δόλων· ὑπὸ δ' ἔτρεμε γυῖα· 390  
 “πολλῇσιν μ' ἄτρησι παρέκ νόον ἤγαγεν Ἐκτωρ,  
 ὅς μοι Πηλεΐωνος ἀγαυοῦ μώνυχας ἵππους  
 δωσέμεναι κατένευσε καὶ ἄρματα ποικίλα χαλκῷ,  
 ἡνώγει δέ μ' ἰόντα θεοὴν διὰ νύκτα μέλαιναν  
 ἀνδρῶν δυσμενέων σχεδὸν ἐλθόμεν, ἔκ τε πυθέσθαι 395  
 ἦ ἐφυλάσσονται νῆες θεαὶ ὥς τὸ πάρος περ,  
 ἦ ἤδη χεῖρεσσιν ὑφ' ἡμετέρῃσι δαμέντες  
 φύξιν βουλεύουσι μετὰ σφίσιν, οὐδ' ἐθέλουσιν  
 νύκτα φυλασσέμεναι, καμάτῳ ἀδηκότες αἰνῶ.”

τὸν δ' ἐπιμειδήσας προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς· 400  
 “ἦ ῥά νύ τοι μεγάλων δώρων ἐπεμαίετο θυμός,  
 ἵππων Αἰακίδαο δαΐφρονος· οἷ δ' ἀλεγεινοί

He spake, and hurled his spear, but missed the man  
 With failure meant. O'er the right shoulder passed  
 The polished shaft, till in the earth the point  
 Was fast. He terror-stricken stood—his tongue  
 Stammering, his teeth loud chattering in his mouth—  
 All pale with fear. Breathless the twain came up,  
 And seized his hands; to whom in tears he spake:  
 "Spare but my life, and I will ransom me.  
 For I have stores at home of brass and gold  
 And iron deftly-wrought: wherefrom my sire  
 Will grant ye boundless price, if he shall learn  
 That yet beside Achaia's ships I live."

Answered Odysseus, many-counselled man:  
 "Take courage! let not death distress thy mind.  
 But come, declare me this, and tell me true:  
 Why com'st thou thus alone from camp to ships,  
 Through murky night when other mortals sleep?  
 Com'st thou to strip the bodies of the slain?  
 Or was it Hector sent thee forth to seek  
 Our hollow ships, and spy out all our ways?  
 Or at thy own heart's bidding art thou here?"

Then Dolon, as his limbs beneath him shook:  
 "Hector it was who led my heart astray  
 With maddest follies: for he pledged to give  
 The firm-hoofed steeds of Peleus' noble son  
 And chariot wrought with brass; and bade me go  
 Through black and fleeting night, and draw full near  
 Our foemen's camp, and learn if yet ye guard  
 Your swift ships, as of old, or by our hands  
 Now vanquished purpose flight, nor will to keep  
 A night-long watch, o'erwhelmed by wearying toil."

Smiling replied the many-counselled man:  
 "Truly of mighty gifts thy heart was fain,  
 The steeds of valiant-souled Aeacides.

ἀνδράσι γε θνητοῖσι δαμήμεναι ἢδ' ὀχέεσθαι,  
 ἄλλω γ' ἢ Ἀχιλῇ, τὸν ἀθανάτη τέκε μήτηρ.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι τόδε εἰπὲ καὶ ἀτρεκέως κατάλεξον· 405  
 ποῦ νῦν δεῦρο κιὼν λίπες Ἴκτορα ποιμένα λαῶν;  
 ποῦ δέ οἱ ἔντεα κεῖται ἀρήια, ποῦ δέ οἱ ἵπποι;  
 πῶς δ' αἱ τῶν ἄλλων Τρώων φυλακαὶ τε καὶ εὐναί;  
 ἄσσα τε μητιόωσι μετὰ σφίσιν, ἣ μεμάασιν  
 αὖθι μένειν παρὰ νηυσὶν ἀπόπροθεν, ἥ πόλινδε 410  
 ἀψ' ἀναχωρήσουσιν, ἐπεὶ δαμάσαντό γ' Ἀχαιοὺς."

τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε Δόλων Εὐμήδεος υἱός·  
 "τοιγὰρ ἐγὼ τοι ταῦτα μάλ' ἀτρεκέως καταλέξω.  
 Ἴκτωρ μὲν μετὰ τοῖσιν, ὅσοι βουλευφόροι εἰσὶν,  
 βουλὰς βουλεύει θείου παρὰ σήματι Ἴλου, 415  
 νόσφιν ἀπὸ φλοίσβου· φυλακὰς δ' ἄς εἵρεαι, ἥρως,  
 οὗ τις κεκριμένη ῥύεται στρατὸν οὐδὲ φυλάσσει.  
 ὅσσαι μὲν Τρώων πυρὸς ἐσχάrai, οἷσιν ἀνάγκη,  
 οἱ δ' ἐγρηγόρθασι φυλασσέμεναί τε κέλονται  
 ἀλλήλοις, ἀτὰρ αὖτε πολύκλητοι ἐπίκουροι 420  
 εὐδουσιν· Τρῳσὶν γὰρ ἐπιτραπέουσιν φυλάσσειν·  
 οὐ γάρ σφιν παῖδες σχεδὸν εἵαται οὐδὲ γυναῖκες."

τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·  
 "πῶς γὰρ νῦν, Τρώεσσι μεμιγμένοι ἵπποδάμοισιν  
 εὐδουσ', ἢ ἀπάνευθε; δίειπέ μοι, ὄφρα δαείω." 425

τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα Δόλων Εὐμήδεος υἱός·  
 "τοιγὰρ ἐγὼ καὶ ταῦτα μάλ' ἀτρεκέως καταλέξω.  
 πρὸς μὲν ἀλὸς Κᾶρες καὶ Παῖονες ἀγκυλότοξοι  
 καὶ Λέλεγες καὶ Καύκωνες δῖοί τε Πελασγοί,  
 πρὸς Θύμβρης δ' ἔλαχον Λύκιοι Μυσοὶ τ' ἀγέρωχοι 430  
 καὶ Φρύγες ἱππόμαχοι καὶ Μήονες ἱπποκορυσταί.  
 ἀλλὰ τίη ἐμὲ ταῦτα διεξερέεσθε ἕκαστα;

A grievous team they be for mortal men  
 To break or ride behind—for all save one,  
 Achilles, whom immortal mother bare.  
 But come declare me this, and tell me true:  
 Where left'st thou Hector, shepherd of his folk,  
 When hitherward thou cam'st? his arms of war  
 Where be they? where his horses? How are placed  
 The other Trojan lines for watch and sleep?  
 What counsel they? here by our ships to bide  
 Abroad, or to their city back again  
 To turn, Achaia's armies once repelled?"

Dolon Eumedes' son then made reply:  
 "All this I will declare and tell thee true.  
 Hector, with those that are his councillors,  
 Holds council now by holy Ilus' tomb,  
 Far from the crowd and din: but for the watch,  
 O hero, that thou askest of—our host  
 No separate ordered watch defends and guards.  
 By every fire of Trojans—who perforce  
 Must do it—there are wakeful men who urge  
 Each one his mate to watch: but our allies  
 Summoned from many lands sleep idly on,  
 Leaving to Trojan care the watch; for they  
 No children have nor wives abiding near."

To him again the many-counselled man:  
 "How mingled, pray, with Troy's steed-taming sons  
 Sleep they, or separate? say, that I may know."

And answer made Dolon Eumedes' son:  
 "This too I will declare, and tell thee true.  
 Towards the sea are Carians, and by them  
 Paeonians armed with curvèd bows; there too  
 Leleges and Cauconians, and withal  
 Divine Pelasgians. But toward Thymbra ranged  
 Are Lycians, Mysians proud, steed-taming sons  
 Of Phrygia, and Maeonians chariot-borne.  
 But of each special troop why ask ye me?

εἰ γὰρ δὴ μέματον Τρώων καταδῦναι ὄμιλον,  
 Θρήικες οἷδ' ἀπάνευθε νεήλυδες, ἔσχατοι ἄλλων,  
 ἐν δέ σφιν Ῥῆσος βασιλεύς, πάϊς Ἡιονῆος, 435  
 τοῦ δὴ καλλίστους ἵππους ἶδον ἠδὲ μεγίστους·  
 λευκότεροι χιόνος, θείειν δ' ἀνέμοισιν ὅμοιοι.  
 ἄρμα δέ οἱ χρυσῷ τε καὶ ἀργύρῳ εὖ ἥσκηται.  
 τεύχεα δὲ χρύσεια πελώρια, θαῦμα ἰδέσθαι,  
 ἦλυθ' ἔχων· τὰ μὲν οὐ τι καταθνητοῖσι ἔοικεν 440  
 ἀνδρεσσιν φορέειν, ἀλλ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν.  
 ἀλλ' ἐμὲ μὲν νῦν νηυσὶ πελάσσετον ὠκυπόροισιν,  
 ἦέ με δήσαντες λίπετ' αὐτόθι νηλεῖ δεσμῷ,  
 ὄφρα κεν ἔλθητον καὶ πειρηθῆτον ἐμεῖο  
 ἦέ κατ' αἴσαν ἔειπον ἐν ὑμῖν ἦέ καὶ οὐκί." 445

τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·  
 "μὴ δὴ μοι φύξιν γε, Δόλων, ἐμβάλλεο θυμῷ,  
 ἐσθλά περ ἀγγείλας, ἐπεὶ ἵκεο χεῖρας ἐς ἀμάς.  
 εἰ μὲν γὰρ κέ σε νῦν ἀπολύσομεν ἦέ μεθῶμεν,  
 ἦ τε καὶ ὕστερον εἰσθα θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν 450  
 ἦέ διοπτεύσων ἦ ἐναντίβιον πολεμίζων·  
 εἰ δέ κ' ἐμῆς ὑπὸ χερσὶ δαμεῖς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσης,  
 οὐκέτ' ἔπειτα σὺ πῆμά ποτ' ἔσσειαι Ἀργείοισιν."

ἦ, καὶ ὃ μὲν μιν ἔμελλε γενείου χειρὶ παχείῃ  
 ἀψάμενος λίσσεσθαι, ὃ δ' αὐχένα μέσσον ἔλασσεν 455  
 φασγάνῳ αἵξας, ἀπὸ δ' ἄμφω κέρσε τένοντε·  
 φθεγγομένου δ' ἄρα τοῦ γε κάρη κονίησιν ἐμίχθη.  
 τοῦ δ' ἀπὸ μὲν κτιδέην κυνέην κεφαλῇφιν ἔλοντο  
 καὶ λυκέην καὶ τόξα παλίντονα καὶ δόρυ μακρόν·  
 καὶ τὰ γ' Ἀθηναίῃ ληϊτίδι δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς 460  
 ὑψόσ' ἀνέσχεθε χειρί, καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ἠῦδα·  
 "χαῖρε θεὰ τοῖσδεσσι· σὲ γὰρ πρώτην ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ



For if ye twain are bent the Trojan throng  
 To enter, here apart are Thracian men  
 But newly come, the last of all the line.  
 And in their midst doth Rhesus lie, their king,  
 The son of Eioneus. Fairest his steeds  
 And largest-limbed of all that e'er I saw :  
 Whiter than snow they match the winds for speed.  
 A chariot hath he also deftly wrought  
 With gold and silver. Golden are the arms,  
 Of giant size, a marvel to behold,  
 Wherewith he came : beseems not mortal men  
 In such to clothe them, but immortal gods.  
 But take me now to your swift-sailing ships,  
 Or bind in ruthless bond and leave me here ;  
 That ye may go your way, and test my tale,  
 Whether my words to you be truth or no."

Then with grim glance stout Diomedes spake :  
 "Nay, Dolon, on escape set not thy heart,  
 Though good thy news, now that we hold thee fast.  
 For if for ransom we release thee now,  
 Or let thee go, surely thou'lt come again  
 Hereafter to the swift Achaian ships,  
 Either to spy or fight in open war.  
 But if thou lose thy life, slain by my hands,  
 To Argives thou wilt work no future harm."

He spake : and, as the other with broad hand  
 Reached out to touch his chin in suppliant prayer,  
 Right on his neck the flashing sword he drove,  
 And severed both the tendons, and the head—  
 Ev'n as he spake—was mingled with the dust.  
 Then from his head the helm of weasel-skin  
 They took, with wolf-skin cloak, and springing bow,  
 And the long lance. These to the Maid of spoil  
 Athené did Odysseus, godlike wight,  
 Hold up on high, and thus in prayer he spake :  
 "Hail, goddess, hail, with these! To thee of all

πάντων ἀθανάτων ἐπιδωσόμεθ'. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὖτις  
πέμψον ἐπὶ Θρηκῶν ἀνδρῶν ἵππους τε καὶ εὐνάς."

ὥς ἄρ' ἐφώνησεν, καὶ ἀπὸ ἔθεν ὑψόσ' αἰείρας 465  
θῆκεν ἀνὰ μυρίκην· δέελον δ' ἐπὶ σῆμά τ' ἔθηκεν,  
ξυμμάρψας δόνακας μυρίκης τ' ἐριθηλέας ὄζους,  
μὴ λάθοι αὖτις ἰόντε θοὴν διὰ νύκτα μέλαιναν.

τῷ δὲ βάτην προτέρω διὰ τ' ἔντεα καὶ μέλαν αἶμα,  
αἶψα δ' ἐπὶ Θρηκῶν ἀνδρῶν τέλος ἵξον ἰόντες. 470

οἱ δ' εὖδον καμάτῳ ἀδηκότες, ἔντεα δέ σφιν  
καλὰ παρ' αὐτοῖσι χθονὶ κέκλιτο, εὖ κατὰ κόσμον,  
τριστοιχί· παρὰ δέ σφι ἐκάστῳ δίζυγες ἵπποι.  
'Ρῆσος δ' ἐν μέσῳ εὖδε, παρ' αὐτῷ δ' ὠκέες ἵπποι  
ἐξ ἐπιδιφριάδος πυμάτης ἱμάσι δέδευντο. 475

τὸν δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς προπάροιθε ἰδὼν Διομήδεϊ δεῖξεν·  
"οὗτός τοι, Διόμηδες, ἀνὴρ, οὗτοι δέ τοι ἵπποι,  
οὓς νῶϊν πίψαυσκε Δόλων, ὃν ἐπέφνομεν ἡμεῖς.  
ἀλλ' ἄγε δῆ, πρόφερε κρατερὸν μένος· οὐδέ τί σε χρή  
ἐστάμεναι μέλεον ξὺν τεύχεσιν, ἀλλὰ λυ' ἵππους. 480  
ἡὲ σύ γ' ἄνδρας ἔναιρε, μελήσουσιν δ' ἐμοὶ ἵπποι."

ὥς φάτο, τῷ δ' ἔμπνευσε μένος γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη,  
κτείνει δ' ἐπιστροφάδην· τῶν δὲ στόνος ὤρνυτ' αἰκῆς  
ἄορι θεινομένων, ἐρυθαίνεται δ' αἵματι γαῖα.

ὥς δὲ λέων μήλοισιν ἀσημάντοισιν ἐπελθών, 485  
αἴγεσσ' ἢ οἶεσσι, κακὰ φρονέων ἐνορούσῃ,  
ὥς μὲν Θρήικας ἄνδρας ἐπώχετο Τυδέος υἱός,  
ὄφρα δυώδεκ' ἔπεφνεν. ἀτὰρ πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς,  
ὅν τινα Τυδεΐδης ἄορι πλήξειε παραστάς,  
τὸν δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς μετόπισθε λαβὼν ποδὸς ἐξερύσασκεν, 490  
τὰ φρονέων κατὰ θυμόν, ὅπως καλλίτριχες ἵπποι  
ρεῖα διέλθοιεν, μηδὲ τρομεοῖατο θυμῷ

Immortals in Olympus first we cry.  
But ev'n again thy guidance give, and show  
The steeds and couches of these Thracian men."

Such words he spake; and lift the spoils on high  
Then set them on a tamarisk tree: whereto  
A token plain he placed, some gathered reeds  
And leafy tamarisk boughs, that coming back  
Through black and fleeting night they might not miss.

Then onwards went the twain through arms and blood;  
And quickly to the Thracian band they came:  
Who wearied out were sleeping. By them lay  
Their fair arms on the ground in order piled,  
Three lines: and by each man his yoke of steeds,  
And in their midst slept Rhesus; and by him  
His fleet steeds from the hinder chariot rail  
Were tethered by the reins. Him first descried  
Odysseus, and to Diomedes showed:

"This is the man, be sure, and these the steeds,  
Whereof, O Diomedes, Dolon spake,  
Whom late we slew. Come then, thy mighty strength  
Put forth: it fits thee not all armed to stand,  
Nought doing. Wherefore loose the steeds: or thou  
Despatch the men, and be the steeds my care."

So spake he: but Athené, stern-eyed maid,  
Breathed strength in Tydeus' son, that right and left  
He slew, and, as the sword-strokes fell, their groans  
Rose grievous, and the soil ran red with blood.  
And as on flock unherded, goats or sheep,  
A lion sudden springs, bent to destroy,  
So came upon the Thracians Tydeus' son:  
Till twelve were slain. And he of many wiles,  
Odysseus, whomso with the falchion smote  
Tydides standing near, him by the foot  
He took and backward drew from out the line,  
This meaning, that the fair-maned steeds might pass  
All smoothly, nor in spirit shrink to step

νεκροῖς ἀμβαίνοντες· ἀήθεσσον γὰρ ἔτ' αὐτῶν.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ βασιλῆα κιχήσατο Τυδέος υἱός,  
 τὸν τρισκαιδέκατον μελιηδέα θυμὸν ἀπηύρα 495  
 ἀσθμαίνοντα· κακὸν γὰρ ὄναρ κεφαλῇφιν ἐπέστη  
 τὴν νύκτ', Οἰνεΐδαο πάϊς, διὰ μῆτιν Ἀθήνης.  
 τόφρα δ' ἄρ' ὁ τλήμων Ὀδυσσεὺς λύε μώνυχας ἵππους,  
 σὺν δ' ἤειρεν ἱμάσι, καὶ ἐξήλυνεν ὁμίλου  
 τόξῳ ἐπιπλήσσω, ἐπεὶ οὐ μάστιγα φαεινὴν 500  
 ποικίλου ἐκ δίφροιο νοήσατο χερσὶν ἐλέσθαι.  
 ῥοίζησεν δ' ἄρα πιφαύσκων Διομήδεϊ δίῳ.  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ μερμήριζε μένων ὅτι κύντατον ἔρδοι,  
 ἦ ὅ γε δίφρον ἐλών, ὅθι ποικίλα τεύχε' ἔκειτο,  
 ῥυμοῦ ἐξερύοι ἢ ἐκφέροι ὑψόσ' αἰείρας, 505  
 ἦ ἔτι τῶν πλεόνων Θρηκῶν ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἔλοιτο.  
 εἶος δ' ταῦθ' ὥρμαινε κατὰ φρένα, τόφρα δ' Ἀθήνη  
 ἐγγύθεν ἵσταμένη προσέφη Διομήδεα δῖον·  
 “νόστου δὴ μνήσαι, μεγαθύμου Τυδέος υἱέ,  
 νῆας ἔπι γλαφυράς, μὴ καὶ πεφοβημένος ἔλθης, 510  
 μὴ πού τις καὶ Τρώας ἐγείρῃσιν θεὸς ἄλλος.”

ὥς φάθ', ὁ δὲ ξυνέηκε θεᾶς ὅπα φωνησάσης,  
 καρπαλίμως δ' ἵππων ἐπεβήσετο. κόπτε δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς  
 τόξῳ· τοῖ δ' ἐπέτοντο θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.

οὐδ' ἀλαοσκοπὴν εἶχ' ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων, 515  
 ὥς ἰδ' Ἀθηναίην μετὰ Τυδέος υἱὸν ἔπουσαν·  
 τῇ κοτέων Τρώων κατεδύσετο πουλὺν ὄμιλον,  
 ὥρσεν δὲ Θρηκῶν βουληφόρον Ἴπποκόωντα,  
 Ῥήσου ἀνεψιὸν ἐσθλόν, ὁ δ' ἐξ ὕπνου ἀνορούσας,  
 ὥς ἰδε χῶρον ἐρῆμον ὅθ' ἔστασαν ὠκέες ἵπποι, 520

Amid the dead, a yet unwonted sight.  
But when the son of Tydeus reached the king,  
From him, the thirteenth slain, he took sweet life,  
As sore he panted, for an evil dream  
Stood o'er his head that night, the warrior child  
Of Æneus' son, sped by Athené's wile.  
But while he slew, Odysseus, patient wight,  
The firm-hoofed horses loosed, which by the reins  
He coupled, and drove forth from out the throng,  
Striking them with his bow, for the bright whip  
From chariot richly-wrought he had not marked  
To put his hand and take. Then whistling low  
To godlike Diomedes gave he sign.  
But he was doubting still, as there he stood,  
What boldest deed to do : to take the car,  
Where lay the rich-wrought arms, and by the pole  
Drag forth or lift on high and bear it out ;  
Or of that Thracian throng yet more to slay.  
But while he pondered thus, Athené came  
And standing near addressed the godlike chief :  
"Bethink thee of return to the hollow ships,  
Thou son of great-souled Tydeus ; lest it chance  
Thou go in fear and flight : for haply now  
Some other god may rouse thy Trojan foes."

She spake : he knew the goddess by her voice,  
And hasted him to mount ; Odysseus then  
Smote with his bow the steeds, that on they flew  
To the swift vessels of Achaia's host.

Meanwhile Apollo of the silver bow  
No blind watch kept : but, when with Tydeus' son  
He saw Athené following, wroth with her  
He plunged amid the numerous Trojan throng,  
And roused a Thracian councillor, by name  
Hippocoon—cousin brave of Rhesus he.  
Upstart he from sleep ; and, when he saw  
Void space where fleet-foot steeds had stood, and men



ἄνδρας τ' ἀσπαίροντας ἐν ἀργαλέησι φονῇσιν,  
 ὥμωξέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα, φίλον τ' ὀνόμηνεν ἑταῖρον.  
 Τρώων δὲ κλαγγή τε καὶ ἄσπετος ὄρτο κυδοιμός  
 θυνόντων ἄμυδις· θηεῦντο δὲ μέρμερα ἔργα,  
 ὅσος ἄνδρες ῥέξαντες ἔβαν κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας.

525

οὐ δ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἵκανον ὅθι σκοπὸν Ἑκτορος ἔκταν,  
 ἔνθ' Ὀδυσσεὺς μὲν ἔρυξε διίφιλος ὠκέας ἵππους.  
 Τυδείδης δὲ χαμᾶζε θορῶν ἔναρα βροτόεντα  
 ἐν χεیرهσσ' Ὀδυσῇ τίθη, ἐπεβήσετο δ' ἵππων.  
 μᾶστιξεν δ' ἐλάαν, τὼ δ' οὐκ ἄκουτε πετέσθην  
 νῆας ἔπι γλαφυράς· τῇ γὰρ φίλον ἔπλετο θυμῷ.  
 Νέστωρ δὲ πρῶτος κτύπον αἶε, φώνησέν τε  
 “ὦ φίλοι Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες,  
 ψεύσομαι ἢ ἔτυμον ἐρέω; κέλεται δέ με θυμός.  
 ἵππων μ' ὠκυνπόδων ἀμφὶ κτύπος οὔατα βάλλει.  
 αἱ γὰρ δὴ Ὀδυσσεὺς τε καὶ ὁ κρατερός Διομήδης  
 ὦδ' ἄφαρ ἐκ Τρώων ἐλασαίατο μώνυχας ἵππους.  
 ἀλλ' αἰνῶς δειδοίκα μετὰ φρεσὶ μή τι πάθωσιν  
 Ἀργείων ὄριστοι ὑπὸ Τρώων ὀρυμαγδοῦ.”

530

535

οὐ πω πᾶν εἴρητο ἔπος ὅτ' ἄρ' ἤλυθον αὐτοί.  
 καὶ ῥ' οἱ μὲν κατέβησαν ἐπὶ χθόνα, τοὶ δὲ χαρέντες  
 δεξιῇ ἡσπάζοντο ἔπεσσί τε μελιχίοισιν.  
 πρῶτος δ' ἐξερέεινε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·  
 “εἴπ' ἄγε μ', ὦ πολύαιν' Ὀδυσσεῦ, μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν,  
 ὅπως τούσδ' ἵππους λάβετον· καταδύντες ὄμιλον  
 Τρώων; ἢ τίς σφωε πόρεν θεὸς ἀντιβολήσας;  
 αἰνῶς ἀκτίνεσσι ἐοικότες ἠελίοιο.  
 αἰεὶ μὲν Τρώεσσ' ἐπιμίσσομαι, οὐδέ τί φημι  
 μιμνάζειν παρὰ νηυσί, γέρων περ ἐὼν πολεμιστής·

540

545

Yet gasping in a hideous heap of slain,  
With cry of woe he named his comrade dear.  
Clamour of Trojans then and uproar rose  
Unutterable, as they together rushed.  
Wond'ring they saw what deeds of dread the men  
Had wrought ere to the hollow ships they turned.

But for the chiefs—when to the spot they came  
Where Hector's spy they slew, Odysseus there,  
Beloved of Zeus, reined in the fleet-foot steeds ;  
And to the ground the son of Tydeus leapt,  
And in Odysseus' hands lifting he placed  
The bloody spoils, and mounted up again.  
The steeds he lashed ; who nothing loth flew on  
To the hollow ships, for thither were they fain.  
Their clattering hoofs first Nestor heard and spake :  
“ Friends, kings and captains of our Argive host,  
Shall I be false herein, or say the truth ?  
My spirit bids me speak. The clattering sound  
Of horses at the gallop strikes mine ears.  
Pray heaven it be Odysseus, and withal  
Stout Diomedes, who thus soon return  
From Trojan camp and drive these firm-hoofed steeds.  
But sore I fear at heart some harm has happ'd  
To these our bravest from the host of Troy.”

Not all his words were ended when they came.  
Then to the ground down leapt they : whom the rest  
Rejoicing greeted with right hand of love  
And kindly words : and first Gerené's knight  
Nestor thus asked them how their work had sped :  
“ Come tell me, O Odysseus, much-praised man,  
Achaia's mighty boast, how got ye twain  
These steeds. The Trojan armies entered ye ?  
Or met some god who gave them ? To the rays  
Of the bright Sun-god they are wondrous like.  
I ever mingle with the Trojan lines,  
Nor loiter—I may boast—beside the ships,  
Albeit a greybeard warrior. Yet such steeds

ἀλλ' οὐ πω τοίους ἵππους ἶδον οὐδὲ νόησα. 550  
 ἀλλὰ τιν' ὑμῖν δόμεναι θεὸν ἀντιάσαντα·  
 ἀμφοτέρω γὰρ σφῶι φιλεῖ νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς  
 κούρη τ' αἰγιόχοιο Διός, γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη."

τὸν δ' ἀπαμβιβόμενος προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·  
 "ὦ Νέστορ Νηληιάδῃ, μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν, 555  
 ῥεῖα θεός γ' ἐθέλων καὶ ἀμείνονας ἤε περ οἶδε  
 ἵππους δωρήσαιο, ἐπεὶ ἡ πολὺν φέρτεροι εἰσίν.  
 ἵπποι δ' οἶδε, γεραιέ, νεήλυδες, οὓς ἐρεείνεις,  
 Θρηίκιοι· τὸν δέ σφι ἄνακτ' ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης  
 ἔκτανε, παρ δ' ἐτάρους δυοκαίδεκα πάντας ἀρίστους. 560  
 τὸν τρισκαιδέκατον σκοπὸν εἵλομεν ἐγγύθι νηῶν,  
 τὸν ῥα διοπτῆρα στρατοῦ ἔμμεναι ἡμετέροιο  
 Ἐκτωρ τε προέηκε καὶ ἄλλοι Τρῶες ἀγανοί."

ὥς εἰπὼν τάφροιο διήλασε μῶνυχας ἵππους  
 καγχαλῶν· ἅμα δ' ἄλλοι ἴσαν χαίροντες Ἀχαιοί. 565  
 οἱ δ' ὅτε Τυδεΐδew κλισίην εὐτυχτον ἵκοντο,  
 ἵππους μὲν κατέδησαν εὐτμήτοισιν ἱμάσιν  
 φάτνῃ ἐφ' ἵππειν, ὅθι περ Διομήδεος ἵπποι  
 ἔστασαν ὠκύποδες μελιηδέα πυρὸν ἔδοντες,  
 νηὶ δ' ἐνὶ πρυμνῇ ἔναρα βροτόεντα Δόλωνος 570  
 θῆκ' Ὀδυσσεύς, ὅφρ' ἱρὸν ἐτοιμασσαίαιτ' Ἀθήνη.  
 αὐτοὶ δ' ἰδρῶ πολλὸν ἀπενίζοντο θαλάσση  
 ἐσβάντες, κνήμας τε ἰδὲ λόφον ἀμφί τε μηρούς.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ σφιν κῦμα θαλάσσης ἰδρῶ πολλόν  
 νύψεν ἀπὸ χρωτὸς καὶ ἀνέψυχθεν φίλον ἦτορ, 575  
 ἔς ῥ' ἀσαμίνθους βάντες εὐξέστας λούσαντο.  
 τῷ δὲ λοεσσαμένῳ καὶ ἀλειψαμένῳ λίπ' ἐλαίῳ  
 δείπνῳ ἐφιζανέτην, ἀπὸ δὲ κρητῆρος Ἀθήνη  
 πλείον ἀφυσσόμενοι λεῖβον μελιηδέα οἶνον.

I ne'er yet saw nor marked. But 'twas, I ween,  
Some god encountering gave them : for to Zeus  
Cloud-gatherer, and Athené, stern-eyed maid  
Of aegis-wielding Zeus, ye both are dear."

To whom replied the many-counselled man :  
"O Nestor Neleus' son, Achaia's pride,  
A god with ease, if so he willed, could give  
E'en better steeds than these be, for the gods  
Are mightier far. But, father, for these steeds  
Whereof thou askest, they are newly come,  
Of Thracian strain ; and him who was their lord  
Stout Diomedes slew, and by his side  
Twelve comrades, good men all. And one to boot  
Thirteenth we took hard by our ships, a scout,  
Whom to spy out our army was sent forth  
By Hector and the noble sons of Troy."

So spake he, and across the trench he drove  
The firm-hoofed steeds, loud laughing : and with him  
Followed Achaia's sons rejoicing all.

But when Tydides' well-framed tent they reached,  
The horses by the well-cut reins they tied  
Fast to the rack, where stood the fleet-foot steeds  
Of Diomedes eating sweet-grained wheat.

But Dolon's bloody spoils Odysseus stowed  
Safe in his vessel's stern, that they therefrom  
An offering to Athené might prepare.

Then entered they the sea, and there washed off  
The copious sweat from knees and neck and thighs.  
And when the salt sea wave had washed their skin  
Of copious sweat, and much refreshed their heart ;  
Then stepped they into polished bathing tubs  
Of water sweet, to cleanse them of the brine.

And so, their bathing done, with olive oil  
The twain anointed them and sate to meat ;  
And to Athené from the brimming bowl  
Drew out and duly poured the honeyed wine.

## ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Λ.

Ἀγαμέμνωνος ἀριστεία.

Ἦὼς δ' ἐκ λεχέων παρ' ἀγανού Τιθωνοῖο  
ᾠρνυθ', ἵν' ἀθανάτοισι φόως φέροι ἡδὲ βροτοῖσιν·  
Ζεὺς δ' Ἐριδα προΐαλλε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν  
ἀργαλέην, πολέμοιο τέρας μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχουσαν.

στῇ δ' ἐπ' Ὀδυσσῆος μεγακῆτεϊ νηὶ μελαίνῃ,  
ἥ ῥ' ἐν μεσσάτῳ ἔσκε γεγωνέμεν ἀμφοτέρωσε,

ἡμὲν ἐπ' Αἴαντος κλισίας Τελαμωνιάδαο

ἡδ' ἐπ' Ἀχιλλῆος, τοί ῥ' ἔσχατα νῆας εἵσας

εἵρυσαν, ἡνορέῃ πίσυνοι καὶ κάρτεϊ χειρῶν.

ἔνθα στᾶσ' ἦνσε θεὰ μέγα τε δεινόν τε

ὄρθι, Ἀχαιοῖσιν δὲ μέγα σθένος ἔμβαλ' ἐκάστῳ

καρδίῃ, ἄλληκτον πολεμιζέμεν ἡδὲ μάχεσθαι.

τοῖσι δ' ἄφαρ πόλεμος γλυκίων γένετ' ἡὲ νέεσθαι  
ἐν νηυσὶ γλαφυρῇσι φίλῃν ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν.

Ἀτρεΐδης δ' ἐβόησε ἰδὲ ζώννυσθαι ἄνωγεν  
Ἀργείους· ἐν δ' αὐτὸς ἐδύσετο νώροπα χαλκόν.

κνημίδας μὲν πρῶτα περὶ κνήμησιν ἔθηκεν

καλὰς, ἀργυρέοισιν ἐπισφυρίοις ἀραρυίας·

δεύτερον αἶθ' ὠρήκα περὶ στήθεσσιν ἔδυνεν,

τόν ποτέ οἱ Κινύρης δῶκε ξεινήιον εἶναι.

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## ILIAD XI.

*The prowess of Agamemnon, and his wounding.*

MORN from her bed and from Tithonus' side,  
Her noble spouse, uprose, to bring the light  
To gods immortal and to mortal men,  
When Discord to the swift Achaian ships  
Was sent of Zeus, fell power, bearing in hand  
Dread sign of war. And by Odysseus' ship  
She stood, that midmost lay, black-hulled and huge,  
Whence either way a voice might well be heard,  
Or to the tent of Ajax Telamon,  
Or to Achilleus' tent—those twain who ranged  
Last of the line their balanced ships, secure  
In their bold manhood and their mighty hands.  
There stood the goddess, and gave forth a shout  
Loud terrible and shrill, whereby she breathed  
A mighty strength in each Achaian heart  
Unceasingly to battle and to fight.  
And war they now deemed sweeter than to sail  
In hollow ships to their own fatherland.

Then did the son of Atreus cry aloud,  
Bidding his Argives gird their armour on,  
The while himself he clad in dazzling mail.  
First put he round his legs the greaves so fair  
With silver ankle-clasps made fast and sure ;  
The corslet next around his breast he drew,  
That Cinyras once had given, a gift from far,

πεύθετο γὰρ Κύπρονδε μέγα κλέος, οὔνεκ' Ἀχαιοί  
 ἐς Τροίην νήεσσιν ἀναπλεύσεσθαι ἔμελλον·  
 τούνεκά οἱ τὸν ἔδωκε, χαριζόμενος βασιλῇ.  
 τοῦ δ' ἦ τοι δέκα οἴμοι ἔσαν μέλανος κυάνοιο,  
 δώδεκα δὲ χρυσοῦ καὶ εἴκοσι κασσιτέριοι· 25  
 κυάνεοι δὲ δράκοντες ὀρωρέχατο προτὶ δειρήν  
 τρεῖς ἑκάτερθ', ἴρισι εἰκότες ἄς τε Κρονίων  
 ἐν νέφεϊ στήριξε τέρας μερόπων ἀνθρώπων.  
 ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ὥμοισιν βάλετο ξίφος· ἐν δέ οἱ ἦλοι  
 χρύσειοι πάμφαινον, ἀτὰρ περὶ κουλεὸν ἦεν 30  
 ἀργύρεον, χρυσείοισιν ἀορτήρεσσιν ἀρηρός.  
 ἂν δ' ἔλετ' ἀμφιβρότην πολυδαίδαλον ἀσπίδα θοῦριν,  
 καλήν, ἣν πέρι μὲν κύκλοι δέκα χάλκεοι ἦσαν,  
 ἐν δέ οἱ ὀμφαλοὶ ἦσαν εἴκοσι κασσιτέριοι  
 λευκοί, ἐν δὲ μέσοισιν ἔην μέλανος κυάνοιο. 35  
 τῇ δ' ἐπὶ μὲν Γοργῶ βλοσυρῶπις ἐστεφάνωτο  
 δεινὸν δερκομένη, περὶ δὲ δειμὸς τε φόβος τε.  
 τῆς δ' ἐξ ἀργύρεος τελαμῶν ἦν· αὐτὰρ ἐπ' αὐτοῦ  
 κυάνεος ἐλέλικτο δράκων, κεφαλαὶ δέ οἱ ἦσαν  
 τρεῖς ἀμφιστρεφέες, ἐνὸς αὐχένος ἐκπεφυυῖαι. 40  
 κρατὶ δ' ἐπ' ἀμφίφαλον κυνέην θέτο τετραφάληρον  
 ἵππουριν· δεινὸν δὲ λόφος καθύπερθεν ἔνευεν.  
 εἴλετο δ' ἄλκιμα δοῦρε δύω, κεκορυθμένα χαλκῶ,  
 ὀξέα· τῇλε δὲ χαλκὸς ἀπ' αὐτόφιν οὐρανὸν εἴσω  
 λάμπ'. ἐπὶ δὲ γδούπησαν Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ Ἥρη, 45  
 τιμῶσαι βασιλῆα πολυχρύσοιο Μυκῆνης.  
 ἡνιόχῳ μὲν ἔπειτα ἑῷ ἐπέτελλε ἕκαστος  
 ἵππους εὖ κατὰ κόσμον ἐρυκέμεν αὖθ' ἐπὶ τάφρῳ,  
 αὐτοὶ δὲ πρυλῆες σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες  
 ῥῶνont· ἄσβεστος δὲ βοή γένητ' ἡῶθι πρό. 50  
 φθὰν δὲ μέγ' ἱππήων ἐπὶ τάφρῳ κοσμηθέντες,

For Cyprus heard the mighty fame that now  
Achaia's ships would sail the seas to Troy.  
Wherefore he gave this gift to please the king.  
Ten stripes of dark-blue metal there were wrought  
With twelve of gold, and twenty more of tin.  
And snakes of dark-blue metal stretched them up  
Toward the wearer's neck, three on each side,  
Like to the rainbow-lines, that Cronos' son  
Sets in the cloud, a sign to speaking men.  
Around his shoulders then his sword he slung  
Gleaming with studs of gold, in silver sheath,  
But bright with gold the gear by which it hung.  
Then took he up his lightly-wielded targe,  
The body's ample guard, fair, richly-wrought,  
Round which ten brazen circles ran ; within  
Were twenty bosses white of tin, and one  
Midmost of dark-blue metal. Rose thereon  
A grim-faced Gorgon of terrific glance,  
With Terror and with Flight on either side.  
And from the shield was stretched a silver strap  
With dark-blue serpent wreathed thereon, whose heads  
Three turning either way from one neck grew.  
Then on his head a helm of double cone  
He set, four-plumed, with horse-hair crest above  
That nodded terrible : two mighty spears  
He took withal brass-tipped and keen, whose blaze  
Flashed far to deepest heaven. A thundering sound  
Athené then and Heré gave, to grace  
The sovereign of Mycenæ's golden town.

Now to his charioteer each chief gave charge,  
There by the trench to hold his horses back  
In order due ; but all in armour clad  
Themselves moved on afoot ; and quenchless rose  
Their shout before the dawn. They with the horse  
Took order, at the trench ; then went they first,

ἰππῆες δ' ὀλίγον μετεκίαθον. ἐν δὲ κυδοιμόν  
 ὤρσε κακὸν Κρονίδης, κατὰ δ' ὑψόθεν ἦκεν ἑέρσας  
 αἵματι μυδαλέας ἐξ αἰθέρος, οὔνεκ' ἔμελλεν  
 πολλὰς ἰφθίμους κεφαλὰς Ἀῖδι προΐάψειν.

55

Τρῶες δ' αὖθ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐπὶ θρωσμῷ πεδίοιο,  
 Ἑκτορά τ' ἀμφὶ μέγαν καὶ ἀμύμονα Πουλυδάμαντα  
 Αἰνείαν θ', ὃς Τρωσὶ θεὸς ὥς τίετο δῆμῳ,  
 τρεῖς τ' Ἀντηνορίδας, Πόλυβον καὶ Ἀγήνορα δῖον  
 ἠΐθεόν τ' Ἀκάμαντ', ἐπιείκελον ἀθανάτοισιν.

60

Ἑκτωρ δ' ἐν πρώτοισι φέρ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' εἵσθη.  
 οἷος δ' ἐκ νεφέων ἀναφαίνεται οὐλῖος ἀστήρ  
 παμφαίνων, τοτὲ δ' αὖτις ἔδν νέφεα σκιάοντα,  
 ὥς Ἑκτωρ ὅτ' ἐμὲν τε μετὰ πρώτοισι φάνεσκεν  
 ἄλλοτε δ' ἐν πυμάτοισι κελεύων· πᾶς δ' ἄρα χαλκῷ  
 λάμφ' ὥς τε στεροπὴ πατρὸς Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο.

65

οἱ δ', ὥς τ' ἀμνητῆρες ἐναντίοι ἀλλήλοισιν  
 ὕγμον ἐλαύνωσιν ἀνδρὸς μάκαρος κατ' ἄρουραν  
 πυρῶν ἢ κριθέων· τὰ δὲ δράγματα ταρφέα πίπτει·  
 ὥς Τρῶες καὶ Ἀχαιοὶ ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι θορόντες  
 δῆουν, οὐδ' ἕτεροι μνώοντ' ὀλοοῖο φόβοιο,  
 ἴσας δ' ὑσμίνῃ κεφαλὰς ἔχον· οἱ δὲ λύκοι ὥς  
 θῦνον. Ἔρις δ' ἄρ' ἔχαιρε πολύστονος εἰσορόωσα·  
 οἷη γάρ ῥα θεῶν παρετύγχανε μαρναμένοισιν,  
 οἱ δ' ἄλλοι οὐ σφιν πάρεσαν θεοί, ἀλλὰ ἔκηλοι  
 σφοῖσιν ἐνὶ μεγάροισι καθεΐατο, ἥχι ἐκάστω  
 δώματα κάλ' ἐτέτυκτο κατὰ πτύχας Οὐλύμποιο.

70

75

πάντες δ' ἠτιόωντο κελαινεφέα Κρονίωνα,  
 οὔνεκ' ἄρα Τρώεσσιν ἐβούλετο κῦδος ὀρέξαι.  
 τῶν μὲν ἄρ' οὐκ ἀλέγιζε πατήρ· ὃ δὲ νόσφι λιασθεῖς  
 τῶν ἄλλων ἀπάνευθε καθέζετο κύδει γαίων,  
 εἰσορόων Τρώων τε πόλιν καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν

80

The horsemen following on nor far behind.  
And Cronides with tumult fell inspired  
Their host, and from on high sent down a dew  
Of dripping blood, in token that he willed  
To hurl to Hades many a valiant head.

But o'er against them on the rising ground  
Mustered the sons of Troy, around their chiefs,  
Hector the great, blameless Polydamas,  
Æneas, whom the Trojan folk revered  
Ev'n as a god, Antenor's scions three,  
Polybus, with Agenor the divine,  
And youthful Acamas, of immortals peer.  
And Hector foremost bare his orbèd shield.  
And as from clouds fell Sirius all ablaze  
Now sudden bursts, now hides him in their shade,  
So Hector now shone foremost in the van,  
Now, hidden, urged the rear, in flashing mail  
Bright as the bolt of th' aegis-wielding sire.

The hosts—as reapers in two facing rows  
Work the long swathe in wealthy owner's field  
Of barley or of wheat, from whose full hands  
The severed stalks fall fast—so in firm line  
The Trojans and Achaians dealing death  
Each at the other leapt, nor either thought  
Of baneful flight, but in the conflict still  
Held even heads, and wolf-like rushed and raged.  
Then woful Discord joyed the sight to see,  
For she alone was present at the fight,  
Nor other gods were there; but undisturbed  
In their own halls they sat, where a fair home  
Was built for each within Olympus' glens.  
These all on cloud-veiled Cronides cast blame,  
That glory thus to Troy he willed to grant.  
Yet nought the Father recked of them, but turned  
Apart and sate alone in pride of power  
Troy's town beholding, and Achaia's ships,



χαλκοῦ τε στεροπὴν, ὀλλύντας τ' ὀλλυμένους τε.

ὄφρα μὲν ἡὼς ἦν καὶ ἀέξετο ἱερὸν ἦμαρ,  
 τόφρα μάλ' ἀμφοτέρων βέλε' ἤπτετο, πίπτε δὲ λαός· 85  
 ἦμος δὲ δρυτόμος περ ἀνὴρ ὠπλίσσατο δεῖπνον  
 οὔρεος ἐν βήσσησιν, ἐπεὶ τ' ἐκορέσσατο χεῖρας  
 τάμνων δένδρεα μακρά, ἄδος τέ μιν ἵκετο θυμόν,  
 σίτου τε γλυκεροῖο περὶ φρένας ἵμερος αἰρεῖ,  
 τῆμος σφῇ ἀρετῇ Δαναοὶ ῥήξαντο φάλαγγας, 90  
 κεκλόμενοι ἐτάροισι κατὰ στίχας. ἐν δ' Ἀγαμέμνων  
 πρῶτος ὄρουσ', ἔλε δ' ἄνδρα Βιήνορα ποιμένα λαῶν,  
 αὐτόν, ἔπειτα δ' ἐταῖρον Ὀϊλῆα πλήξιππον.  
 ἦ τοι ὃ γ' ἐξ ἵππων κατεπάλμενος ἀντίος ἔστη·  
 τὸν δ' ἰθὺς μεμαῶτα μετώπιον ὀξείῃ δουρί 95  
 νύξ', οὐδὲ στεφάνῃ δόρυ οἱσχέθε χαλκοβάρεια,  
 ἀλλὰ δι' αὐτῆς ἦλθε καὶ ὀστέον, ἐγκέφαλος δέ  
 ἔνδον ἅπας πεπάλακτο· δάμασσε δέ μιν μεμαῶτα.  
 καὶ τοὺς μὲν λίπεν αὖθι ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,  
 στήθεσι παμφαίνοντας, ἐπεὶ περιίδυσε χιτῶνας· 100  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ Ἰσόν τε καὶ Ἀντιφον ἐξεναρίζων,  
 νῖε δύω Πριάμοιο, νόθον καὶ γνήσιον, ἄμφω  
 εἰν ἐνὶ δίφρῳ ἑόντας. ὁ μὲν νόθος ἡνιόχευεν,  
 Ἀντιφος αὖ παρέβασκε περικλυτός· ὦ ποτ' Ἀχιλλεύς  
 Ἰδῆς ἐν κνημοῖσι δίδῃ μόσχοισι λύγοισιν, 105  
 ποιμαίνοντ' ἐπ' ὅεσσι λαβών, καὶ ἔλυσεν ἀποίνων.  
 δὴ τότε γ' Ἀτρεΐδης εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων  
 τὸν μὲν ὑπὲρ μαζοῖο κατὰ στήθος βάλε δουρί,  
 Ἀντιφον αὖτε παρ' οὓς ἔλασε ξίφει, ἐκ δ' ἔβαλ' ἵππων.  
 σπερχόμενος δ' ἀπὸ τοῖν ἐσύλα τεύχεα καλά, 110

The sheen of brass, the slayers and the slain.

While yet 'twas morning tide, and day divine  
Still grew, so long the spears of either host  
Found mark and warriors fell. But at the hour  
When in a forest glade the woodman spreads  
His mid-day meal—for loathing now the work  
His spirit feels desire of pleasant food—  
Ev'n at that hour the Danaans' prowess brake  
The opposing squares, as in their ranks they urged  
Each one his comrade. Agamemnon first  
Dashed in, and slew a man, Bienor named,  
A people's shepherd, then his comrade true  
Oileus slew he, smiter of his steeds.  
Who from the car leapt down and faced the foe,  
But him, as eager on he pressed, the king  
With pointed spear full in the forehead pierced,  
Nor did the helmet-rim of heavy brass  
Turn back the spear, which through the metal passed  
And through the bone, that all the brains within  
Were scattered, and his eager spirit quelled.  
And these the son of Atreus king of men  
Left there to lie with breasts all bare and bright  
Stript of their shirts of mail ; and hied him on  
To slay two sons of Priam, Isus named  
And Antiphus, a bastard and a true,  
Both in one car. The bastard held the reins,  
While noble Antiphus fought by his side.  
These twain Achilleus once on Ida's slope  
Took as they fed their sheep, and bound them fast  
With willow bands, and then for ransom loosed.  
But now did Agamemnon, mighty king,  
The son of Atreus, cast his spear and strike  
The one above the nipple on the breast,  
And Antiphus he smote beside the ear  
With cut of sword, and hurled him from his car.  
Then hasted he to strip from off the twain

γιγνώσκων· καὶ γάρ σφε πάρος παρὰ νηυσὶ θεῶσιν  
 εἶδεν, ὅτ' ἐξ Ἰδης ἄγαγεν πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς.  
 ὥς δὲ λέων ἐλάφοιο ταχείης νήπια τέκνα  
 ῥηιδίως συνέαξε λαβὼν κρατεροῖσιν ὁδοῦσιν,  
 ἐλθὼν εἰς εὐνὴν, ἀπαλὸν τέ σφ' ἦτορ ἀπηύρα· 115  
 ἢ δ' εἴ πέρ τε τύχῃσι μάλα σχεδόν, οὐ δύναταί σφιν  
 χραισμεῖν· αὐτὴν γάρ μιν ὑπὸ τρόμος αἰνὸς ἰκάνει·  
 καρπαλίμως δ' ἦριξε διὰ δρυμὰ πικνὰ καὶ ὕλην  
 σπεύδουσ' ἰδρώουσα κραταιοῦ θηρὸς ὕφ' ὀρμῆς·  
 ὥς ἄρα τοῖς οὐ τις δύνατο χραισμησαί ὄλεθρον 120  
 Τρώων, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ ὑπ' Ἀργείοισι φέβοντο.

αὐτὰρ ὁ Πείσανδρόν τε καὶ Ἴππόλοχον μενεχάρμην,  
 νίεας Ἀντιμάχοιο δαΐφρονος, ὅς ῥα μάλιστα  
 χρυσὸν Ἀλεξάνδροιο δεδεγμένος, ἀγλαὰ δῶρα,  
 οὐκ εἶασχ' Ἑλένην δόμεναι ξανθῷ Μενελάῳ, 125  
 τοῦ περ δὴ δύο παῖδε λάβεν κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων  
 εἰν ἐνὶ δῖφρῳ ἑόντας, ὁμοῦ δ' ἔχον ὠκέας ἵππους·  
 ἐκ γάρ σφεας χειρῶν φύγον ἡνία σιγαλόεντα,  
 τῷ δὲ κυκηθήτην. ὁ δ' ἐναντίον ὤρτο λέων ὥς  
 Ἀτρεΐδης· τῷ δ' αὐτ' ἐκ δῖφρου γουναζέσθην· 130  
 “ζώγρει, Ἀτρέος νιέ, σὺ δ' ἄξια δέξαι ἄποινα·  
 πολλὰ δ' ἐν Ἀντιμάχοιο δόμοις κειμήλια κεῖται,  
 χαλκός τε χρυσός τε πολύκμητός τε σίδηρος,  
 τῶν κέν τοι χαρίσαιο πατὴρ ἀπείρεσί' ἄποινα,  
 εἰ νῶϊ ζωὸς πεπύθοιτ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν.” 135

ὥς τῷ γε κλαίοντε προσαυδήτην βασιλῆα  
 μελιχίοις ἐπέεσσιν· ἀμείλικτον δ' ὅπ' ἄκουσαν  
 “εἰ μὲν δὴ Ἀντιμάχοιο δαΐφρονος νιέες ἐστόν,  
 ὅς ποτ' ἐνὶ Τρώων ἀγορῇ Μενέλαον ἄνωγεν,

Their goodly arms, well knowing those whom erst  
 By the swift ships he saw when captive brought  
 From Ida by Achilleus fleet of foot.  
 And as a lion to his lair returned  
 Finds in his covert laid the weakling young  
 Of nimble hind, whom in his powerful teeth  
 With ease he crunches, of their tender life  
 Bereaving them—but she, their dam, hard by  
 Yet cannot save them, for with trembling dread  
 Herself is touched, and swift she speeds away  
 Through tangled copse and wood, in haste and sweat,  
 To 'scape the onset of the mighty beast—  
 So these from doom the Trojans could not save,  
 But fled themselves before their Argive foes.

Then on Pisander and Hippolochus,  
 A warrior staunch, Atrides came—the sons  
 Of brave Antimachus, who most of all,  
 Bribe by rich gifts of Alexander's gold  
 To Menelaus of the yellow hair  
 Forbade to give back Helen—on his sons  
 King Agamemnon came, two in one car,  
 As they toward him drove their fleet-foot steeds;  
 For from their hands the shining reins escaped,  
 And all confused they strayed. Against them rose  
 Atrides, as a lion; whom the twain  
 From out the car addressed with suppliant prayer:  
 "Give quarter, son of Atreus! and receive  
 A worthy ransom. With Antimachus  
 Lie many treasures stored, both brass and gold  
 And well-wrought iron: and of these our sire  
 Would give unstinted ransom, should he learn  
 That at the Achaian vessels yet we live."

Thus weeping they addressed the king with words  
 Of softness, but no soft reply they heard:  
 "If truly sons of brave Antimachus  
 Ye be, who once in Trojan council urged

ἀγγελίην ἐλθόντα σὺν ἀντιθέφῳ Ὀδυσῇ,  
 αὖθι κατακτεῖναι μῆδ' ἐξέμεν ἄψ ἔς Ἀχαιοὺς,  
 νῦν μὲν δὴ τοῦ πατρὸς ἀεικέα τίσετε λώβην."

140

ἦ, καὶ Πείσανδρον μὲν ἀφ' ἵππων ὥσε χαμάζε,  
 δουρὶ βαλὼν πρὸς στῆθος· ὃ δ' ὕπτιος οὔδεις ἐρείσθη·  
 Ἴππόλοχος δ' ἀπόρουσε. τὸν αὖ χαμαὶ ἐξενάριξεν,  
 χεῖρας ἀπὸ ξίφει πλήξας ἀπὸ τ' αὐχένα κόψας,  
 ὄλμον δ' ὥς ἔσσευε κυλίνδεσθαι δι' ὀμίλου.

145

τοὺς μὲν ἔασ', ὃ δ', ὅθι πλεῖσται κλονέοντο φάλαγγες,  
 τῇ ῥ' ἐνόρουσ', ἅμα δ' ἄλλοι εὐκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί.  
 πεζοὶ μὲν πεζοὺς ὄλεκον φεύγοντας ἀνάγκη,  
 ἱππῆες δ' ἱππῆας—ὑπὸ σφίσι δ' ὤρτο κονίη  
 ἐκ πεδίου, τὴν ὤρσαν ἐρίγδουποι πόδες ἵππων—  
 χαλκῷ δηιόωντες. ἀτὰρ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων  
 αἰὲν ἀποκτείνων ἔπετ', Ἀργείοισι κελεύων.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτε πῦρ αἶδηλον ἐν ἀξύλῳ ἐμπέσῃ ὕλῃ·  
 πάντῃ τ' εἰλυφόων ἄνεμος φέρει, οἱ δέ τε θάμνοι  
 πρόρριζοι πίπτουσιν ἐπειγόμενοι πυρὸς ὀρμῇ·  
 ὥς ἄρ' ὑπ' Ἀτρεΐδῃ Ἀγαμέμνονι πίπτε κάρηνα  
 Τρώων φευγόντων, πολλοὶ δ' ἐριαύχενες ἵπποι  
 κεῖν' ὄχεα κροτάλιζον ἀνὰ πτολέμοιο γεφύρας,  
 ἡνιόχους ποθέοντες ἀμύμονας. οἱ δ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ  
 κείατο, γύπεσσιν πολὺ φίλτεροι ἢ ἀλόχοισιν.

150

155

160

Ἔκτορα δ' ἐκ βελέων ὕπαγε Ζεὺς ἔκ τε κονίης  
 ἔκ τ' ἀνδροκτασίης ἔκ θ' αἵματος ἔκ τε κυδοιμοῦ·  
 Ἀτρεΐδης δ' ἔπετο σφεδανὸν Δαναοῖσι κελεύων.  
 οἱ δὲ παρ' Ἴλου σῆμα παλαιοῦ Δαρδανίδαο,  
 μέσσον καὶ πεδίου, παρ' ἐρινεὸν ἐσσεύοντο

165



That Menelaus, when in embassy  
He with divine Odysseus came, should there  
Be slain, nor to Achaia free return ;  
Your father's outrage vile ye now shall pay."

He spake, and from the chariot to the ground  
Pisander hurled, with spear-wound on the breast,  
Who backward struck the earth. Then fled away  
Hippolochus ; and him on foot he slew,  
Severing his hands and sweeping off the neck  
With stroke of sword, and as a bowling stone  
The limbless trunk sent spinning through the throng.

These there he left, and where the thickest squares  
Fled in confusèd rout there dashed he in,  
And with him all Achaia's well-greaved host.  
Foot slaughtered foot, as now perforce they fled,  
Horse upon horse, while 'neath them rose the dust  
Stirred by the thundering hoofs from off the plain,  
Dealt death with weapons keen. And he, the king,  
Great Agamemnon, followed ever close  
Slaying the foes, and urged his Argives on.  
And as when wasting fire some forest dense  
Invades, and by the wind is onward rolled,  
Burnt to the roots the saplings prostrate fall  
Pressed by the furious flame, so in their flight  
The Trojan heads before Atrides fell.  
And many were the steeds of arching neck  
That roamed with empty clattering cars across  
The battle bridge, lacking the guiding hands  
Of blameless charioteers, who prostrate lay  
A daintier sight for vultures than for wives.

But Hector from the spears, and from the dust,  
And from the carnage and the blood and din,  
Zeus kept apart, while Atreus' son pressed on  
Furious and fast, urging his Danaan host.  
Whose foemen past the tomb of Ilus old  
The son of Dardanus, o'er the mid plain

ἰέμενοι πόλιος· ὃ δὲ κεκληγῶς ἔπετ' αἰεὶ  
 Ἀτρεΐδης, λύθρῳ δὲ παλάσσετο χεῖρας ἀάπτους·  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὲ Σκαιάς τε πύλας καὶ φηγὸν ἵκοντο, 170  
 ἔνθ' ἄρα δὴ ἴσταντο καὶ ἀλλήλους ἀνέμιμνον.  
 οἳ δ' ἔτι καὶ μέσσον πεδίου φοβέοντο, βόες ὥς  
 ἅς τε λέων ἐφόβησε μολῶν ἐν νυκτὸς ἀμολγῶ  
 πάσας· τῇ δέ τ' ἰῆ ἀναφαίνεται αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος·  
 τῆς δ' ἐξ αὐχέν' ἔαξε λαβὼν κρατεροῖσιν ὁδοῦσιν 175  
 πρῶτον, ἔπειτα δέ θ' αἶμα καὶ ἔγκατα πάντα λαφύσσει.  
 ὥς τοὺς Ἀτρεΐδης ἔφεπεν κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,  
 αἰὲν ἀποκτείνων τὸν ὀπίστατον· οἳ δὲ φέβοντο.  
 πολλοὶ δὲ πρηνεῖς τε καὶ ὑπτιοὶ ἔκπεσον ἵππων  
 Ἀτρεΐδew ὑπὸ χερσίν· περιπρὸ γὰρ ἔγχεϊ θύεν. 180  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τάχ' ἔμελλον ὑπὸ πτόλιν αἰπύ τε τείχος  
 ἵξεσθαι, τότε δὴ ῥα πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε  
 Ἴδης ἐν κορυφῇσι καθέζετο πιδηέσσης  
 οὐρανόθεν καταβάς· ἔχε δ' ἀστεροπὴν μετὰ χερσίν·  
 Ἴριν δ' ὥτρυνεν χρυσόπτερον ἀγγελέουσιν 185  
 “βάσκ' ἴθι, Ἴρι ταχεῖα, τὸν Ἑκτορι μῦθον ἔνισπε.  
 ὄφρ' ἂν μὲν κεν ὄρῃ Ἀγαμέμνονα ποιμένα λαῶν  
 θύνοντ' ἐν προμάχοισιν, ἐναίροντα στίχας ἀνδρῶν,  
 τόφρ' ἀναχωρεῖτω, τὸν δ' ἄλλον λαὸν ἀνώχθω  
 μάρνασθαι δηίοισι κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην. 190  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κ' ἡ δουρὶ τυπεῖς ἡ βλήμενος ἰῶ  
 εἰς ἵππους ἄλεται, τότε οἱ κράτος ἐγγυαλίξω,  
 κτείνειν εἰς ὃ κε νῆας εὖσσέλμους ἀφίκηται  
 δύη τ' ἡέλιος καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἱερὸν ἔλθῃ.”  
 ὥς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθῃσε ποδῆνεμος ὠκέα Ἴρις, 195

Past the wild fig-tree, fled in eager haste  
 To gain the town : Atrides following still  
 With shrilling cry, his hands invincible  
 All stained with gore. But when the Scaean gates  
 And oak-tree they had reached, the foremost there  
 Stood firm, their fleeing comrades to await.  
 Who o'er the middle plain still fled, as kine  
 By lion coming in the dead of night  
 Flee all affrighted, but destruction dire  
 For one is seen, whose neck with powerful teeth  
 The beast first seizing breaks, then drains the blood  
 And all the flesh devours—ev'n so on these  
 King Agamemnon son of Atreus pressed,  
 And slew each hindmost foe, as still they fled.  
 And many fell beneath Atrides' hands,  
 Face forward from their cars or backward thrown,  
 For foremost and most furious raged his lance.

But when beneath the town and beetling wall  
 He now full soon had come, then from high heaven  
 The sire of gods and men descending sate  
 On Ida's peak, that mount of many rills,  
 With levin-bolt in hand : and thus he urged  
 Iris his courier of the golden wings :  
 "Hie thee, swift Iris, and to Hector speak  
 This word of mine : So long as he shall see  
 Great Agamemnon shepherd of his host  
 Rushing amid the van and dealing death  
 On ranks of men, so long let him retire  
 Himself, but bid the rest, the common throng,  
 In stubborn conflict with their foemen fight.  
 But when the king by spear or arrow smit  
 Leaps on his car, then grant I strength to him  
 To slay till to the well-benched ships he come,  
 And sun be set and sacred darkness fall."

He spake : nor disobedient to his word  
 Swift windfoot Iris gat her down in haste

βῆ δὲ κατ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων εἰς Ἴλιον ἱρήν.  
 εὖρ' υἷὸν Πριάμοιο δαΐφρονος, Ἐκτορα δῖον,  
 ἕσταότ' ἐν θ' ἵπποισι καὶ ἄρμασι κολλητοῖσιν.  
 ἀγχοῦ δ' ἵσταμένη προσέφη πόδας ὠκέα Ἴρις·  
 “Ἐκτορ νιὲ Πριάμοιο, Διὶ μῆτιν ἀτάλαντε,  
 Ζεὺς με πατὴρ προέηκε τέτν τάδε μυθήσασθαι.  
 ὄφρ' ἂν μὲν κεν ὄρῃς Ἀγαμέμνονα ποιμένα λαῶν  
 θύνοντ' ἐν προμάχοισιν, ἐναίροντα στίχας ἀνδρῶν,  
 τόφρ' ὑπόεικε μάχης, τὸν δ' ἄλλον λαὸν ἄνωχθι  
 μάρνασθαι δηίοισι κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κ' ἦ δουρὶ τυπεῖς ἦ βλήμενος ἰῶ  
 εἰς ἵππους ἄλεται, τότε τοι κράτος ἐγγυαλίζει,  
 κτείνειν εἰς ὃ κε νῆας εὖσσέλμους ἀφίκηαι  
 δύη τ' ἡέλιος καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἱερὸν ἔλθῃ.”

ἦ μὲν ἄρ' ὥς εἰποῦσ' ἀπέβη πόδας ὠκέα Ἴρις,  
 Ἐκτωρ δ' ἐξ ὀχέων ξὺν τεύχεσιν ἄλτο χαμᾶζε,  
 πάλλων δ' ὀξέα δοῦρε κατὰ στρατὸν ὄρχετο πάντῃ,  
 ὀτρύνων μαχέσασθαι, ἔγειρε δὲ φύλοπιν αἰνῇ.  
 οἱ δ' ἐλελίχθησαν καὶ ἐναντίοι ἔσταν Ἀχαιῶν.  
 Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐκαρτύναντο φάλαγγας.  
 ἡρτύνθη δὲ μάχῃ, στὰν δ' ἀντίοι. ἐν δ' Ἀγαμέμνων  
 πρῶτος ὄρουσ', ἔθελεν δὲ πολὺ προμάχεσθαι ἀπάντων.

ἔσπετε νῦν μοι μοῦσαι, Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχουσαι,  
 ὅς τις δὴ πρῶτος Ἀγαμέμνονος ἀντίου ἦλθεν  
 ἦ αὐτῶν Τρώων ἢ κλειτῶν ἐπικούρων.

Ἰφιδάμας Ἀντηνορίδης ἡὺς τε μέγας τε,  
 ὃς τράφη ἐν Θρήκῃ ἐριβώλακι, μητέρι μήλων.  
 Κισσῆς τόν γ' ἔθρεψε δόμοις ἐνὶ τυτθῶν ἐόντα  
 μητροπάτωρ, ὃς ἔτικτε Θεανὼ καλλιπάρηον·  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ῥ' ἦβης ἐρικυδέος ἵκετο μέτρον,  
 αὐτοῦ μιν κατέρυκε, δίδου δ' ὃ γε θυγατέρα ἦν·

From Ida's peaks to sacred Ilion.

There godlike Hector warlike Priam's son

Standing she found, with steeds and well-framed car:

And near him fleet-foot Iris stood and spake:

"Hector, thou son of Priam, peer of Zeus

In counsel, Zeus the father sent me forth

These words to bear thee: Long as thou shalt see

Great Agamemnon shepherd of his host

Rushing amid the van and dealing death

On ranks of men, so long do thou retire

Thyself, but bid the rest, the common throng,

In stubborn conflict with their foemen fight.

But when the king by spear or arrow smit

Leaps on his car, then grants he strength to thee

To slay till to the well-benched ships thou come,

And sun be set and sacred darkness fall."

Thus fleet-foot Iris spake, and went her way;

But Hector from his chariot to the ground

Armed as he was down leapt. Two lances keen

He brandished high, and went through all the host

Urging to fight, and roused the furious fray.

Round turned they all and faced the Achaian foe;

While on the other side the Argive host

Made strong their squares. The battle thus arrayed,

Line fronted line: and Agamemnon first

Dashed in, and far in front was bold to fight.

Ye Muses, in Olympian halls who dwell,

Say now who first 'gainst Agamemnon came,

Of Troy's own sons or of renowned allies.

Iphidamas Antenor's son, a man

Both brave and tall, bred up in deep-soiled Thrace,

Mother of flocks. Him Cisseus in his home

Bred from a child, Cisseus his mother's sire,

He who begat Theano, fair-cheeked dame.

But when to glorious manhood he attained,

His daughter gave he him to wife, and there



γήμας δ' ἐκ θαλάμοιο μετὰ κλέος ἵκετ' Ἀχαιῶν  
 ξὺν δυοκαίδεκα νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν, αἷ οἱ ἔποντο.  
 τὰς μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐν Περκώτῃ λίπε νῆας ἔϊσας,  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ πεζὸς ἐὼν εἰς Ἴλιον εἰληλούθει. 230  
 ὅς ῥα τότε Ἀτρεΐδew Ἀγαμέμνονος ἀντίον ἦλθεν.  
 οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,  
 Ἀτρεΐδης μὲν ἄμαρτε, παραὶ δέ οἱ ἐτράπετ' ἔγχος,  
 Ἰφιδάμας δὲ κατὰ ζώνην, θώρηκος ἔνερθεν,  
 νύξ', ἐπὶ δ' αὐτὸς ἔρεισε, βαρεῖη χειρὶ πιθήσας· 235  
 οὐδ' ἔτορε ζωστήρα παναίολον, ἀλλὰ πολὺ πρίν  
 ἀργύρῳ ἀντομένη, μόλιβος ὥς, ἐτράπετ' αἰχμή.  
 καὶ τό γε χειρὶ λαβὼν εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων  
 ἔλκ' ἐπὶ οἱ μεμαὼς ὥς τε λῖς, ἐκ δ' ἄρα χειρός  
 σπάσσατο· τὸν δ' ἄορι πλῆξ' αὐχένα, λῦσε δὲ γυῖα. 240  
 ὥς ὁ μὲν αὖθι πεσὼν κοιμήσατο χάλκεον ὕπνου  
 οἰκτρός, ἀπὸ μνηστῆς ἀλόχου, ἀστοῖσιν ἀρήγων,  
 κουριδίης, ἧς οὐ τι χάριν ἶδε, πολλὰ δ' ἔδωκεν·  
 πρῶθ' ἑκατὸν βοῦς δῶκεν, ἔπειτα δὲ χίλι' ὑπέστη,  
 αἶγας ὁμοῦ καὶ οἷς, τὰ οἱ ἄσπετα ποιμαίνοντο. 245  
 δὴ τότε γ' Ἀτρεΐδης Ἀγαμέμνων ἐξενάριξεν,  
 βῆ δὲ φέρων ἀν' ὄμιλον Ἀχαιῶν τεύχεα καλά.  
 τὸν δ' ὥς οὖν ἐνόησε Κόων ἀριδείκετος ἀνδρῶν,  
 πρεσβυγενὴς Ἀντηνορίδης, κρατερόν ῥά ἑ πένθος  
 ὀφθαλμοὺς ἐκάλυψε κασιγνήτοιο πεσόντος. 250  
 στῇ δ' εὐράξ σὺν δουρί, λαθὼν Ἀγαμέμνονα δῖον,  
 νύξε δέ μιν κατὰ χεῖρα μέσην, ἀγκῶνος ἔνερθεν,  
 ἀντικρὺς δὲ διέσχε φαεινοῦ δουρὸς ἀκωκῇ.  
 ῥίγησέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·

Was fain to keep him. But, the marriage made,  
 Led by the rumour of Achaian war  
 The new-made bridegroom from his chamber went  
 With the twelve beakèd ships that followed him.  
 These balanced ships he at Percoté left,  
 And came by land to Ilion : where now  
 He fronted Agamemnon Atreus' son.  
 And to each other when they now drew near,  
 Atrides missed his mark, his erring spear  
 Turning aside ; but him Iphidamas  
 Beneath the corslet on the girdle struck,  
 And followed up the blow with all his weight  
 Reliant on his heavy hand ; yet so  
 Pierced not the supple belt ; ere that might be,  
 By silver met the point like lead was turned.  
 Then Agamemnon, mighty king, the spear  
 Grasped and with lion's fury toward him drew  
 Wrenched from his foeman's hand, whom with the sword  
 He smote upon the neck, and loosed his limbs.  
 So fell he there, and slept a brazen sleep,  
 Ah ! hapless one ! away from wedded wife  
 Aiding his townsmen—far from that young bride  
 Of whom he saw no joy tho' much he gave.  
 First gave he kine fivescore, then fifty score  
 Promised to follow, mingled goats and sheep  
 From the vast flocks that grazed on his domain.  
 Him now Atrides slew, and bare away  
 His goodly armour through Achaia's throng.

Whom soon as Cöon saw, a man of mark,  
 Antenor's eldest-born, a mighty grief  
 Darkened his eyes for this his brother's fall.  
 And with his spear he took his stand, unseen  
 Of godlike Agamemnon, at the side,  
 And in mid arm beneath the elbow-joint  
 So smote him that the glittering point passed on  
 Right through. Then Agamemnon king of men

ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὥς ἀπέληγε μάχης ἡδὲ πτολέμοιο, 255  
 ἀλλ' ἐπόρουσε Κόωνι ἔχων ἀνεμοτρεφὲς ἔγχος.  
 ἦ τοι ὃ Ἰφιδάμαντα κασίγνητον καὶ ὄπατρον  
 ἔλκε ποδὸς μεμαῶς, καὶ αὐτεὶ πάντας ἀρίστους·  
 τὸν δ' ἔλκοντ' ἀν' ὄμιλον ὑπ' ἀσπίδος ὀμφαλοέσσης  
 οὔτησε ξυστῶ χαλκήρεϊ, λῦσε δὲ γυνῖα· 260  
 τοῖο δ' ἐπ' Ἰφιδάμαντι κάρη ἀπέκοψε παραστάς.  
 ἔνθ' Ἀντήγορος νῆες ὑπ' Ἀτρεΐδῃ βασιλῇ  
 πότμον ἀναπλήσαντες ἔδυν δόμον Ἀϊδος εἴσω.

αὐτὰρ ὃ τῶν ἄλλων ἐπεπωλεῖτο στίχας ἀνδρῶν  
 ἔγχεϊ τ' ἄορί τε μεγάλοισί τε χερμαδίοισιν, 265  
 ὕφρα οἱ αἰμ' ἔτι θερμὸν ἀνήνοθεν ἐξ ὠτειλῆς.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τὸ μὲν ἔλκος ἐτέρσετο, παύσατο δ' αἶμα,  
 ὀξεῖαι δ' ὀδύναι δῦνον μένος Ἀτρεΐδαο.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ὠδίνουσαν ἔχῃ βέλος ὀξὺ γυναικα,  
 δριμύ, τό τε προῖεῖσι μογοστόκοι Εἰλείθυιαι, 270  
 Ἥρης θυγατέρες πικρὰς ὠδῖνας ἔχουσαι,  
 ὥς ὀξεῖ' ὀδύναι δῦνον μένος Ἀτρεΐδαο.  
 ἐς δίφρον δ' ἀνόρουσε, καὶ ἡνιόχῳ ἐπέτελλεν  
 νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσιν ἐλαυνέμεν· ἥχθετο γὰρ κῆρ.  
 ἦυσεν δὲ διαπρύσιον, Δαναοῖσι γεγωνώς· 275  
 “ὦ φίλοι Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἡδὲ μέδοντες,  
 ὑμεῖς μὲν νῦν νηυσὶν ἀμύνετε ποντοπόροισιν  
 φύλοπιν ἀργαλέην, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἐμὲ μητιέτα Ζεὺς  
 εἶασεν Τρώεσσι πανημέριον πολεμίζειν.”

ὥς ἔφαθ', ἡνιόχος δ' ἵμασεν καλλίτριχας ἵππους 280  
 νῆας ἔπι γλαφυράς· τῷ δ' οὐκ ἀέκοντε πετέσθην·  
 ἄφρεον δὲ στήθεα, ῥαίνονται δὲ νέρθε κονίη,  
 τειρόμενον βασιλῆα μάχης ἀπάνευθε φέροντες.

Shuddered indeed, yet stayed not even so  
 From fight and battle, but on Cöon rushed  
 Waving a spear of tempest-hardened wood.  
 He in hot haste was dragging by the foot  
 Iphidamas his brother and sire's son,  
 Calling the best to aid: but, through the throng  
 As thus he dragged him, 'neath the bossy shield  
 His foeman smote him with a brass-shod lance  
 And loosed his limbs, then standing near cut off  
 Over Iphidamas his brother's head.  
 From king Atrides there Antenor's sons  
 Found their due fate and sought the nether gloom.

Then ranged he through the other warrior ranks  
 With sword and spear and ponderous boulder stones,  
 While yet the blood gushed warm from out his wound.  
 But when 'twas dried, and blood had ceased to flow,  
 Sharp pains then racked the mighty Atreus' son.  
 And as a woman travailing doth feel  
 That arrow sharp and piercing which is sped  
 By Here's daughters, Ilithyiae named,  
 The queens of child-birth labour who control  
 The bitter travail's pangs, so sharp the pains  
 That then did rack the mighty Atreus' son.  
 Up leapt he on his chariot, and gave charge  
 That to the carvèd ships his charioteer  
 Should drive, for he was sick at heart. But first  
 To all the Danaans his shrill shout he sent:  
 "Friends, kings and captains of our Argive host,  
 Now from the seaborne ships the direful fray  
 Ward ye; for Zeus the counsellor forbids  
 That I all day should fight the Trojan foe."

He spake: and straight his charioteer lashed on  
 The fair-maned steeds to seek the carvèd ships.  
 Who not unwilling flew, with foam-flecked breasts,  
 And dust-besprinkled from beneath, as thus  
 Far from the field they bore the suffering king.

"Εκτωρ δ' ὡς ἐνόησ' Ἀγαμέμνονα νόσφι κίοντα,  
 Τρωσί τε καὶ Λυκίοισιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν αὔσας· 285  
 "Τρῶες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Δάρδανοι ἀγχιμαχηταί,  
 ἀνέρες ἔστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς.  
 οἴχετ' ἀνὴρ ὦριστος, ἐμοὶ δὲ μέγ' εὖχος ἔδωκεν  
 Ζεὺς Κρονίδης. ἀλλ' ἰθὺς ἐλαύνετε μώνυχας ἵππους  
 ἰφθίμων Δαναῶν, ἵν' ὑπέρτερον εὖχος ἄρησθε." 290

ὥς εἰπὼν ὥτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἐκάστου.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτε πού τις θηρητὴρ κύνας ἀργιόδοντας  
 σεύῃ ἐπ' ἀγροτέρῳ συτὶ καπρίῳ ἢ λέοντι,  
 ὥς ἐπ' Ἀχαιοῖσιν σεῦεν Τρῶας μεγαθύμους  
 "Εκτωρ Πριαμίδης, βροτολοιγῷ ἴσος Ἄρηι. 295  
 αὐτὸς δ' ἐν πρώτοισι μέγα φρονέων ἐβεβήκει,  
 ἐν δ' ἔπεσ' ὑσμίνῃ ὑπεραεῖ ἴσος ἀέλλῃ,  
 ἥ τε καθαλλομένη ἰοειδέα πόντον ὀρίνει.

ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον τίνα δ' ὕστατον ἐξενάριξεν  
 "Εκτωρ Πριαμίδης, ὅτε οἱ Ζεὺς κῦδος ἔδωκεν; 300  
 Ἀσαῖον μὲν πρῶτα καὶ Αὐτόνοον καὶ Ὀπίτην  
 καὶ Δόλοπα Κλυτίδην καὶ Ὀφέλτιον ἠδ' Ἀγέλαον  
 Αἴσυμνόν τ' Ὠρόν τε καὶ Ἰππόνοον μενεχάρμην.  
 τοὺς ἄρ' ὃ γ' ἡγεμόνας Δαναῶν ἔλεν, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα 305  
 πληθύν, ὥς ὅποτε νέφεα Ζέφυρος στυφελίξῃ  
 ἀργεστᾷ Νότοιο, βαθείῃ λαίλαπι τύπτων·  
 πολλὸν δὲ τρόφι κῦμα κυλίνδεται, ὑψόσε δ' ἄχνη  
 σκίδνεται ἐξ ἀνέμοιο πολυπλάγκτοιο ἰωῆς·  
 ὥς ἄρα πυκνὰ καρήαθ' ὑφ' Ἑκτορι δάμνατο λαῶν.  
 ἔνθα κε λαιγὸς ἔην καὶ ἀμήχανα ἔργα γένοντο, 310  
 καὶ νῦ κεν ἐν νήεσσι πέσον φεύγοντες Ἀχαιοί,  
 εἰ μὴ Τυδεΐδῃ Διομήδεϊ κέκλετ' Ὀδυσσεύς·



But Hector, when retiring thus he spied  
King Agamemnon, shouted loud, and called  
To all the Trojan and the Lycian host:  
“Ye Trojans, Lycians, and ye Dardans good  
In closest fight, quit you like men, my friends,  
And of impetuous valour be your thought.  
Gone is the bravest man; and now to me  
Zeus Cronides great glory grants. But drive  
Right at the Danaans stout your firm-hoofed steeds,  
That so a higher glory ye may win.”

He spake, and stirred the heart and soul of each.  
And as some hunter urges on the prey—  
A lion or a tusky forest boar—  
The white-toothed dogs, so Hector Priam's son,  
In semblance as the War-god, mortals' bane,  
Urged the bold Trojans on the Achaian foe.  
Himself full proudly strode amid the first,  
And burst upon the fight, as bursts a storm  
With forceful gust, that sudden leaping down  
Confounds the billows of the darkling main.

Whom first, whom last did Hector Priam's son  
There slay, when Zeus gave glory to his arm?  
First was Asaeus, then Autonoüs,  
Ophites, Dolops (son of Clytus he),  
Opheltius, Agelas, Æsymnus then,  
And Orus and Hipponoüs staunch in fight.  
These Danaan chiefs he slew: then meaner men  
Full many; as clouds that of the white south bred  
Are by the west wind driven, what time he smites  
With headlong squall—On rolls the swelling wave,  
High flies the scattered spray beneath the force  
Of the wide-wandering wind—So frequent fell  
Vanquished by Hector's might his foemen's heads.

And havoc there and deeds irreparable  
Had been, and to their ships Achaia's sons  
Had headlong fled, had not Odysseus thus  
To Diomedes son of Tydeus cried:

“Τυδεΐδῃ, τί παθόντε λελάσμεθα θούριδος ἀλκῆς;  
 ἀλλ’ ἄγε δεῦρο, πέπον, παρ’ ἔμ’ ἵστασο· δὴ γὰρ ἔλεγχος  
 ἔσσεται, εἴ κεν νῆας ἔλῃ κορυθαίολος Ἔκτωρ.” 315

τὸν δ’ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·

“ἦ τοι ἐγὼ μενέω καὶ τλήσομαι· ἀλλὰ μίνυνθα  
 ἡμέων ἔσται ἦδος, ἐπεὶ νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς

Τρῳσὶν δὴ βόλεται δοῦναι κράτος ἡέ περ ἡμῖν.”

ἦ, καὶ Θυμβραῖον μὲν ἀφ’ ἵππων ὥσε χαμᾶζε, 320

δουρὶ βαλὼν κατὰ μαζὸν ἀριστερόν, αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσεὺς  
 ἀντίθεον θεράποντα Μολίονα τοῖο ἀνακτος.

τοὺς μὲν ἔπειτ’ εἶσαν, ἐπεὶ πολέμου ἀπέπαυσαν·

τῷ δ’ ἀν’ ὄμιλον ἰόντε κυδοίμεον, ὥς ὅτε κάπρω  
 ἐν κυσὶ θηρητῆρσι μέγα φρονέοντε πέσητον· 325

ὥς ὄλεκον Τρῳᾶς πάλιν ὀρμένω. αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ  
 ἀσπασίως φεύγοντες ἀνέπνεον Ἔκτορα δῖον.

ἔνθ’ ἐλέτην δίφρον τε καὶ ἀνέρε δῆμου ἀρίστω,

υἷε δὺω Μέροπος Περκωσίου, ὃς περὶ πάντων  
 ἤδη μαντοσύνας, οὐδὲ οὓς παῖδας ἔασκεν 330

στείχειν ἐς πόλεμον φθισήνορα. τῷ δέ οἱ οὔ τι  
 πειθέσθην· κῆρες γὰρ ἄγον μέλανος θανάτοιο.

τοὺς μὲν Τυδεΐδης δουρικλειτὸς Διομήδης,

θυμοῦ καὶ ψυχῆς κεκαδὼν κλυτὰ τεύχε’ ἀπηύρα,

Ἴππόδαμον δ’ Ὀδυσσεὺς καὶ Ὑπείροχον ἐξενάριξεν. 335

ἔνθα σφιν κατὰ ἴσα μάχην ἐτάνυσσε Κρονίων  
 ἐξ Ἰδης καθορῶν· τοὶ δ’ ἀλλήλους ἐνάριζον.

ἦ τοι Τυδέος υἱὸς Ἀγᾶστροφον οὔτασε δουρί

Παιονίδην ἥρωα κατ’ ἰσχίον· οὐδὲ γὰρ ἵπποι

ἐγγὺς ἔσαν προφυγεῖν, ἀάσατο δὲ μέγα θυμῷ. 340

"Tydides, what doth ail us to forget  
 Impetuous valour? Hither come, sweet friend,  
 Stand thou by me; surely 'twere shame our ships  
 Should fall to Hector of the glancing plume."

To whom stout Diomedes made reply:  
 "I truly will remain and dare the fight:  
 Yet short will be our pleasure; for 'tis Zeus,  
 Cloud-gathering god, who to the sons of Troy  
 And not to us determines strength of war."

He spake, and forced Thymbraeus to the ground  
 From out his car, by spear-throw stricken sore  
 On the left breast. Odysseus then laid low  
 That monarch's godlike squire, Molion named.  
 And these they left when once from battle stayed:  
 Then through the throng spread havoc, as two boars  
 High-couraged charge upon the hunter pack;  
 So turned they and dealt death to sons of Troy.  
 And welcome breathing-space Achaia's host  
 Thus found, as they from godlike Hector fled.

There did these twain a car and warrior pair  
 Overtake, the bravest of their folk, two sons  
 Of Merops of Percoté, him who knew  
 Above all other each prophetic art;  
 Whereby he still forbade his sons to seek  
 The warrior-wasting war, but they no whit  
 Obeyed, for fates of black death led them on.  
 These spear-famed Diomedes Tydeus' son  
 Reft of their breath and life, and bare away  
 Their glorious arms, while by Odysseus' hand  
 Were slain Hippodamus and Hypeirochus.

There Cronos' son from Ida looking down  
 Balanced so evenly the tug of war  
 That either slew their foes. Tydides smote  
 Agastrophus a hero, Paeon's son,  
 By spear-thrust on the hip: to aid whose flight  
 No steeds were near—most foolish thought! for these

τούς μὲν γὰρ θεράπων ἀπάνευθ' ἔχεν, αὐτὰρ ὁ πεζός  
θύνε διὰ προμάχων, εἴως φίλον ὤλεσε θυμόν.

Ἔκτωρ δ' ὃξὺ νόησε κατὰ στίχας, ὦρτο δ' ἐπ' αὐτούς  
κεκληγώς· ἅμα δὲ Τρώων εἶποντο φάλαγγες.

τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ῥίγησε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης, 345

αἶψα δ' Ὀδυσσῆα προσεφώνεεν ἐγγὺς ἐόντα·

“ νῶϊν δὴ τόδε πῆμα κυλίνδεται, ὄβριμος Ἔκτωρ.

ἄλλ' ἄγε δὴ στέωμεν καὶ ἀλεξώμεσθα μένοντες.”

ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἀμπεπαλὼν προῖη δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,  
καὶ βάλεν, οὐδ' ἀφάμαρτε, τιτυσκόμενος κεφαλῇφιν, 350

ἄκρην κακὴν κόρυθα. πλάγχθη δ' ἀπὸ χαλκόφι χαλκός,

οὐδ' ἔκετο χροῖα καλόν· ἐρύκακε γὰρ τρυφάλεια

τρίπτυχος αὐλῶπις, τήν οἱ πόρε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων.

Ἔκτωρ δ' ὦκ' ἀπέλεθρον ἀνέδραμε, μῖκτο δ' ὁμίλῳ,

στῇ δὲ γυνὴ ἐριπών, καὶ ἐρείσατο χειρὶ παχείῃ 355

γαίης· ἀμφὶ δὲ ὅσσε κελαινὴ νύξ ἐκάλυψε.

ὄφρα δὲ Τυδείδης μετὰ δούρατος ὥχετ' ἐρωήν

τῇλε διὰ προμάχων, ὅθι οἱ καταείσατο γαίης,

τόφρ' Ἔκτωρ ἄμπνυτο, καὶ ἄψ' ἐς δίφρον ὀρούσας

ἐξέλασ' ἐς πληθύν, καὶ ἀλεύατο κῆρα μέλαιναν. 360

δουρὶ δ' ἐπαῖσσων προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·

“ ἐξ αὖ νῦν ἔφυγες θάνατον, κύον. ἦ τέ τοι ἄγχι

ἦλθε κακόν· νῦν αὐτὲ σ' ἐρύσατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,

ὃ μέλλεις εὔχεσθαι ἰὼν ἐς δοῦπον ἀκόντων.

ἦ θὴν σ' ἐξανύω γε καὶ ὕστερον ἀντιβολήσας, 365

εἴ πού τις καὶ ἐμοί γε θεῶν ἐπιτάρροθος ἐστίν.

νῦν αὖ τοὺς ἄλλους ἐπιείσομαι, ὅν κε κιχέω.”

ἦ, καὶ Παιονίδην δουρικλυτὸν ἐξενάριζεν.

αὐτὰρ Ἀλέξανδρος, Ἑλένης πόσις ἠνκόμοιο,

His squire apart still held, while he afoot  
Rushed through the vanguard till he lost his life.  
But Hector quickly spied among the ranks  
These chiefs, and 'gainst them rose with shrilling shout,  
His Trojan squares close following. At whose sight  
Then shuddered Diomedes good in fray  
And quick addrest Odysseus standing near :  
"On us now rolls this woe, Hector the strong.  
Come, stand we, and abiding beat him back."

He spake, and brandished his long-shadowed lance  
And threw, nor missed the head whereat he aimed  
Upon the topmost casque ; where brass met brass  
And glanced aside, nor reached the comely skin ;  
For by the helm 'twas checked, of triple plate  
And crested ridge, Phoebus Apollo's gift.  
Quick darted Hector back—a long way back—  
And mingled with the throng : then to his knee  
He fell, and rested with broad hand on earth,  
And o'er his eyes a veil of night was spread.  
And while Tydides through the van afar  
Followed his rushing spear, where to the ground  
He marked it fall, so long gat Hector breath,  
Sped to his chariot back, to the main host  
Drove off, and shunned black fate. Then with his spear  
On rushing stalwart Diomedes spake :  
"Death now thou 'scapest, hound ! though near indeed  
The evil came. Phoebus Apollo now  
Hath rescued thee, to whom belike thou prayest  
When 'mid the hurtling spears thou dar'st to go.  
Truly hereafter I shall meet thee yet  
And work thy end, if, as I ween, some god  
By me too stands a ready help. But now  
Others I'll seek, whome'er my feet may find."

He spake, and slew the spear-famed Paeon's son.  
Then at Tydides, shepherd of his folk,  
Did Alexander long-haired Helen's lord



Τυδεΐδῃ ἔπι τόξα τιταίνετο, ποιμένι λαῶν, 370  
 στήλῃ κεκλιμένος ἀνδροκμήτῳ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ  
 Ἴλου Δαρδανίδαο, παλαιοῦ δημογέροντος.  
 ἦ τοι ὁ μὲν θώρηκα Ἀγαστρόφου ἰφθίμοιο  
 αἶνυτ' ἀπὸ στήθεσφι παναίολον ἀσπίδα τ' ὤμων  
 καὶ κόρυθα βριαρὴν· ὁ δὲ τόξου πῆχυν ἄνελκεν 375  
 καὶ βάλεν, οὐδ' ἄρα μιν ἄλιον βέλος ἔκφυγε χειρός,  
 ταρσὸν δεξιτεροῖο ποδός· διὰ δ' ἀμπερὲς ἰός  
 ἐν γαίῃ κατέπηκτο. ὁ δὲ μάλα ἠδὺν γελάσσας  
 ἐκ λόχου ἀμπήδησε, καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ἤυδα.  
 “βέβληται, οὐδ' ἄλιον βέλος ἔκφυγεν. ὥς ὄφελόν τοι 380  
 νείατον ἐς κενεῶνα βαλὼν ἐκ θυμὸν ἐλέσθαι.  
 οὔτῳ κεν καὶ Τρῶες ἀνέπνευσαν κακότητος,  
 οἳ τέ σε πεφρίκασι λέονθ' ὥς μηκάδες αἰγες.”  
 τὸν δ' οὐ ταρβήσας προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·  
 “τοξότα λωβητῆρ, κέραι ἀγλαέ, παρθενοπίπα, 385  
 εἰ μὲν δὴ ἀντίβιον ξὺν τεύχεσι πειρηθείης,  
 οὐκ ἂν τοι χραίσμησι βιὸς καὶ ταρφέες ἰοί·  
 νῦν δέ μ' ἐπιγράψας ταρσὸν ποδὸς εὐχεαι αὐτῶς.  
 οὐκ ἀλέγω, ὥς εἴ με γυνὴ βάλοι ἢ πάϊς ἄφρων·  
 κωφὸν γὰρ βέλος ἀνδρὸς ἀνάλκιδος οὐτιδανοῖο. 390  
 ἦ τ' ἄλλως ὑπ' ἐμεῖο, καὶ εἴ κ' ὀλίγον περ ἐπαύρη,  
 ὅξυ βέλος πέλεται, καὶ ἀκήριον αἶψα τίθησιν·  
 τοῦ δὲ γυναικὸς μὲν τ' ἀμφίδρυφοί εἰσι παρειαί,  
 παῖδες δ' ὀρφανικοί· ὁ δέ θ' αἵματι γαῖαν ἐρεύθων  
 πύθεται, οἰωνοὶ δὲ περὶ πλέες ἡὲ γυναιῖκες.” 395  
 ὥς φάτο. τοῦ δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς δουρικλυτὸς ἐγγύθεν ἔλθων  
 ἔστη πρόσθ'· ὁ δ' ὅπισθε καθεζόμενος βέλος ὠκὺ  
 ἐκ ποδὸς ἔλκ', ὀδύνη δὲ διὰ χροὸς ἦλθ' ἀλεγεινὴ.  
 ἐς δίφρον δ' ἀνόρουσε, καὶ ἡνιόχῳ ἐπέτελλεν

Bend full his bow, as half-concealed he leant  
 Against the pillar set upon the mound  
 Raised by man's hand to mark old Ilus' tomb  
 The son of Dardanus, that greybeard chief.  
 Tydides now of stout Agastrophus  
 The supple corslet from the breast, the shield  
 From off the shoulders, and the heavy helm  
 Was stripping, when his foeman drew the bow  
 Grasped by the centre-piece, nor from his hand  
 Escaped the shaft in vain, but struck the sole  
 Of his right foot. Full sweetly then he laughed,  
 Leapt from his lurking-place, and boastful spake :  
 "Thou'rt hit, no vain shaft 'scaped me. O I would  
 The wound were 'neath the ribs to reave thy life.  
 So had the sons of Troy got breathing-space  
 From their sad stress, who shuddering quake at thee  
 As at the lion quake the bleating goats."

To whom stout Diomedes, nought affrayed :  
 "Bowman, insulting braggart, bright-curled fop,  
 Girl-ogler ! would'st thou try me, might to might,  
 With arms, then were thy bow of no avail,  
 Or arrows thickly showering. Now no more  
 Than marking but a scratch upon my foot  
 Thou boastest. I, as if by woman hit  
 Or silly child, nought heed it. Blunt and foiled  
 The weapon of the worthless coward flies.  
 Far otherwise from me, though it but graze,  
 Speeds the keen shaft, and quickly stills his heart,  
 Whomso it strike—a widowed wife laments  
 With cheeks all torn, children are fatherless,  
 Reddening the soil with blood his body rots,  
 Nor women there but carrion vultures throng."

He spake. Spear-famed Odysseus then came near  
 And stood before him : he, thus sheltered, sat  
 And drew from out his foot the rapid shaft,  
 While sore pain thrilled his flesh. Then to his car  
 He leapt, and bade his charioteer drive back

νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσιν ἐλαυνέμεν· ἤχθετο γὰρ κῆρ. 400  
 οἰώθη δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς δουρικλυτός, οὐδέ τις αὐτῷ  
 Ἀργείων παρέμεινεν, ἐπεὶ φόβος ἔλλαβε πάντας.  
 ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρα εἶπε πρὸς ὃν μεγαλήτορα θυμόν·  
 “ὦ μοι ἐγὼ, τί πάθω; μέγα μὲν κακόν, εἴ κε φέβωμαι  
 πληθὺν ταρβήσας, τὸ δὲ ῥίγιον, εἴ κε ἁλώω 405  
 μοῦνος· τοὺς δ' ἄλλους Δαναοὺς ἐφόβησε Κρονίων.  
 ἀλλὰ τίη μοι ταῦτα φίλος διελέξατο θυμός;  
 οἶδα γὰρ ὅττι κακοὶ μὲν ἀποίχονται πολέμοιο,  
 ὃς δέ κ' ἀριστεύησι μάχῃ ἔνι, τὸν δὲ μάλα χρεώ  
 ἐστάμεναι κρατερῶς, ἢ τ' ἔβλητ' ἢ τ' ἔβαλ' ἄλλον.” 410  
 εἶος ὃ ταυῦθ' ὥρμαινε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν,  
 τόφρα δ' ἐπὶ Τρώων στίχες ἤλυθον ἀσπιστάων,  
 ἔλσαν δ' ἐν μέσσοισι, μετὰ σφίσι πῆμα τιθέντες.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτε κάπριον ἀμφὶ κύνες θαλεροὶ τ' αἰζηοὶ  
 σεύωνται· ὃ δέ τ' εἰσι βαθείης ἐκ ξυλόχοιο 415  
 θήγων λευκὸν ὀδόντα μετὰ γναμπτῇσι γένυσσιν,  
 ἀμφὶ δέ τ' αἴσσονται, ὑπαὶ δέ τε κόμπος ὀδόντων  
 γίγνεται· οἳ δὲ μένουσιν ἄφαρ δεινὸν περ ἔοντα·  
 ὥς ῥα τότε ἀμφ' Ὀδυσῆα διίφιλον ἐσσεύοντο  
 Τρῶες· ὃ δὲ πρῶτον μὲν ἀμύμονα Δηιοπίτην 420  
 οὔτασεν ὦμον ὑπερθεν ἐπάλμενος ὀξεῖ δουρί,  
 αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα Θόωνα καὶ Ἕννομον ἐξενάριξεν.  
 Χερσιδάμαντα δ' ἔπειτα, καθ' ἵππων ἀΐξαντα.  
 δουρὶ κατὰ πρότμησιν ὑπ' ἀσπίδος ὀμφαλοέσσης  
 νύξεν· ὃ δ' ἐν κονίησι πεσὼν ἔλε γαῖαν ἀγοστώ. 425  
 τοὺς μὲν ἔασ', ὃ δ' ἄρ' Ἴππασίδην Χάροπ' οὔτασε δουρί,  
 αὐτοκασίγνητον εὐηγενέος Σώκοιο.  
 τῷ δ' ἐπαλεξήσων Σῶκος κίε, ἰσόθεος φῶς,  
 στῇ δὲ μάλ' ἐγγὺς ἰών, καί μιν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·  
 “ὦ Ὀδυσσεῦ πολύαινε, δόλων αἶτ' ἠδὲ πόνοιο, 430

To the hollow ships, for he was sick at heart.

Spear-famed Odysseus thus alone was left,  
Nor any Argive with him staid, for all  
Were swept away in flight. Then did the chief  
Indignant commune with his mighty soul :  
“O woe is me ! What may I do? To fly  
By numbers cowed were evil great. Yet worse  
The horror, be I taken, thus alone,  
For Cronos' son hath turned the rest to flight.  
Yet wherefore thus debates my mind? I know  
That cowards from the battle-field may run,  
But whoso boasts him brave in fight, he still  
Must stoutly stand to take or give the blow.”

While thus he pondered in his heart and mind,  
The shielded Trojan ranks came swiftly on,  
And hemmed him in their midst, a dangerous foe.  
And as the hounds and lusty hunters press  
Around a boar—who comes from covert deep  
Whetting the white tusks in his curvèd jaws,  
And all around are hurrying, while of teeth  
Is heard a gnashing, and his foes await,  
Tho' terrible, his onset—so around  
Odysseus loved of Zeus the Trojans pressed.  
But he on blameless Deiopites first  
With keen spear leapt, and smote him from above  
Upon the shoulder. Thoön then he slew,  
And Ennomus ; and then Chersidamas,  
Who from his steeds had hasted down, with spear  
Full in the navel, 'neath the bossy shield,  
He pierced : who fell in dust and gripped the ground  
With hollow hand. These left he : then with lance  
He wounded Charops son of Hippias—  
Own brother he to Socus nobly-born.  
To succour whom came Socus, godlike wight,  
And drawing near him stood, and thus addressed.  
“O much-bepraised Odysseus, man of wiles,



σήμερον ἢ διοιοῖσιν ἐπεύξεται Ἴππασίδῃσιν,  
 τοιῶδ' ἄνδρε κατακτείνας καὶ τεύχε' ἀπούρας,  
 ἢ κεν ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ τυπείς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσης."

ὥς εἰπὼν οὕτησε κατ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' εἶσθη.

διὰ μὲν ἀσπίδος ἦλθε φαεινῆς ὄβριμον ἔγχος, 435

καὶ διὰ θώρηκος πολυδαιδάλου ἠρήρειστο,  
 πάντα δ' ἀπὸ πλευρῶν χροά ἔργαθεν· οὐδέ τ' ἔασεν  
 Παλλὰς Ἀθηναίη μιχθήμεναι ἔγκασι φωτός.

γνῶ δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς ὃ οἱ οὐ τι τέλος κατακαίριον ἦλθεν,  
 ἅψ δ' ἀναχωρήσας Σῶκον πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν 440

"ἂ δεῖλ', ἢ μάλα δὴ σε κιχάνεται αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος.

ἢ τοι μὲν ῥ' ἔμ' ἔπαυσας ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι·

σοὶ δ' ἐγὼ ἐνθάδε φημὶ φόνον καὶ κῆρα μέλαιναν

ἡματι τῷδ' ἔσσεσθαι, ἐμῷ δ' ὑπὸ δουρὶ δαμέντα

εὖχος ἐμοὶ δώσειν, ψυχὴν δ' Ἀῖδι κλυτοπόλῳ." 445

ἢ, καὶ ὃ μὲν φύγαδ' αὖτις ὑποστρέψας ἐβεβήκει,

τῷ δὲ μεταστρεφθέντι μεταφρένω ἐν δόρυ πῆξεν

ὦμων μεσσηγύς, διὰ δὲ στήθεσφιν ἔλασσεν.

δούπησεν δὲ πεσών· ὃ δ' ἐπεύξατο δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς·

"ὦ Σῶχ' Ἰππᾶσου υἱὲ δαΐφρονος ἵπποδάμοιο, 450

φθῇ σε τέλος θανάτοιο κιχήμενον, οὐδ' ὑπάλυσας.

ἂ δεῖλ', οὐ μὴν σοί γε πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ

ὅσσε καθαιρήσουσι θανόντι περ, ἀλλ' οἶωνοί

ὤμησται ἐρύουσι, περὶ πτερὰ πυκνὰ βαλόντες·

αὐτὰρ ἔμ', εἴ κε θάνω, κτεριούσῃ γε δῖοι Ἀχαιοί." 455

ὥς εἰπὼν Σώκοιο δαΐφρονος ὄβριμον ἔγχος

ἔξω τε χροὸς ἔλκε καὶ ἀσπίδος ὀμφαλοέσσης·

αἷμα δέ οἱ σπασθέντος ἀνέσσυτο, κῆδε δὲ θυμόν.



Insatiate as of toil, to-day thy boast  
Shall be o'er both the sons of Hippasus,  
For two such warriors slain and armour spoiled,  
Or stricken by my spear thy life thou'lt lose."

He spake, and smote upon his orbèd shield.  
Through shield refulgent came the forceful spear,  
Through corslet richly-wrought pressed firmly on,  
And from the ribs tare all the flesh : beyond  
Pallas Athené suffered not the point  
To touch the inner vitals. And at once  
Odysseus knew no mortal blow was there,  
And stepping back to Socus thus he cried:  
"Ah! wretched man! surely destruction dire  
Doth now o'ertake thee. Me indeed from fight  
Against Troy's sons thou stay'st awhile : but thou  
Shalt here, I ween, find death and gloomy fate  
Upon this very day, and by my spear  
Vanquished and slain shalt yield me proud renown,  
And Hades lord of noble steeds thy life."

He spake : the other turned him round and fled,  
But in his back thus turned his foe the spear  
Between the shoulders fixed, and drove it through  
Out at the breast. With heavy sound he fell,  
And o'er him thus the godlike chief made boast :  
"O Socus, son of warlike Hippasus  
Steed-tamer, thee too fast the end of death  
Outran and overtook, nor could'st escape.  
Ah! wretched man! thine eyes nor father now  
Nor queenly mother e'er in death shall close :  
But flesh-devouring birds shall pluck at thee,  
Close shrouding all thy corse with flapping wings.  
But I—e'en tho' I die—shall find due rites  
Of burial from Achaia's godlike sons."

With that the warlike Socus' weighty spear  
Out from his flesh and from his bossy shield  
He drew ; and when 'twas drawn the blood gushed forth

Τρῶες δὲ μεγάθυμοι ὅπως ἴδον αἶμ' Ὀδυσῆος,  
 κεκλόμενοι καθ' ὅμιλον ἐπ' αὐτῷ πάντες ἔβησαν. 460  
 αὐτὰρ ὃ γ' ἐξοπίσω ἀνεχάζετο, αὖε δ' ἐταίρους.  
 τρὶς μὲν ἔπειτ' ἦυσεν, ὅσον κεφαλὴ χάδε φωτός,  
 τρὶς δ' αἶεν ἰάχοντος ἀρηίφιλος Μενέλαος.  
 αἶψα δ' ἄρ' Αἴαντα προσεφώνεεν ἐγγὺς ἔοντα·  
 “Αἴαν διογενὲς Τελαμώνιε, κοίρανε λαῶν, 465  
 ἀμφὶ μ' Ὀδυσσῆος ταλασίφρονος ἵκετ' αὐτῇ,  
 τῷ ἱκέλῃ ὥς εἴ ἐ βιώατο μῦνον ἔοντα  
 Τρῶες ἀποτμήξαντες ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὕσμινῃ.  
 ἀλλ' ἴομεν καθ' ὅμιλον· ἀλεξέμεναι γὰρ ἄμεινον.  
 δείδω μὴ τι πάθῃσιν ἐνὶ Τρῳέεσσι μονωθείς, 470  
 ἐσθλὸς ἐών, μεγάλη δὲ ποθὴ Δαναοῖσι γένηται.”

ὥς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν ἦρχ', ὁ δ' ἅμ' ἔσπετο ἰσόθεος φῶς.  
 εὖρον ἔπειτ' Ὀδυσῆα διίφιλον, ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτόν  
 Τρῶες ἔπονθ' ὥς εἴ τε δαφοινοὶ θῶες ὄρεσφιν  
 ἀμφ' ἔλαφον κεραὸν βεβλημένον, ὃν τ' ἔβαλ' ἀνὴρ 475  
 ἰῶ ἀπὸ νευρῆς· τὸν μὲν τ' ἦλυξε πόδεσσιν  
 φεύγων, ὄφρ' αἶμα λιαρὸν καὶ γούνατ' ὀρώρῃ·  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ τὸν γε δαμάσσεται ὦκὺς οἷστός,  
 ὠμοφάγοι μιν θῶες ἐν οὔρεσι δαρδάπτουσιν  
 ἐν νέμεϊ σκιερῷ· ἐπὶ τε λῖν ἦγαγε daίμων 480  
 σίντην· θῶες μὲν τε διέτρεσαν, αὐτὰρ ὁ δάπτει.  
 ὥς ῥα τότ' ἀμφ' Ὀδυσῆα δαΐφρονα ποικιλομήτην  
 Τρῶες ἔπον πολλοί τε καὶ ἄλκιμοι, αὐτὰρ ὃ γ' ἥρως  
 αἴσσω· ὃ ἔγχει ἀμύνετο νηλεὲς ἦμαρ·  
 Αἴας δ' ἐγγύθεν ἦλθε φέρων σάκος ἥντε πύργον, 485  
 στήν δὲ παρέξ, Τρῶες δὲ διέτρεσαν ἄλλυδις ἄλλος.  
 ἦ τοι τὸν Μενέλαος ἀρήιος ἔξαγ' ὀμίλου

And made his spirit sink. But when they saw  
Odysseus' blood, the high-souled sons of Troy  
Cheered on each other through the throng, and all  
Bore on him. He retiring backwards cried  
For comrades' aid. Thrice cried he, all the voice  
That his head held forth uttering : and his shout  
Thrice Menelaus, loved of Ares, heard,  
And spake at once to Ajax standing near :  
"O Zeus-born Ajax, son of Telamon,  
Prince of thy people, comes to me the cry  
Of patient-souled Odysseus ; 'tis a cry  
As if the Trojans press'd him now alone  
Cut off from others in the stubborn fight.  
But go we through the throng : to bear him aid  
Were well : I fear lest he should suffer harm,  
Single among his foes, that gallant wight,  
And to the Danaans be a mighty loss."

He spake, and led ; the other godlike chief  
Close followed. And Odysseus loved of Zeus  
Soon found they ; whom the Trojans pressed around,  
Ev'n as the tawny jackals in the hills  
Around an antlered stag, stricken by shaft  
From hunter's bowstring—whom by speed of foot  
He 'scapes, while warm his blood and stirred his limbs  
By motion, but when soon the arrow swift  
Has quelled his life, his flesh in shady glen  
The carrion jackals tear, till heaven that way  
A ravening lion sends ; then scattered wide  
The jackals flee, and he alone devours—  
So now around Odysseus, warlike wight  
Of cunning wiles, pressed on the sons of Troy  
Many and valiant, but the hero quick  
With flashing lance warded the day of doom ;  
Till Ajax came anigh with tower-like targe,  
And by him stood ; then scared the Trojans fled.  
But warlike Menelaus from the throng

χειρὸς ἔχων, εἵως θεράπων σχεδὸν ἤλασεν ἵππους.

Αἴας δὲ Τρώεσσιν ἐπάλμενος εἶλε Δόρυκλον  
 Πριαμίδην, νόθον υἱόν, ἔπειτα δὲ Πάνδοκον οὔτα, 490  
 οὔτα δὲ Λύσανδρον καὶ Πύρασον ἠδὲ Πυλάρτην.  
 ὥς δ' ὁπότε πλήθων ποταμὸς πεδιόνδε κάτεισιν  
 χειμάρρους κατ' ὄρεσφιν, ὁπαζόμενος Διὸς ὄμβρῳ,  
 πολλὰς δὲ δρυὺς ἀζαλέας πολλὰς δέ τε πεύκας  
 ἐσφέρεται, πολλὸν δέ τ' ἀφυσγετὸν εἰς ἄλα βάλλει, 495  
 ὥς ἔφεπεν κλονέων πεδίον τότε φαίδιμος Αἴας,  
 δαΐζων ἵππους τε καὶ ἀνέρας. οὐδέ πω Ἴκτωρ  
 πεύθετ', ἐπεὶ ῥα μάχης ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ μάρνατο πάσης,  
 ὄχθας παρ ποταμοῖο Σκαμάνδρου, τῇ ῥα μάλιστα  
 ἀνδρῶν πίπτε κάρηνα, βοὴ δ' ἄσβεστος ὀρώρει 500  
 Νέστορά τ' ἀμφὶ μέγαν καὶ ἀρήιον Ἴδομενῆα.  
 Ἴκτωρ μὲν μετὰ τοῖσιν ὁμίλῃε μέρμερα ῥέζων  
 ἔγχει θ' ἵπποσύνῃ τε, νέων δ' ἀλάπαζε φάλαγγας·  
 οὐδ' ἄν πω χάζοντο κελεύθου δῖοι Ἀχαιοί,  
 εἰ μὴ Ἀλέξανδρος, Ἑλένης πόσις ἠυκόμοιο, 505  
 παῦσεν ἀριστεύοντα Μαχάονα ποιμένα λαῶν,  
 ἰὼ τριγλώχινι βαλὼν κατὰ δεξιὸν ὦμον.  
 τῷ ῥα περιῖδδειςαν μένεα πνεύοντες Ἀχαιοί,  
 μὴ πῶς μιν πολέμοιο μετακλινθέντος ἔλοιεν.  
 αὐτίκα δ' Ἴδομενεὺς προσεφώνεε Νέστορα δῖον 510  
 “ὦ Νέστορ Νηληιάδη, μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν,  
 ἄγρει, σὼν ὀχέων ἐπιβήσεο, παρ δὲ Μαχάων  
 βαινέτω, ἐς νῆας δὲ τάχιστ' ἔχε μώνυχας ἵππους·  
 ἱητρὸς γὰρ ἀνὴρ πολλῶν ἀντάξιός ἄλλων  
 ἰούς τ' ἐκτάμνειν ἐπὶ τ' ἥπια φάρμακα πάσσειν.” 515

Led out the wounded chieftain by the hand,  
Till his esquire had driven his horses near.

Ajax the while leapt on the Trojan lines,  
And slew Doryclus, Priam's bastard son ;  
Then Pandocus he smote, Lysander next,  
And with Pylartes smote he Pyrasus.  
As when a brimming river to the plain  
Comes swirling down, a torrent mountain-born  
Forced on by rains of Zeus, that sweeps along  
Dry oaks and pines full many, and to the sea  
Much mud and refuse casts, so o'er the field  
Bright Ajax rushed, and routed horse and man.  
But Hector of this work not yet had heard :  
For on the left of all the fray he fought  
Beside Scamander's banks, where by that stream  
Most frequent fell the heads of men, and shouts  
Rose quenchless round great Nestor, and around  
Warlike Idomeneus. Mingled with these  
Was Hector, doing deeds of dread with spear  
And horse-craft, wasting wide the youthful squares.  
But not yet had Achaia's godlike sons  
Yielded their foeman way, had it not happed  
That Alexander long-haired Helen's lord  
Now stayed Machaon in his valorous course,  
That shepherd of his people, whom he hit  
On the right shoulder with a three-barbed shaft.  
For whom Achaia's valour-breathing sons  
Feared much, lest haply, as the battle turned,  
His foes might slay him : wherefore thus in haste  
Idomeneus to godlike Nestor spake :  
"O Nestor Neleus' son, Achaia's boast,  
Bestir thee, mount thy car, and with thee take  
Machaon ; then drive quickly to the ships  
Thy firm-hoofed steeds. Worth many another man  
Is he of healing art, who from our wounds  
Cuts arrows out, and spreads the soothing salves."



ὥς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ.  
αὐτίκα ὦν ὀχέων ἐπεβήσεται, παρ δὲ Μαχάων  
βαῖν', Ἀσκληπιοῦ υἱὸς ἀμύμονος ἱητῆρος.

μάστιξεν δ' ἵππους, τῷ δ' οὐκ ἀέκοντε πετέσθην  
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυράς· τῇ γὰρ φίλον ἔπλετο θυμῷ. 520

Κεβριόνης δὲ Τρῶας ὀρινομένους ἐνόησεν  
Ἐκτορι παρβεβαώς, καί μιν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν.  
“Ἐκτορ, νῶι μὲν ἐνθάδ' ὀμιλέομεν Δαναοῖσιν,  
ἐσχατιῇ πολέμου δυσηχέος· οἱ δὲ δὴ ἄλλοι  
Τρῶες ὀρίνονται ἐπιμίξ, ἵπποι τε καὶ αὐτοί. 525

Αἴας δὲ κλονέει Τελαμώνιος. εὖ δέ μιν ἔγνω·  
εὐρὺ γὰρ ἀμφ' ὤμοισιν ἔχει σάκος. ἀλλὰ καὶ ἡμεῖς  
κεῖσ' ἵππους τε καὶ ἄρμ' ἰθύνομεν, ἐνθα μάλιστα  
ἱππῆες πεζοί τε, κακὴν ἔριδα προβαλόντες,  
ἀλλήλους ὀλέκουσι, βοή δ' ἄσβεστος ὄρωρεν.” 530

ὥς ἄρα φωνήσας ἵμασεν καλλίτριχας ἵππους  
μάστιγι λιγυρῇ· τοὶ δὲ πληγῆς ἄτοντες  
ρίμφ' ἔφερον θοὸν ἄρμα μετὰ Τρῶας καὶ Ἀχαιοὺς,  
στεύβοντες νέκυάς τε καὶ ἀσπίδας. αἵματι δ' ἄξων  
νέρθεν ἅπας πεπάλακτο καὶ ἄντυγες αἱ περὶ δίφρον, 535  
ἄς ἄρ' ἀφ' ἱππείων ὀπλέων ραθάμιγγες ἔβαλλον  
αἷ τ' ἀπ' ἐπισσώτρων. ὃ δὲ ἔετο δύναι ὄμιλον  
ἀνδρόμεον ῥῆξαι τε μετάλμενος· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμόν  
ἦκε κακὸν Δαναοῖσι, μίνυνθα δὲ χάζετο δουρός.  
αὐτὰρ ὃ τῶν ἄλλων ἐπεπωλεῖτο στίχας ἀνδρῶν 540  
ἔγχεϊ τ' ἄορί τε μεγάλοισί τε χερμαδίοισιν,  
Αἴαντος δ' ἀλέεινε μάχην Τελαμωνιάδαο.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ Αἴανθ' ὑψίζυγος ἐν φόβον ὥρσεν.  
στῇ δὲ ταφών, ὅπιθεν δὲ σάκος βάλεν ἐπταβόειον, 545  
τρέσσε δὲ παπτήνας ἐφ' ὀμίλου, θηρὶ ἐοικώς,

He spake : Gerené's knight obeyed ; his car  
He mounted straight, Machaon by his side :  
Then lashed the steeds, who nothing loth flew on  
To the hollow ships, for thither they were fain.

But now Cebriones had marked afar  
The Trojans suffering rout, ev'n as he rode  
By Hector's side, and to his chief he spake :  
"Hector, we twain mix with the Danaans here  
At the far verge of the harsh-roaring fray,  
While all the other Trojans suffer rout,  
Horses and men. Ajax of Telamon  
Is he that works the scathe : I know him well,  
For on his shoulders is his ample targe.  
But thither guide we too our steeds and car,  
Where chiefly now the lines of horse and foot  
Eager in evil strife are dealing death  
Each upon each, and quenchless swells the cry."

So spake he, and lashed on his fair-maned steeds  
With whistling whip ; who heard the blow, and swift  
Bore on the rapid chariot to the fray  
Of Trojans and Achaïans, treading down  
Bodies and bucklers. From beneath with blood  
Reeked all the axle, and the rails that fenced  
The chariot-seat, whereon the gory drops  
Were showered from hoof of horse and tire of wheel.  
And he that rode therein was keen to pierce  
And leaping in to break the throng of men.  
Disastrous tumult in the Danaan lines  
He cast, and seldom rested from his spear.  
But while the other warrior ranks he ranged  
With spear and sword and mighty boulder-stones  
He shunned to fight with Ajax Telamon.

And now the Father Zeus enthroned on high  
In Ajax roused a panic fear. He stood  
Astounded, and behind him cast his targe  
Of sevenfold hide, and trembled as he glared

ἐντροπαλιζόμενος, ὀλίγον γόνυ γουνὸς ἀμείβων.  
 ὥς δ' αἶθωνα λέοντα βοῶν ἀπὸ μεσσαύλοιο  
 ἐσσεύαντο κύνες τε καὶ ἀνέρες ἀγροιώται,  
 οἳ τέ μιν οὐκ εἰῶσι βοῶν ἐκ πῖαρ ἐλέσθαι 550  
 πάννυχτοι ἐγρήσσοντες· ὃ δὲ κρειῶν ἐρατίζων  
 ἰθύει, ἀλλ' οὐ τι πρήσσει· θαμέες γὰρ ἄκοντες  
 ἀντίον αἵσσουσι θρασειάων ἀπὸ χειρῶν,  
 καιόμεναί τε δεταί, τὰς τε τρεῖ ἐσσύμενός περ·  
 ἠῶθεν δ' ἀπονόσφιν ἔβη τετιηότι θυμῷ· 555  
 ὥς Αἴας τότ' ἀπὸ Τρώων τετιημένος ἦτορ  
 ἦιε πόλλ' ἀέκων· περὶ γὰρ δῖε νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ὄνος παρ' ἄρουραν ἰὼν ἐβιήσατο παῖδας  
 νωθήs, ᾧ δὴ πολλὰ περὶ ρόπαλ' ἀμφὶς ἐάγη,  
 κείρει τ' εἰσελθὼν βαθὺ λήιον· οἳ δέ τε παῖδες 560  
 τύπτουσιν ροπάλοισι, βίη δέ τε νηπίη αὐτῶν·  
 σπουδῇ τ' ἐξήλασσαν ἐπεὶ τ' ἐκορέσσατο φορβῆs·  
 ὥς τότ' ἔπειτ' Αἴαντα μέγαν, Τελαμώνιον υἱόν,  
 Τρῶες ὑπέρθυμοι τηλεκλειτοὶ τ' ἐπίκουροι  
 νύσσοντες ξυστοῖσι μέσον σάκος αἰὲν ἔποντο. 565  
 Αἴας δ' ἄλλοτε μὲν μνησάσκετο θούριδος ἀλκῆs  
 αὐτὶς ὑποστρεφθεὶς, καὶ ἐρητύσασκε φάλαγγας  
 Τρώων ἱπποδάμων, ὅτε δὲ τρωπάσκετο φεύγειν.  
 πάντας δὲ προέεργε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας ὁδεύειν,  
 αὐτὸς δὲ Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν θῦνε μεσηγύs 570  
 ἰστάμενος. τὰ δὲ δοῦρα θρασειάων ἀπὸ χειρῶν  
 ἄλλα μὲν ἐν σάκει μεγάλῳ πάγεν ὄρμενα πρόσσω,  
 πολλὰ δὲ καὶ μεσσηγύ, πάρος χρόα λευκὸν ἐπαυρεῖν,  
 ἐν γαίῃ ἴσταντο, λιλαιόμενα χρὸς αἶσαι.  
 τὸν δ' ὥς οὖν ἐνόησ' Εὐαίμονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός 575  
 Εὐρύπυλος πυκινοῖσι βιαζόμενον βελέεσσιν,

Upon the throng wild-beast-like, turning oft,  
 As knee with knee slow shifting on he stepped.  
 As tawny lion from a cattle-yard  
 Is forced by troop of dogs and farmer folk,  
 Who watch all night nor suffer him to take  
 The fatness of the kine—he keen for flesh  
 Charges, but naught effects, for thick the darts  
 Fly at him from bold hands, with fagots' blaze,  
 That daunts him tho' impetuous, till at morn  
 Sullen and sad at heart he goes his way—  
 So Ajax yielding from his Trojan foes  
 With sadness gat him back, against his will,  
 Full sorely fearing for the Achaian ships.  
 And as an ass beside a corn-field led  
 Forces his boyish guides (dull brute on whom  
 Stout cudgels have been broken not a few),  
 And entering crops the tall corn, while with sticks  
 The urchins smite him, but their strength is naught ;  
 And hardly when he now has browzed his fill  
 Drive they him out : so on great Ajax then,  
 The son of Telamon, the Trojans bold  
 And their allies from distant lands did press,  
 And with their lances pricked his middle targe.  
 But Ajax now would wheel him round again,  
 Bethinking him of valorous might, and check  
 The squares of Troy's steed-tamers ; now again  
 Would turn to fly. Yet alway to all foes  
 The way to the swift ships he barred, as still  
 Between the Trojan and Achaian lines  
 Standing he raged. And spears from daring hands  
 Some in his mighty targe were fixed and checked  
 From onward flight, many in mid space fell  
 Nor reached his fair white skin, but in the ground  
 Stood fast and spent in vain their greed of blood.

Him when Evaemon's glorious son perceived,  
 Eurypylos, by frequent shafts hard pressed,

στῇ ῥα παρ' αὐτὸν ἰὼν, καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ,  
 καὶ βάλε Φανσιάδην Ἀπισάονα, ποιμένα λαῶν,  
 ἦπαρ ὑπὸ πραπίδων, εἶθαρ δ' ὑπὸ γούνατ' ἔλυσεν.  
 Εὐρύπυλος δ' ἐπόρουσε, καὶ αἶνυτο τεύχε' ἀπ' ὤμων. 580  
 τὸν δ' ὥς οὖν ἐνόησεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής  
 τεύχε' ἀπαίννυμενον Ἀπισάονος, αὐτίκα τόξον  
 ἔλκετ' ἐπ' Εὐρυπύλῳ, καὶ μιν βάλε μηρὸν οἰστῷ  
 δεξιόν· ἐκλάσθη δὲ δόναξ, ἐβάρυνε δὲ μηρόν.  
 ἀψ δ' ἐτάρων ἐς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ' ἀλεείνων, 585  
 ἦυσεν δὲ διαπρύσιον, Δαναοῖσι γεγωνῶς·  
 “ὦ φίλοι Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες,  
 στῆτ' ἐλελιχθέντες καὶ ἀμύνετε νηλεὲς ἡμαρ  
 Αἴανθ', ὃς βελέεσσι βιάζεται· οὐδέ ἐ φημί  
 φεύξεσθ' ἐκ πολέμου δυσηχέος. ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἄντην 590  
 ἴστασθ' ἀμφ' Αἴαντα μέγαν, Τελαμώνιον υἱόν.”

ὥς ἔφατ' Εὐρύπυλος βεβλημένος· οἱ δὲ παρ' αὐτόν  
 πλησίοι ἔστησαν, σάκε' ὥμοισιν κλίναντες,  
 δούρατ' ἀνασχόμενοι. τῶν δ' ἀντίος ἦλυθεν Αἴας,  
 στῇ δὲ μεταστρεφθεῖς, ἐπεὶ ἴκετο ἔθνος ἐταίρων. 595

ὥς οἱ μὲν μάρναντο δέμας πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο.  
 Νέστορα δ' ἐκ πολέμοιο φέρον Νηλήϊαι ἵπποι  
 ἰδρώουσ', ἦγον δὲ Μαχάονα ποιμένα λαῶν.  
 τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ἐνόησε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·  
 ἐστήκει γὰρ ἐπὶ πρυμνῇ μεγακῆτεϊ νηί, 600  
 εἰσορόων πόνον αἰπὺν ἰῶκά τε δακρυόεσσαν.  
 αἶψα δ' ἐταῖρον ἐὼν Πατροκλῆα προσέειπεν,  
 φθεγξάμενος παρὰ νηός· ὃ δὲ κλισίηθεν ἀκούσας  
 ἔκμολε ἴσος Ἄρηι, κακοῦ δ' ἄρα οἱ πέλεν ἀρχή·



He sought his side, and stood, and cast a spear  
 Bright-glittering, which the son of Phausias  
 King Apisaon, shepherd of his folk,  
 Beneath the midriff in the liver struck,  
 And loosed his limbs. Then rushed the victor on  
 The armour from his shoulders to despoil.  
 But him when godlike Alexander spied  
 Stripping the arms from Apisaon slain,  
 Quick at Eurypylus his bow he drew,  
 And in his right thigh fixed an arrow point,  
 Whose reed shaft broke, and to the thigh yet hung  
 A painful burden. To his comrade band  
 He gat him back and shunned the fate of death,  
 Then to the Danaans shouted loud and shrill :  
 "Friends, kings and captains of our Argive host,  
 Wheel round and stand, and ward the ruthless day  
 From Ajax, who by shafts is sore beset :  
 Nor deem I now that from harsh-roaring war  
 He will escape. Yet face the foe, and stand  
 Around great Ajax son of Telamon."

Wounded Eurypylus thus spake : and they  
 Stood by him close, shield upon shoulder laid,  
 And spears aloft. Drew Ajax near, then turned,  
 And stood, when to his comrade band he came.

Thus fought they there with rage of burning fire.  
 Nestor the while forth from the battle bare  
 The mares of Neleus, bathed in sweat : with whom  
 Machaon rode, the shepherd of his folk.  
 Him saw and knew Achilleus fleet of foot,  
 The godlike chief, for he upon the stern  
 Of his huge ship had taken stand, to gaze  
 On the dread labour and the tearful rout.  
 At once his friend Patroclus he addressed,  
 Loud calling from the ship : who in the tent  
 Heard and came forth, the very god of war  
 In semblance, and herewith began his bane.

τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε Μενoitίου ἄλκιμος υἱός· 605  
 “τίπτε με κικλήσκεις, Ἀχιλεῦ; τί δέ σε χρεὼ ἐμείο;”  
 τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·  
 “διε Μενoitιάδῃ, τῷ ἐμῷ κεχαρισμένε θυμῷ,  
 νῦν ὅτῳ περὶ γούνατ' ἐμὰ στήσεσθαι Ἀχαιοὺς  
 λισσομένους· χρεῖῳ γὰρ ἰκάνεται οὐκέτ' ἀνεκτός. 610  
 ἀλλ' ἴθι νῦν, Πάτροκλε δίφιλε, Νέστορ' ἔρειο  
 ὅν τινα τοῦτον ἄγει βεβλημένον ἐκ πολέμοιο.  
 ἦ τοι μὲν τά γ' ὅπισθε Μαχάονι πάντα ἔοικεν  
 τῷ Ἀσκληπιάδῃ, ἀτὰρ οὐκ ἴδον ὄμματα φωτός·  
 ἵπποι γάρ με παρήϊξαν πρόσσω μεμανῦαι.” 615

ὥς φάτο, Πάτροκλος δὲ φίλῳ ἐπεπείθεθ' ἐταίρῳ,  
 βῆ δὲ θέειν παρὰ τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.

οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ κλισίην Νηληιάδew ἀφίκοντο,  
 αὐτοὶ μὲν ῥ' ἀπέβησαν ἐπὶ χθόνα πουλυβοτείραν,  
 ἵππους δ' Εὐρυμέδων θεράπων λύε τοῖο γέροντος 620  
 ἐξ ὀχέων. τοὶ δ' ἰδρῷ ἀπεψύχοντο χιτῶνων,  
 στάντε ποτὶ πνοιὴν παρὰ θῖν' ἀλός· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα  
 εἰς κλισίην ἐλθόντες ἐπὶ κλισμοῖσι καθίζον.  
 τοῖσι δὲ τεύχε κυκείῳ εὐπλόκαμος Ἑκαμήδῃ,  
 τὴν ἄρετ' ἐκ Τενέδοιο γέρων ὅτε πέρσειν Ἀχιλλεύς, 625  
 θυγατέρ' Ἀρσινόου μεγαλήτορος, ἣν οἱ Ἀχαιοὶ  
 ἔξελον οὐνεκα βουλῇ ἀριστεύεσκεν ἀπάντων.  
 ἦ σφωιν πρῶτον μὲν ἐπιπροΐηλε τράπεζαν  
 καλὴν κυανόπεζαν εὐξοον, αὐτὰρ ἐπ' αὐτῆς  
 χάλκειον κάνειον, ἐπὶ δὲ κρόμυον ποτῷ ὄψον 630  
 ἠδὲ μέλι χλωρόν, παρὰ δ' ἀλφίτου ἱεροῦ ἀκτὴν,  
 παρὰ δὲ δέπας περικαλλές, ὃ οἴκοθεν ἦγ' ὁ γεραίος

And thus spake first Menoetius' valiant son:  
"Why call'st thou me, Achilleus? what thy need?"  
To whom replied Achilleus fleet of foot:  
"O godlike offspring of Menoetius,  
Most pleasant to my soul, now, as I deem,  
Achaïans round my knees will stand with prayer,  
For need no longer to be borne is theirs.  
But hie thee now, Patroclus loved of Zeus,  
Ask Nestor who is this whom from the field  
Wounded he bears. Behind indeed the man  
Like to Machaon shows, Asclepius' son,  
In all; but eyes and face I did not see,  
So swift in onward haste the steeds swept by."

He spake: obedient to his comrade dear  
Patroclus started him to run, and passed  
The tents and vessels of Achaïa's host.

Now when they reached the tent of Neleus' son,  
Themselves stept down upon the fruitful earth,  
The steeds Eurymedon the greybeard's squire  
Loosed from the car. And from their tunics first  
The twain cooled off the sweat, out in the breeze  
Standing upon the sandy shore, then came  
Within the tent and on the couches sate.  
For whom a posset Hecamedé mixed—  
That bright-haired handmaid, whom the greybeard won  
From Tenedos, when Achilleus sacked the isle:  
Daughter of mighty-souled Arsinoüs  
Was she, and her Achaïa's sons chose out  
His worthy meed for counsels passing wise—  
She first toward them moved a table fair  
Footed with dark-blue metal, polished clear,  
Whereon a brazen tray she set, and there  
An onion to lend flavour to the draught,  
With honey pale and flour of sacred meal.  
And by them was a bowl exceeding fair  
Brought by the greybeard from his home, set o'er

χρυσείοις ἥλοισι πεπαρμένον· οὐατα δ' αὐτοῦ  
 τέσσαρ' ἔσαν, δοιαὶ δὲ πελειάδες ἀμφὶ ἕκαστον  
 χρύσειαι νεμέθοντο, δύω δ' ὑπὸ πυθμένες ἦσαν. 635  
 ἄλλος μὲν μογέων ἀποκινήσασκε τραπέζης  
 πλεῖον ἔον, Νέστωρ δ' ὁ γέρων ἀμογητὶ ἄειρεν.  
 ἐν τῷ ῥά σφι κύκησε γυνὴ εἰκυῖα θεῇσιν  
 οἴῳ Πραμνείῳ, ἐπὶ δ' αἴγειον κνῆ τυρόν  
 κνήστι χαλκείῃ, ἐπὶ δ' ἄλφιστα λευκὰ πάλυνεν, 640  
 πινέμεναι δ' ἐκέλευσεν, ἐπεὶ ῥ' ὥπλισσε κυκειῶ.  
 τῷ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν πίνουντ' ἀφέτην πολυκαγκέα δίψαν,  
 μῦθοισιν τέρποντο πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἐνέποντες,  
 Πάτροκλος δὲ θύρησιν ἐφίστατο, ἰσόθεος φῶς.  
 τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ὁ γεραιὸς ἀπὸ θρόνου ὦρτο φαεινοῦ, 645  
 ἐς δ' ἄγε χειρὸς ἐλὼν, κατὰ δ' ἐδριάασθαι ἄνωγεν.  
 Πάτροκλος δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἀναίνετο, εἶπέ τε μῦθον.  
 “οὐχ ἔδος ἐστί, γεραιὲ διοτρεφές, οὐδέ με πείσεις.  
 αἰδοῖος νεμεσητὸς ὃ με προέηκε πυθέσθαι  
 ὃν τινα τοῦτον ἄγεις βεβλημένον. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτός 650  
 γιγνώσκω ὁρόω δὲ Μαχάονα ποιμένα λαῶν.  
 νῦν δὲ ἔπος ἐρέων πάλιν ἄγγελος εἴμ' Ἀχιλῆι.  
 εὔ δὲ σὺ οἶσθα, γεραιὲ διοτρεφές, οἷος ἐκείνος,  
 δεινὸς ἀνὴρ· τάχα κεν καὶ ἀναίτιον αἰτιόωτο.”  
 τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἱππότης Νέστωρ· 655  
 “τίπτε τ' ἄρ' ὦδ' Ἀχιλεὺς ὀλοφύρεται νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,  
 ὅσσοι δὴ βέλεσιν βεβλήηται; οὐδέ τι οἶδεν  
 πένθεος ὅσσον ὄρωρε κατὰ στρατόν· οἱ γὰρ ἄριστοι  
 ἐν νηυσὶν κέαται βεβλημένοι οὐτάμενοί τε.  
 βέβληται μὲν ὁ Τυδείδης κρατερὸς Διομήδης, 660  
 οὐτασται δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς δουρικλυτὸς ἠδ' Ἀγαμέμνων·

With golden studs. Four ears it had : two doves  
On either side each ear bent down to feed :  
Two bases underneath upheld its weight.  
When filled, to move it from the board was toil  
To other hand, but, as he lift it up,  
To Nestor, tho' a greybeard, toil was none.  
In this the godlike dame their posset mixed  
Of Pramnian wine, and goat cheese grated in  
With brazen grating-knife, white barley meal  
Sprinkling upon the surface : this to drink  
She bade them, when the posset was prepared.  
But when by drink their burning thirst was stayed,  
With interchange of words their hearts they cheered.  
And now Patroclus in the tent-door stood,  
That godlike wight ; whom when the greybeard saw,  
From his bright chair he rose, and took his hand,  
And led him in, and bade him sit. The seat  
Refusing thus in turn Patroclus spake :  
“ No seat, O Zeus-born greybeard, is for me :  
Thou'lt not persuade me. Awe and fear he claims  
Who sent me forth to ask thee whom thou bring'st  
Thus wounded back. But of myself I know  
And see Machaon, shepherd of his folk :  
So now will hie me back again with word  
Of message to Achilleus. Well thou know'st  
O Zeus-born greybeard, what he is, a man  
Of dread, who might perchance the blameless blame.”

To whom made answer thus Gerené's knight :  
“ And wherefore doth Achilleus make this moan  
Over Achaia's sons, such as by shafts  
Have gotten wounds ? He knoweth not how great  
The mourning through our host aroused. Our best  
Lie at the ships, sore hurt by throw or thrust.  
By shaft stout Diomedes Tydeus' son,  
By thrust spear-famed Odysseus hath his hurt,  
And Agamemnon : then Eurypylus



βέβληται δὲ καὶ Εὐρύπυλος κατὰ μηρὸν οἴστῳ.  
 τοῦτον δ' ἄλλον ἐγὼ νέον ἤγαγον ἐκ πολέμοιο  
 ἰὼ ἀπὸ νευρῆς βεβλημένον. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεύς  
 ἐσθλὸς ἐὼν Δαναῶν οὐ κήδεται οὐδ' ἐλεαίρει. 665  
 ἦ μένει εἰς ὃ κε δὴ νῆες θοαὶ ἄγχι θαλάσσης,  
 Ἀργείων ἀέκητι, πυρὸς δηίοιο θέρωνται,  
 αὐτοὶ τε κτεινόμεθ' ἐπισχερώ; οὐ γὰρ ἐμὴ ἴς  
 ἔσθ' οἷη πάρος ἔσκεν ἐνὶ γναμπτοῖσι μέλεσσιν.  
 εἶθ' ὥς ἡβώοιμι, βίη δέ μοι ἔμπεδος εἴη, 670  
 ὥς ὁπότε Ἥλείοισι καὶ ἡμῖν νεῖκος ἐτύχθη  
 ἀμφὶ βοηλασίῃ, ὅτ' ἐγὼ κτάνον Ἴτυμονῆα  
 ἐσθλὸν Ὑπειροχίδην, ὃς ἐν Ἥλιδι ναιετάασκεν,  
 ῥύσι' ἐλαυνόμενος. ὃ δ' ἀμύνων ἦσι βόεσσιν  
 ἔβλητ' ἐν πρώτοισιν ἐμῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἄκοντι, 675  
 καδ δ' ἔπεσεν, λαοὶ δὲ περίτρεσαν ἀγροιώται.  
 ληίδα δ' ἐκ πεδίου συνελάσσαμεν ἥλιθα πολλήν,  
 πεντήκοντα βοῶν ἀγέλας, τόσα πώεα οἰῶν,  
 τόσσα συῶν συβόσια, τόσ' αἰπόλια πλατέ' αἰγῶν,  
 ἵππους δὲ ξανθὰς ἑκατὸν καὶ πεντήκοντα, 680  
 πᾶσας θηλείας, πολλῇσι δὲ πῶλοι ὑπῆσαν.  
 καὶ τὰ μὲν ἡλασάμεσθα Πύλον Νηληΐον εἴσω  
 ἐννύχιοι προτὶ ἄστν, γεγήθει δὲ φρένα Νηλεύς  
 οὔνεκά μοι τύχε πολλὰ νέω πόλεμόνδε κίοντι·  
 κήρυκες δ' ἐλίγαινον ἅμ' ἡοῖ φαινομένηφιν 685  
 τοὺς ἴμεν οἷσιν χρεῖος ὀφείλετ' ἐν Ἥλιδι δῖη.  
 οἱ δὲ συναγρόμενοι Πυλίων ἡγήτορες ἄνδρες  
 δαίτρευν, πολέσιν γὰρ Ἐπειοὶ χρεῖος ὀφείλον,  
 ὥς ἡμεῖς παῦροι κεκακωμένοι ἐν Πύλῳ ἦμεν.  
 ἐλθὼν γάρ ῥ' ἐκάκωσε βίη Ἡρακλείη 690  
 τῶν προτέρων ἐτέων, κατὰ δ' ἔκταθεν ὅσοι ἄριστοι.

By arrow in the thigh. And late I bring  
 This other from the field, stricken by shaft  
 From bowstring. But Achilles, warrior brave,  
 For Danaans' loss no care nor pity feels.  
 What! waits he till our swift ships by the sea,  
 Despite the Argives, glow with foeman's fire,  
 And one upon another we be slain.  
 For truly now no more that force is mine  
 That was of old in supple-jointed limbs.  
 Ah! could I but be young, with strength as firm,  
 As when with men of Elis once we strove  
 About a cattle-raid: what time I slew  
 Hypeirochus' brave son Itymoneus,  
 Who dwelt in Elis. As reprisals I  
 Drove off his herds, he in his kine's defence  
 Struck 'mid the first by javelin from my hand  
 Fell prone, and all his farmer people fled.  
 Then from the plain we drove together spoil  
 In store unstinted: fifty herds of kine,  
 As many flocks of sheep, of swine no less,  
 As many of goats wide-spreading, steeds withal  
 One hundred and two-score and ten, in hue  
 Chestnut, all mares, and many suckling foals.  
 All these we drove to Pylos, Neleus' home,  
 Entering by night the town: and glad at heart  
 Was Neleus at my happy chance who went  
 So young to war and yet so much had won.  
 With beam of dawn shrill proclamation made  
 The heralds, that in Elis' land divine  
 Those should come forward who a debt could claim:  
 And so the Pylian chieftains gathered them  
 And made division, for the Epeans owed  
 Debts to full many, since in Pylos we  
 Were few in number and in evil plight.  
 For years before came Hercules the strong  
 And wrought us evil, and our best were slain:

δώδεκα γὰρ Νηληϊος ἀμύμονος υἱέες ἦμεν  
 τῶν οἶος λιπόμην, οἱ δ' ἄλλοι πάντες ὄλοντο.  
 ταῦθ' ὑπερηφανέοντες Ἐπειοὶ χαλκοχίτωνες,  
 ἡμέας ὑβρίζοντες, ἀτάσθαλα μηχανόωντο. 695  
 ἐκ δ' ὁ γέρων ἀγέλην τε βοῶν καὶ πῶν μέγ' οἴων  
 εἴλετο, κρινάμενος τριηκόσι' ἠδὲ νομῆας.  
 καὶ γὰρ τῷ χρεῖος μέγ' ὀφείλετ' ἐν Ἥλιδι δῖη,  
 τέσσαρες ἀθλοφόροι ἵπποι αὐτοῖσιν ὄχεσφιν,  
 ἐλθόντες μετ' ἄεθλα. περὶ τρίποδος γὰρ ἔμελλον 700  
 θεύσεσθαι· τοὺς δ' αὖθι ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Λυγείας  
 κάσχεθε, τὸν δ' ἐλατῆρ' ἀφίη ἀκαχήμενον ἵππων.  
 τῶν ὁ γέρων ἐπέων κεχολωμένος ἠδὲ καὶ ἔργων  
 ἐξέλετ' ἄσπετα πολλά· τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἐς δῆμον ἔδωκεν  
 δαιτρεύειν, μή τίς οἱ ἀτεμβόμενος κίοι ἴσης. 705  
 ἡμεῖς μὲν τὰ ἕκαστα διείπομεν, ἀμφί τε ἄστυ  
 ἔρδομεν ἱρὰ θεοῖς· οἱ δὲ τρίτῳ ἡματι πάντες  
 ἦλθον ὁμῶς αὐτοί τε πολεῖς καὶ μώνυχες ἵπποι,  
 πασσυδῖη· μετὰ δέ σφι Μολλίονε θωρήσσοντο  
 παῖδ' ἔτ' ἐόντ', οὗ πω μάλα εἰδότε θούριδος ἀλκῆς. 710  
 ἔστι δέ τις Θρυόεσσα πόλις, αἰπεῖα κολώνη,  
 τηλοῦ ἐπ' Ἀλφειῷ, νεάτη Πύλου ἡμαθόεντος·  
 τὴν ἀμφεστρατόωντο διαρραῖσαι μεμαῶτες·  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε πᾶν πεδίου μετεκίαθον, ἄμμι δ' Ἀθήνη 715  
 ἄγγελος ἦλθε θεοῦς· ἀπ' Ὀλύμπου θωρήσσεσθαι  
 ἔννυχος, οὐδ' ἀέκοντα Πύλον κάτα λαὸν ἄγειρεν  
 ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἐσσυμένους πολεμιζέμεν. οὐδέ με Νηλεύς  
 εἶα θωρήσσεσθαι, ἀπέκρυνεν δέ μοι ἵππους·  
 οὐ γάρ πώ τί μ' ἔφη ἴδμεν πολεμήϊα ἔργα.  
 ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς ἵππεῦσι μετέπρεπον ἡμετέροισιν, 720

Twelve sons of blameless Neleus we had been,  
 But only I was left, the rest were slain.  
 Wherefore the mailed Epeans in contempt  
 Outraging us devised presumptuous deeds.  
 And now the greybeard for himself chose out  
 A herd of kine and ample flock of sheep,  
 Three hundred set apart, with men to tend.  
 For a great debt in Elis' land divine  
 Was owed to him—four steeds, prize-bearers they,  
 With cars complete, which for a tripod urn  
 To run were destined, but the king of men  
 Augeias kept them in his land, and sent  
 Their driver back sad for his horses lost.  
 But at such words and deeds the greybeard wroth  
 Took payment full and large : the rest he gave  
 For fair division to the common crowd,  
 That none might go defrauded of his right.  
 Such settlement we made, and through the town  
 To gods paid sacrifice ; but they, our foes,  
 On the third day came all, a numerous host,  
 Of men and firm-hoofed steeds, in hottest haste.  
 And with them armed were two from Molus sprung,  
 Mere boys, unskilled as yet in furious war.  
 There is a city, Thryoessa named,  
 On a steep hill, beside Alpheus' stream,  
 Afar on sandy Pylos' utmost verge.  
 This camped they round right eager to destroy.  
 But when the wide plain they had crossed, then came  
 Athené from Olympus speeding fast,  
 A nightly messenger to bid us arm,  
 Gathering in Pylos no unwilling host,  
 But men full keen for war. Yet me to arm  
 Neleus forbade, and hid my steeds away :  
 Not yet, he said, knew I the works of war.  
 Yet even thus I shone conspicuous forth  
 Among our horsemen, tho' myself afoot,

καὶ πεζός περ ἑών, ἐπεὶ ὥς ἄγε νεῖκος Ἀθήνη.  
 ἔστι δέ τις ποταμὸς Μινυήιος εἰς ἄλα βάλλων  
 ἐγγύθεν Ἀρήνης, ὅθι μείναμεν ἡὼ δῖαν  
 ἱππῆες Πυλίων, τὰ δ' ἐπέρρειε ἔθνεα πεζῶν.  
 ἔνθεν πασσυδίῃ σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες 725  
 ἔνδιοι ἰκόμεσθ' ἱερὸν ῥόον Ἀλφειοῖο.  
 ἔνθα Διὶ ρέξαντες ὑπερμενεῖ ἱερὰ καλὰ,  
 ταῦρον δ' Ἀλφειῷ, ταῦρον δὲ Ποσειδάωνι,  
 αὐτὰρ Ἀθηναίῃ γλαυκώπιδι βοῦν ἀγελαίην,  
 δόρπον ἔπειθ' ἐλόμεσθα κατὰ στρατὸν ἐν τελέεσσιν 730  
 καὶ κατεκοιμήθημεν ἐν ἔντεσι οἷσι ἕκαστος  
 ἀμφὶ ῥοᾶς ποταμοῖο. ἀτὰρ μεγάθυμοι Ἐπειοὶ  
 ἀμφέσταν δὴ ἄστνυ διαπραθέειν μεμαῶτες.  
 ἀλλὰ σφιν προπάροιθε φάνη μέγα ἔργον Ἀρῆος·  
 εὔτε γὰρ ἥελιος φαέθων ὑπερέσχεθε γαίης, 735  
 συμφερόμεσθα μάχῃ, Διὶ τ' εὐχόμενοι καὶ Ἀθήνῃ.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ Πυλίων καὶ Ἐπειῶν ἔπλετο νεῖκος,  
 πρῶτος ἐγὼν ἔλον ἄνδρα, κόμισσα δὲ μώνυχας ἵππους,  
 Μούλιον αἰχμητὴν· γαμβρὸς δ' ἦν Αὐγείας,  
 πρεσβυτάτην δὲ θύγατρ' εἶχε ξανθὴν Ἀγαμήδην, 740  
 ἣ τόσα φάρμακα ἤδη ὅσα τρέφει εὐρείᾳ χθών.  
 τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ προσιόντα βάλον χαλκῆρεϊ δουρί,  
 ἥριπε δ' ἐν κονίῃσιν· ἐγὼ δ' ἐς δίφρον ὀρούσας  
 στήν ῥα μετὰ προμάχοισιν. ἀτὰρ μεγάθυμοι Ἐπειοὶ  
 ἔτρεσαν ἄλλυδις ἄλλος, ἐπεὶ ἴδον ἄνδρα πεσόντα 745  
 ἡγεμόν' ἱππῶν, ὃς ἀριστεύεσκε μάχεσθαι.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἐπόρουσα κελαινῇ λαίλαπι ἴσος,  
 πεντήκοντα δ' ἔλον δίφρους, δύο δ' ἀμφὶ ἕκαστον  
 φῶτες ὁδὰξ ἔλον οὔδας, ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ δαμέντες.  
 καί νύ κεν Ἀκτορίωνε Μολλίονε παῖδ' ἀλάπαξα, 750



For so Athené ruled the chance of strife.  
 A river Minyeius meets the sea  
 Near to Arené; there we Pylia horse  
 Waited the dawn divine, and to us flowed  
 The tribes of footmen. Thence in hottest haste  
 Harnessed in arms we journeyed on, and came  
 By noontide to Alpheus' holy flood.  
 There goodly victims to almighty Zeus  
 We slew; a bull Alpheus claimed, a bull  
 Poseidon; and Athené, stern-eyed power,  
 A heifer of the herd: then supped we, ranged  
 Throughout our army by our companies,  
 And laid us down to rest, each with his arms,  
 Beside the river stream. But now our foes,  
 High-souled Epeans, stood around the town  
 Eager to sack it: but, ere that might be,  
 A mighty work of warfare they beheld.  
 For as the sun rose bright above the earth  
 We closed in battle, uttering prayers to Zeus  
 And to Athené. Then, as rose the strife  
 'Twixt Pylia and Epeans, I the first  
 A warrior slew, and won his firm-hoofed steeds—  
 The spearman Mulius. Of Augeias he  
 Was son-in-law, his eldest daughter's lord,  
 Fair Agamedé of the yellow hair,  
 Who knew all herbs that earth's broad bosom bears.  
 Him, as he onwards came, with brass-tipped spear  
 I smote, that in the dust he fell, but I  
 Leapt on his car, and with the vanguard stood.  
 Then the high-souled Epeans broke and fled,  
 Seeing him fall, the leader of their horse,  
 Their bravest in the fight: but I rushed in  
 Like a black storm-wind; chariots there I took  
 Two-score and ten, and warriors twain by each  
 Vanquished beneath my spear bit hard the ground.  
 And now those children twain from Molus sprung,

εἰ μὴ σφῶε πατὴρ εὐρυκρείων ἐνοσίχθων  
 ἐκ πολέμου ἐσάωσε, καλύψας ἥερι πολλῇ.  
 ἔνθα Ζεὺς Πυλίοισι μέγα κράτος ἐγγυάλιξεν·  
 τόφρα γὰρ οὖν ἐπόμεσθα διὰ σπιδέος πεδίοιο,  
 κτείνοντές τ' αὐτοὺς ἀνά τ' ἔντεα καλὰ λέγοντες, 755  
 ὄφρ' ἐπὶ Βουπρασίου πολυπύρου βήσαμεν ἵππους  
 πέτρης τ' Ὀλενίης, καὶ Ἀλειςίου ἔνθα κολώνη  
 κέκληται· ὅθεν αὖτις ἀπέτραπε λαὸν Ἀθήνη.  
 ἔνθ' ἄνδρα κτείνας πύματον λίπον· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοί  
 ἄψ' ἀπὸ Βουπρασίοιο Πύλονδ' ἔχον ὠκέας ἵππους, 760  
 πάντες δ' εὐχετόωντο θεῶν Διὶ Νέστορί τ' ἀνδρῶν.  
 ὥς ἔον, εἴ ποτ' ἔον γε, μετ' ἀνδράσιν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεύς  
 οἷος τῆς ἀρετῆς ἀπονήσεται· ἦ τέ μιν οἶω  
 πολλὰ μετακλαύσεσθαι, ἐπεὶ κ' ἀπὸ λαὸς ὄληται.  
 ὦ πέπον, ἦ μὴν σοί γε Μενόιτιος ὦδ' ἐπέτελλεν 765  
 ἥματι τῷ ὅτε σ' ἐκ Φθίης Ἀγαμέμνονι πέμπεν·  
 νῶϊ δέ τ' ἔνδον ἐόντες, ἐγὼ καὶ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,  
 πάντα μάλ' ἐν μεγάροις ἠκούομεν ὥς ἐπέτελλεν.  
 Πηλῆος δ' ἰκόμεσθα δόμους εὖ ναιετάοντας  
 λαὸν ἀγείροντες κατ' Ἀχαιίδα καλλιγύναικα. 770  
 ἔνθα δ' ἔπειθ' ἥρωα Μενόιτιον εὖρομεν ἔνδον  
 ἠδὲ σέ, παρ δ' Ἀχιλλῆα· γέρων δ' ἱππηλάτα Πηλεὺς  
 πίονα μῆρί' ἔκαιε βοὸς Διὶ τερπικεραύνῳ  
 αὐλῆς ἐν χόρτῳ, ἔχε δὲ χρύσειον ἄλειςον,  
 σπένδων αἶθοπα οἶνον ἐπ' αἰθομένοις ἱεροῖσιν. 775  
 σφῶϊ μὲν ἀμφὶ βοὸς ἔπετον κρέα, νῶϊ δ' ἔπειτα  
 στῆμεν ἐνὶ προθύροισι· ταφῶν δ' ἀνόρουσεν Ἀχιλλεύς,  
 ἐς δ' ἄγε χειρὸς ἐλών, κατὰ δ' ἐδριάασθαι ἄνωγεν,

Deemed sons of Actor, I had reft of life,  
 Had not their truer sire, th' Earth-shaking king,  
 Veiled in thick mist and saved them from the war.  
 There Zeus vouchsafed a mighty victory  
 To us of Pylos: for we followed on  
 Through the broad plain, slaying and gathering spoil  
 Of goodly arms, till on Buprasium's lands  
 Wheat-laden trode our steeds, and reached the rock  
 Olenian, and the hill that bears a name  
 Drawn from Aleisius. There Athené turned  
 Our people back: there left I him whom last  
 I slew: and from Buprasium all drove back  
 To Pylos their swift steeds, and prayerful owned  
 Zeus was the god who saved, Nestor the man.  
 Such was I once, if e'er indeed I was,  
 'Mid fellow warriors. But himself alone  
 Achilles' might will profit: yet, I ween,  
 The host once lost with many tears he'll rue.  
 Dear friend, to thee Menoetius surely gave  
 This charge, on that day when he sent thee forth  
 From Phthian land to Agamemnon's aid—  
 For we were in the hall and heard each word,  
 Godlike Odysseus and myself, how then  
 He gave thee charge. To Peleus' well-built house  
 We twain had come, as gathering troops we ranged  
 Achaia's fruitful land: and there within  
 Menoetius we found, thy hero sire,  
 With thee and with Achilles, while the knight  
 Old Peleus in the courtyard burned to Zeus  
 The lightning-lord the fat thighs of an ox,  
 Holding a golden beaker, whence he poured  
 The bright wine on the flaming sacrifice.  
 To the ox-flesh ye both gave heed, when we  
 Stood in the entrance. Up Achilles leapt  
 Amazed, and took our hands, and led us in,  
 And bade be seated, hospitable cheer

ξείνιά τ' εὖ παρέθηκεν, ἅ τε ξείνοις θέμις ἐστίν.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τάρπημεν ἐδητύος ἡδὲ ποτῆτος, 780  
 ἦρχον ἐγὼ μύθοιο, κελεύων ὕμμ' ἅμ' ἔπεσθαι·  
 σφῶ δὲ μάλ' ἠθέλετον, τῷ δ' ἄμφω πόλλ' ἐπέτελλον.  
 Πηλεὺς μὲν ᾧ παιδὶ γέρων ἐπέτελλ' Ἀχιλῆι  
 αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπείροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων·  
 σοὶ δ' αὖθ' ὧδ' ἐπέτελλε Μενοίτιος Ἀκτορος υἱός· 785  
 'τέκνον ἐμόν, γενεῇ μὲν ὑπέρτερός ἐστιν Ἀχιλλεύς,  
 πρεσβύτερος δὲ σύ ἐσσι· βίῃ δ' ὅ γε πολλὸν ἀμείνων.  
 ἀλλ' εὖ οἱ φάσθαι πυκινὸν ἔπος ἡδ' ὑποθέσθαι  
 καὶ οἱ σημαίνειν· ὃ δὲ πείσεται εἰς ἀγαθὸν περ·  
 ὥς ἐπέτελλ' ὁ γέρων, σὺ δὲ λήθεται. ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν 790  
 τὰ εἵποις Ἀχιλῆι δαΐφρονι, αἷ κε πίθηται.  
 τίς οἶδ' εἴ κέν οἱ σὺν δαίμονι θυμὸν ὀρίναις  
 παρειπών; ἀγαθὴ δὲ παραίφασις ἐστὶν ἐταίρου.  
 εἰ δέ τινα φρεσὶ ᾗσι θεοπροπίην ἀλεείνει  
 καὶ τινά οἱ παρ Ζηνὸς ἐπέφραδε πότνια μήτηρ, 795  
 ἀλλὰ σέ περ προέτω, ἅμα δ' ἄλλος λαὸς ἐπέσθω  
 Μυρμιδόνων, εἴ κέν τι φόως Δαναοῖσι γένηαι.  
 καὶ τοι τεύχεα καλὰ δότω πόλεμόνδε φέρεσθαι,  
 αἷ κέ σε τῷ ἴσκοντες ἀπόσχονται πολέμοιο  
 Τρῶες, ἀναπνεύσωσι δ' ἀρήιοι υἱες Ἀχαιῶν 800  
 τειρόμενοι· ὀλίγη δέ τ' ἀνάπνευσις πολέμοιο.  
 ρεῖα δέ κ' ἀκμήτες κεκμηότας ἄνδρας αὔτῃ  
 ὤσαισθε προτὶ ἄστν νεῶν ἄπο καὶ κλισιάων."

ὥς φάτο, τῷ δ' ἄρα θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ὄρινεν,  
 βῆ δὲ θέειν παρὰ νῆας ἐπ' Αἰακίδαην Ἀχιλλῆα· 805

Setting before us such as guests may claim.  
 But when of meat and drink we had our fill,  
 I first began the word, bidding you both  
 To follow with us. Ye right willing were;  
 And both your sires then gave you fullest charge.  
 His son Achilleus greybeard Peleus charged  
Ever to be the best, excelling all: *To stand the first in war*  
 But thee thus charged Menoetius, Actor's son; *is in command*  
 'My child, of nobler birth Achilleus is,  
 But thou art elder. He again in strength  
 Excels thee far; but be it thine to speak  
 Shrewd word suggesting, and to warn him well;  
 And for his good he surely will obey.'  
 Such charge the greybeard gave, but thou forgetst.  
 Yet even now this counsel thou may'st tell  
 The warlike prince, if haply he will hear.  
 Who knows but, with a god to help, thou may'st  
 Stir and persuade his soul? for alway good  
 Persuasion is that cometh from a friend.  
 But if some god-sent warning in his mind  
 He shuns to slight, and if some words from Zeus  
 His queenly mother spake, yet let him send  
 Thee forth, with all the Myrmidonian host  
 Following behind, if haply thou may'st dawn  
 To Danaan ranks a light. His goodly arms  
 Let him but give thee to the field to bear;  
 The Trojans may in thee his image see  
 And slack their battle; and some breathing-space  
 Achaia's warlike sons now sore distrest  
 May find. Short breathing-space doth war allow.  
 But ye thus fresh and whole the weary-worn  
 Charging with battle-cry may lightly drive  
 Back from our ships and tents to yonder town."

So spake he; but the other's soul was stirred  
 Within his breast. Along the ships he ran  
 To seek Achilleus son of Æacus.



ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ κατὰ νῆας Ὀδυσσῆος θείοιο  
 ἔξε θεῶν Πάτροκλος, ἵνα σφ' ἀγορή τε θέμις τε  
 ἦην, τῇ δὴ καὶ σφι θεῶν ἐτετεύχατο βωμοί,  
 ἔνθα οἱ Εὐρύπυλος βεβλημένος ἀντεβόλησεν,  
 διογενὴς Εὐαιμονίδης, κατὰ μηρὸν οἴστῳ,

810

σκάζων ἐκ πολέμου· κατὰ δὲ νότιος ῥέεν ἰδρώς  
 ὤμων καὶ κεφαλῆς, ἀπὸ δ' ἔλκεος ἀργαλέοιο  
 αἷμα μέλαν κελάρυζε, νόος γε μὲν ἔμπεδος ἦεν.

τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ᾧκτειρε Μενoitίου ἄλκιμος υἱός,  
 καὶ ῥ' ὀλοφυρόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

815

“ὦ δειλοὶ Δαναῶν ἡγήτορες ἡδὲ μέδοντες,  
 ὥς ἄρ' ἐμέλλετε, τῇλε φίλων καὶ πατρίδος αἵης,  
 ἄσκειν ἐν Τροίῃ ταχέας κύνας ἀργέτι δημῷ.

ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι τόδε εἰπέ, διοτρεφὲς Εὐρύπυλ' ἥρως,  
 ἦ ῥ' ἔτι που σχήσουσι πελώριον Ἑκτορ' Ἀχαιοί,  
 ἦ ἤδη φθίσονται ὑπ' αὐτοῦ δουρὶ δαμέντες.”

820

τὸν δ' αὖτ' Εὐρύπυλος πεπνυμένος ἀντίον ἤϊδα·

“οὐκέτι, διογενὲς Πατρόκλεες, ἄλκαρ Ἀχαιῶν  
 ἔσσεται, ἀλλ' ἐν νηυσὶ μελαίνησιν πεσέονται·

οἳ μὲν γὰρ δὴ πάντες, ὅσοι πάρος ἦσαν ἄριστοι,  
 ἐν νηυσὶν κέεται βεβλημένοι οὐτάμενοί τε

825

χερσὶν ὑπο Τρώων, τῶν δὲ σθένος ὄρνυται αἰεὶ.

ἀλλ' ἐμὲ μὲν σὺ σάωσον ἄγων ἐπὶ νῆα μέλαιναν,  
 μηροῦ δ' ἔκταμ' οἴστόν, ἀπ' αὐτοῦ δ' αἷμα κελαινόν  
 νίξ' ὕδατι λιαρῷ, ἐπὶ δ' ἥπια φάρμακα πάσσε

830

ἐσθλά, τά σε προτί φασιν Ἀχιλλῆος δεδιδάχθαι,  
 ὃν Χείρων ἐδίδαξε, δικαιοτάτος Κενταύρων.

ἰητροὶ μὲν γὰρ Ποδαλείριος ἡδὲ Μαχάων,  
 τὸν μὲν ἐνὶ κλισίῃσιν ὀϊόμαι ἔλκος ἔχοντα,  
 χρηρίζοντα καὶ αὐτὸν ἀμύμονος ἰητῆρος,

835

But in his running when Patroclus reached  
 The vessels of Odysseus godlike chief—  
 Where was the place of gathering and of law,  
 And where were built the altars of the gods—  
 Wounded Eurypylus there crossed his way,  
 Zeus-born Evaemon's son, whose thigh the shaft  
 Had pierced. And he was limping from the war,  
 With sweat from head and shoulders streaming down,  
 While from the painful wound the black blood came  
 Forth trickling, but his senses still were firm.  
 Whom as he saw, Menoetius' valiant son  
 Much pitied, and in lamentation loud  
 Out-breaking thus with wingèd words addressed :  
 "Ah ! wretched wights, ye captains and ye kings  
 Of Danaans ! was it then your foredoomed fate  
 Far far away from friends and fatherland  
 To glut with rich white fat swift dogs of Troy ?  
 But prithee tell me this, Eurypylus  
 Thou Zeus-born hero : will Achaia's sons  
 Yet stay perchance the giant Hector's force,  
 Or perish all subdued beneath his spear ?"

And wise Eurypylus thus made reply :  
 "Zeus-born Patroclus, of defence no more  
 Achaia's sons will show, but headlong fall  
 On their black ships : for all who once were best  
 Lie at the ships sore hurt by throw or thrust  
 From Trojan hands, whose strength is rising still.  
 But save thou me, and to my black ship lead,  
 And from my thigh cut out the arrow, and wash  
 Therefrom with water warm the purple blood,  
 And spread thereon those soothing wholesome salves  
 By thee—so say they—from Achilleus learnt,  
 Whom Chiron, justest of the centaurs, taught.  
 For Podalirius and Machaon both—  
 Our leeches—are away : one in his tent  
 Lies wounded sore, and needs himself, I ween,

κεῖσθαι· ὁ δ' ἐν πεδίῳ Τρώων μένει ὄξυν Ἄρηα."

τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε Μενoitίου ἄλκιμος υἱός·  
 "πῶς κεν ἔοι τάδε ἔργα; τί ῥέξομεν, Εὐρύπυλ' ἥρως;  
 ἔρχομαι ὄφρ' Ἀχιλῇι δαΐφρονι μῦθον ἐνίσπω  
 ὃν Νέστωρ ἐπέτελλε Γερῆνιος, οὖρος Ἀχαιῶν. 840  
 ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὥς περ σεῖο μεθήσω τειρομένοιο."

ἦ, καὶ ὑπὸ στέρνοιο λαβὼν ἄγε ποιμένα λαῶν  
 ἐς κλισίην· θεράπων δὲ ἰδὼν ὑπέχευε βοείας.  
 ἔνθα μιν ἐκτανύσας ἐκ μηροῦ τάμνε μαχαίρῃ  
 ὄξυν βέλος περιπευκές, ἀπ' αὐτοῦ δ' αἶμα κελαινόν 845  
 νίζ' ὕδατι λιαρῶ, ἐπὶ δὲ ρίζαν βάλε πικρὴν  
 χερσὶ διατρίψας, ὀδυνήφατον, ἣ οἱ ἀπάσας  
 ἔσχ' ὀδύνας. τὸ μὲν ἔλκος ἐτέρσετο, πάνσατο δ' αἶμα.

A blameless leech ; the other on the plain  
Abides the furious brunt of Trojan war."

To whom Menoetius' valiant son replied :  
"O how shall these works end? what may we do,  
Hero Eurypylos? My errand is  
Warlike Achilles to inform of words  
That Nestor of Gerené charged me with,  
Achaia's bulwark. Yet not even thus  
Will I desert thee in thy sore distress."

He spake, and 'neath the breast supporting led  
To his own tent the shepherd of his folk.  
At sight of whom th' esquire with ox-hides strewed  
The floor ; and there Patroclus laid at length  
The wounded chief, and with a knife cut out  
The sharp and biting arrow from the thigh,  
Washed off with water warm the purple blood,  
And, powdered 'twixt his palms, a bitter root  
Laid on, pain-killing, which his every ache  
Assuaged. So dried the wound and ceased the blood.

## ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Μ.

### Τειχομαχία.

Ὡς ὁ μὲν ἐν κλισίῃσι Μενoitίου ἄλκιμος υἱὸς  
ἰᾶτ' Εὐρύπυλον βεβλημένον· οἷ δὲ μάχοντο  
Ἀργεῖοι καὶ Τρῶες ὁμιλαδόν. οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔμελλεν  
τάφρος ἔτι σχήσειν Δαναῶν καὶ τεῖχος ὑπερθεν  
εὐρύ, τὸ ποιήσαντο νεῶν ὑπερ, ἀμφὶ δὲ τάφρον  
ἤλασαν. οὐδὲ θεοῖσι δόσαν κλειτὰς ἐκατόμβας,  
ὄφρα σφιν νῆας τε θαῶς καὶ ληίδα πολλήν  
ἐντὸς ἔχον ῥύοιτο, θεῶν δ' ἀέκητι τέτυκτο  
ἀθανάτων· τὸ καὶ οὐ τι πολὺν χρόνον ἔμπεδον ἦεν.  
ὄφρα μὲν Ἑκτωρ ζωὸς ἔην καὶ μῆνι' Ἀχιλλεύς  
καὶ Πριάμοιο ἄνακτος ἀπόρθητος πόλις ἔπλεν,  
τόφρα δὲ καὶ μέγα τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν ἔμπεδον ἦεν.  
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατὰ μὲν Τρώων θάνον ὕσσοι ἄριστοι,  
πολλοὶ δ' Ἀργείων οἷ μὲν δάμεν οἷ δὲ λίποντο,  
πέρθετο δὲ Πριάμοιο πόλις δεκάτῳ ἐνιαυτῷ,  
Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἐν νηυσὶ φίλῃν ἐς πατρίδ' ἔβησαν,  
δὴ τότε μητιόωντο Ποσειδάων καὶ Ἀπόλλων  
τεῖχος ἀμαλδῦναι, ποταμῶν μένος εἰσαγαγόντες  
ὕσσοι ἀπ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ἄλαδε προρέουσιν,  
Ῥῆσός θ' Ἐπτάπορος τε Κάρησός τε Ῥοδῖός τε

5

10

15

20



## ILIAD XII.

*The storming of the Danaan wall.*

THUS in the tent Menoetius' valiant son  
Succoured Eurypylus the wounded chief:  
The rest meanwhile, Argives and Trojans both,  
Fought in dense throngs; nor now the Danaans' trench  
Should serve to check the foe, nor should the wall  
That broad above it rose; which they had made  
To shield their ships, and girdled with a trench,  
But gave the gods no glorious hecatombs.  
Swift ships and plenteous spoil to enclose and save  
'Twas built, but built in despite of the gods  
Immortal, wherefore no long time it stood.  
While Hector lived, while burned Achilleus' wrath,  
While yet unsacked was royal Priam's town,  
So long Achaia's mighty rampart stood.  
But when of Trojans all the best were dead,  
And many Argives slain, tho' some were left;  
When Priam's city in the tenth year fell,  
And to their fatherland the Argives sailed;  
Then did Poseidon and Apollo scheme  
That rampart to destroy, bringing thereon  
The force of all the rivers that run down  
Sea-ward from Ida's heights: Rhesus to wit,  
Heptaporus, Caresus, Rhodius,

Γρήνικός τε καὶ Αἴσηπος δῖός τε Σκάμανδρος  
καὶ Σιμόεις, ὅθι πολλὰ βοάγρια καὶ τρυφάλειαι  
κάππεσον ἐν κονίησι καὶ ἡμιθέων γένος ἀνδρῶν.  
τῶν πάντων ὁμόσε στόματα τράπε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,  
ἐννῆμαρ δ' ἐς τεῖχος ἦν ῥόον· ὕε δ' ἄρα Ζεὺς 25  
συνεχές, ὄφρα κε θᾶσσον ἀλίπλοα τείχεα θείη.  
αὐτὸς δ' ἐννοσίγαιος ἔχων χεῖρεσσι τρίαῖναν  
ἡγεῖτ', ἐκ δ' ἄρα πάντα θεμείλια κύμασι πέμπεν  
φιτρῶν καὶ λάων, τὰ θέσαν μογέοντες Ἀχαιοί,  
λεῖα δ' ἐποίησεν παρ' ἀγάρροον Ἑλλήσποντον, 30  
αὐτῖς δ' ἡίονα μεγάλην ψαμάθοισι κάλυψεν,  
τεῖχος ἀμαλδύνας· ποταμούς δὲ τρέψε νέεσθαι  
καὶ ῥόον, ἧ περ πρόσθεν ἔεν καλλίρροον ὕδωρ.

ὥς ἄρ' ἔμελλον ὀπισθε Ποσειδάων καὶ Ἀπόλλων  
θησέμεναι· τότε δ' ἀμφὶ μάχῃ ἐνοπή τε δεδήει 35  
τεῖχος ἐϋδμητον, κανάχιζε δὲ δούρατα πύργων  
βαλλόμεν'. Ἀργεῖοι δὲ Διὸς μᾶστιγι δαμέντες  
νηυσὶν ἐπὶ γλαφυρῇσι ἐελμένοι ἰσχανόωντο,  
Ἐκτορα δειδιότες, κρατερὸν μῆστωρα φόβοιο·  
αὐτὰρ ὃ γ', ὥς τὸ πρόσθεν, ἐμάρνατο ἴσος ἀέλλη. 40  
ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ἔν τε κύνεσσι καὶ ἀνδράσι θηρητῆρσιν  
κάπριος ἢ ἑλέων στρέφεται σθένει βλεμεαίνων,  
οἳ δέ τε πυργηδὸν σφέας αὐτοὺς ἀρτύναντες  
ἀντίον ἵστανται, καὶ ἀκοντίζουσι θαμείας  
αἰχμὰς ἐκ χειρῶν· τοῦ δ' οὐ ποτε κυδάλιμον κῆρ 45  
ταρβεῖ οὐδὲ φοβεῖται, ἀγνηορή δέ μιν ἔκτα·  
ταρφέα τε στρέφεται στίχας ἀνδρῶν πειρητίζων·  
ὅππῃ τ' ἰθύσῃ, τῇ εἴκουσι στίχες ἀνδρῶν·  
ὥς Ἐκτωρ ἂν ὅμιλον ἰὼν εἰλίσσεθ' ἑταίρους  
τάφρον ἐποτρύνων διαβαινέμεν. οὐδέ οἱ ἵπποι 50

Granicus, with Æsepus ; and those twain,  
Scamander, godlike stream, and Simois,  
Where many a bull's-hide targe and many a helm  
Fell in the dust, and many a mighty man  
Of seed divine. To one united flood  
Phoebus Apollo turned the mouths of all,  
And for nine days against the rampart drove ;  
While Zeus incessant rained, the quicker so  
In one wide sea the floating walls to whelm.  
Himself withal, the Earth-shaker, led the way  
Trident in hand, and to the waves heaved forth  
All those foundations strong of beams and stones  
Laid by much labour of Achaian hands,  
And by the rushing stream of Hellespont  
Made level plain, and now, the wall effaced,  
Again with sand strewed the long line of shore :  
The rivers then he turned, that in their beds  
Fair flowing, as before, their waters ran.

Thus should Poseidon and Apollo work  
Their will in days to come. But now fierce burned  
Around the well-built wall the fight and cry,  
Rattled with blows the timbers of the towers,  
And by the scourge of Zeus the Argives quelled  
Close at their hollow ships were penned, in fear  
Of Hector mighty counsellor of flight,  
Who still, as ever, like a storm-wind fought.  
And as among the hounds and hunter throng  
A boar or lion turns him, fierce in strength—  
They massed in solid wall against him stand,  
And frequent from their hands the javelins hurl,  
Yet never daunt nor fright his valiant heart,  
Whose courage proves his bane ; and oft he turns  
And tries the serried ranks, but wheresoe'er  
He charges there the foemen's ranks give place- -  
So Hector moved and turned him in the throng,  
Urging his comrades on to cross the trench.

τόλμων ὠκύποδες, μάλα δὲ χρεμέτιζον ἐπ' ἄκρῳ  
 χεῖλει ἐφεσταότες· ἀπὸ γὰρ δειδίσσετο τάφρος  
 εὐρεῖ, οὐτ' ἄρ' ὑπερθορέειν σχεδὸν οὔτε περῆσαι  
 ῥηιδίῃ· κρημνοὶ γὰρ ἐπηρεφέες περὶ πᾶσαν  
 ἔστασαν ἀμφοτέρωθεν, ὑπερθεν δὲ σκολόπεσσιν 55  
 ὀξέσιν ἠρήρει, τοὺς ἔστασαν νῆες Ἀχαιῶν  
 πυκνοὺς καὶ μεγάλους, δηίων ἀνδρῶν ἀλεωρήν.  
 ἔνθ' οὐ κεν ῥέα ἵππος ἐὔτροχον ἄρμα τιταίνων  
 ἐσβαίῃ, πεζοὶ δὲ μενοίνεον εἰ τελέουσιν.

δὴ τότε Πουλυδάμας θρασὺν Ἑκτορα εἶπε παραστάς· 60  
 “Ἑκτορ τ' ἡδ' ἄλλοι Τρώων ἀγοὶ ἡδ' ἐπικούρων,  
 ἀφραδέως διὰ τάφρον ἐλαύνομεν ὠκέας ἵππους.  
 ἡ δὲ μάλ' ἀργαλήη περάαν· σκόλοπες γὰρ ἐν αὐτῇ  
 ὀξέες ἐστᾶσιν, προτὶ δ' αὐτοῖς τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν.  
 ἔνθ' οὐ πως ἔστιν καταβήμεναι οὐδὲ μάχεσθαι 65  
 ἱππεῦσι· στεῖνος γάρ, ὅθι τρώσεσθαι ὁτῷ.

εἰ μὲν γὰρ τοὺς πάγχυ κατὰ φρονέων ἀλαπάξει  
 Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης, Τρώεσσι δὲ ἴετ' ἀρήγειν,  
 ἦ τ' ἂν ἐγὼ γ' ἐθέλοιμι καὶ αὐτίκα τοῦτο γενέσθαι,  
 νωνύμνους ἀπολέσθαι ἀπ' Ἀργεος ἐνθάδ' Ἀχαιοὺς· 70  
 εἰ δέ χ' ὑποστρέψωσι, παλῖωξις δὲ γένηται  
 ἐκ νηῶν καὶ τάφρῳ ἐνιπλήξωμεν ὀρυκτῇ,  
 οὐκέτ' ἔπειτ' ὁτῷ οὐδ' ἄγγελον ἀπονέεσθαι  
 ἄψορρον προτὶ ἄστρῳ ἐλιχθέντων ὑπ' Ἀχαιῶν.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγεθ', ὥς ἂν ἐγὼ εἵπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες. 75  
 ἵππους μὲν θεράποντες ἐρυκόντων ἐπὶ τάφρῳ,  
 αὐτοὶ δὲ πρυλέες σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες  
 Ἑκτορι πάντες ἐπώμεθ' ἀολλέες. αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοί

Nor yet his fleet-foot horses dared the deed,  
 But loudly neighed as on the brink they stood,  
 Scared by the trench so broad, not lightly leapt—  
 How near soe'er—nor light the task to climb  
 Or in or out, for steep round all its verge  
 O'erhung the rising banks on either side ;  
 And sharpened stakes above Achaia's sons  
 Frequent and large had set, to ward their foes.  
 No easy entrance there for horse that drew  
 The wheelèd car : but eager were the foot  
 If they might do it. Then Polydamas  
 Spake to bold Hector at whose side he stood :  
 "Hector, and all ye other chiefs of Troy  
 And of allies, we surely are but fools  
 To drive across yon trench our fleet-foot steeds.  
 Full dangerous is the passage ; pointed stakes  
 Are set thereon, and close beyond them lies  
 Achaia's rampart. There dismount and fight  
 Our horsemen cannot ; 'tis a narrow lane,  
 Where hurt and loss will, as I deem, be ours.  
 For if indeed the lofty-thund'ring Zeus  
 Desiring utter evil to our foes  
 Destroys them, and is bent to succour Troy,  
 I surely were full fain this end might come  
 At once, that so away from Argos here  
 Achaia's sons might find inglorious doom.  
 But if they wheel them round, and from the ships  
 Pursuit reversed roll back, and we be driven  
 On the deep trench, then nevermore, I ween,  
 Will ev'n a messenger regain the town  
 Escap'd from these Achaians' rallying charge.  
 But come, as I advise, obey we all :  
 Our steeds upon the trench our squires shall rein,  
 Ourselves afoot, armed and arrayed, in mass  
 Will follow Hector : then Achaia's sons



οὐ μενέουσ', εἰ δὴ σφιν δλέθρου πείρατ' ἐφῆπται."

ὥς φάτο Πουλυδάμας, ἅδε δ' Ἐκτορι μῦθος ἀπήμων, 80  
 αὐτίκα δ' ἐξ ὀχέων ξύν τεύχεσιν ἄλτο χαμαῖζε.  
 οὐδὲ μὲν ἄλλοι Τρῶες ἐφ' ἵππων ἠγερέθοντο,  
 ἀλλ' ἀπὸ πάντες ὄρουσαν, ἐπεὶ ἴδον Ἐκτορα δῖον.  
 ἡνιόχῳ μὲν ἔπειτα ἐὼ ἐπέτελλε ἕκαστος  
 ἵππους εὖ κατὰ κόσμον ἐρυκέμεν αὐθ' ἐπὶ τάφρῳ 85  
 οἳ δὲ διαστάντες, σφέας αὐτοὺς ἀρτύναντες,  
 πένταχα κοσμηθέντες ἅμ' ἠγεμόνεσσιν ἔποντο.  
 οἳ μὲν ἅμ' Ἐκτορ' ἴσαν καὶ ἀμύμονι Πουλυδάμαντι,  
 οἳ πλεῖστοι καὶ ἄριστοι ἔσαν, μέμασαν δὲ μάλιστα  
 τεῖχος ῥηξάμενοι κοίλης ἐπὶ νηυσὶ μάχεσθαι. 90  
 καὶ σφιν Κεβριόνης τρίτος εἶπετο· παρ δ' ἄρ' ὄχεσφιν  
 ἄλλον Κεβριόναο χερείονα κάλλιπεν Ἐκτωρ.  
 τῶν δ' ἐτέρων Πάρις ἦρχε καὶ Ἀλκάθοος καὶ Ἀγήνωρ,  
 τῶν δὲ τρίτων Ἐλενος καὶ Δηίφοβος θεοειδής,  
 νῆε δύω Πριάμοιο· τρίτος δ' ἦν Ἄσιος ἥρως, 95  
 Ἄσιος Ὑρτακίδης, ὃν Ἀρίσβηθεν φέρον ἵπποι  
 αἰθωνες μεγάλοι, ποταμοῦ ἄπο Σελλήεντος.  
 τῶν δὲ τετάρτων ἦρχεν εὖς πάϊς Ἀγχίσαιο  
 Αἰνεΐας, ἅμα τῷ γε δύω Ἀντήνορος νῆε,  
 Ἀρχέλοχός τ' Ἀκάμας τε, μάχης εὖ εἰδότε πάσης. 100  
 Σαρπηδὼν δ' ἠγήσατ' ἀγακλειτῶν ἐπικούρων,  
 πρὸς δ' ἔλετο Γλαῦκον καὶ ἀρήιον Ἀστεροπαῖον·  
 οἳ γάρ οἱ εἴσαντο διακριδὼν εἶναι ἄριστοι  
 τῶν ἄλλων μετὰ γ' αὐτόν· ὃ δὲ πρέπε καὶ διὰ πάντων.

Will not abide us, if indeed for them  
The issue of destruction is ordained."

So spake Polydamas: whose wholesome words  
Pleased Hector well. And straightway all in arms  
Down leapt he from his chariot to the ground.  
Nor now on steeds the other sons of Troy  
Mustered their force, but lighted quickly down,  
When godlike Hector thus on foot they saw.  
Then to his charioteer each one gave charge  
There by the trench to hold his horses back  
In order due; but they, disparting them  
To several bands, arrayed their solid ranks  
In columns five, who followed each their chiefs.  
First those with Hector and Polydamas,  
That blameless wight, most numerous they and best,  
And keenest bent to break the rampart through  
And urge the battle at the hollow ships.  
Third with these twain followed Cebriones,  
Cebriones, than whom a weaker far  
Had Hector with his chariot left behind.  
The second band led Paris, and with him  
Alcathoüs and Agenor: and the third  
Godlike Deiphobus with Helenus,  
Two sons of Priam, and a third with these  
Asius the hero son of Hyrtacus,  
Whom from Arisbé's town his horses drew,  
Bright bay, large-limbed, bred by Selleis' stream.  
The fourth band ruled Anchises' gallant son  
Aeneas, and with him Antenor's sons  
Were joined, Archelochus and Acamas,  
A pair well-skilled in every wile of war,  
Last the far-famed allies Sarpedon led,  
And chose him Glaucus to his aid, and third  
Warlike Asteropæus; these he deemed  
Of other chiefs pre-eminently best  
Next to himself, who them and all outshone.

οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ ἀλλήλους ἄραρον τυκτῆσι βόεσσιν, 105  
 βάν ῥ' ἰθὺς Δαναῶν λεληημένοι, οὐδ' ἔτ' ἔφαντο  
 σχήσεσθ' ἀλλ' ἐν νηυσὶ μελαίνησιν πεσέεσθαι.

ἐνθ' ἄλλοι Τρῶες τηλεκλειτοὶ τ' ἐπίκουροι  
 βουλῇ Πουλυδάμαντος ἀμωμήτοιο πίθοντο·  
 ἀλλ' οὐχ Ὑρτακίδης ἔθελ' Ἄσιος, ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν, 110  
 αὐθι λιπεῖν ἵππους τε καὶ ἡνίοχον θεράποντα,  
 ἀλλὰ σὺν αὐτοῖσιν πέλασεν νήεσσι θοῇσιν  
 νήπιος, οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔμελλε κακὰς ὑπὸ κῆρας ἀλύξας,  
 ἵπποισιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν ἀγαλλόμενος παρὰ νηῶν  
 ἀψ' ἀπονοστήσειν προτὶ Ἴλιον ἠνεμόεσσαν· 115  
 πρόσθεν γάρ μιν μοῖρα δυσώνυμος ἀμφεκάλυψεν  
 ἔγχει Ἰδομενῆος ἀγανοῦ Δευκαλίδας.

εἶσατο γὰρ νηῶν ἐπ' ἀριστερά, τῇ περ Ἀχαιοὶ  
 ἐκ πεδίου νίσσοντο σὺν ἵπποισιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν·  
 τῇ ῥ' ἵππους τε καὶ ἄρμα διήλασεν, οὐδὲ πύλῃσιν 120  
 εὖρ' ἐπικεκλιμένας σανίδας καὶ μακρὸν ὄχῃα,  
 ἀλλ' ἀναπεπταμένας ἔχον ἀνέρες, εἴ τιν' ἐταίρων  
 ἐκ πολέμου φεύγοντα σιώσειαν μετὰ νῆας.

τῇ ῥ' ἰθὺς φρονέων ἵππους ἔχε, τοὶ δ' ἅμ' ἔποντο  
 ὀξέα κεκληγῶτες· ἔφαντο γὰρ οὐκέτ' Ἀχαιοὺς 125  
 σχήσεσθ' ἀλλ' ἐν νηυσὶ μελαίνησιν πεσέεσθαι·  
 νήπιοι. ἐν δὲ πύλῃσι δὺ' ἀνέρας εὖρον ἀρίστους,  
 υἱας ὑπερθύμους Λαπιθῶν αἰχμητῶν,  
 τὸν μὲν Πειριθόου υἱὰ κρατερὸν Πολυποίτην,  
 τὸν δὲ Λεοντῆα βροτολοιγῶ ἴσον Ἄρηι. 130  
 τὼ μὲν ἄρα προπάραιθε πυλάων ὑψηλάων  
 ἔστασαν ὥς ὅτε τε δρύες οὔρεσιν ὑψικάρηνοι,

And when with well-wrought bull's-hide shields their lines  
Were locked, against the Danaans straight they went  
Full eager: who, they deemed, no more would stay,  
But headlong fall upon their hollow ships.

There Trojans and allies from distant lands  
Obeyed the counsel of Polydamas  
That blameless sage; but Asius, prince of men,  
The son of Hyrtacus, willed not to leave  
His horses and attendant charioteer:  
But onward with them to the swift ships went,  
Poor fool! who nevermore, his evil fates  
Escaping, proud in chariot and in steeds,  
Should back return to wind-swept Ilion.  
For him inglorious destiny forestalled  
With death's dark veil, by spear of noble king  
Idomeneus the son of Deucalus.  
Toward the ships' left wing he bent his course,  
That way whereby Achaia's warriors came  
With steeds and cars returning from the plain:  
There drove he steeds and car across, nor found  
The doors upon the gateway closed and barred  
With the long beam: these open still were held,  
That so each comrade flying from the fray  
Might pass and at the ships safe refuge find.  
Straight for this entrance Asius held his steeds  
Resolved: whose warriors followed shouting shrill,  
For now no more they deemed Achaia's sons  
Would stay, but headlong on their black ships fall.  
Poor fools! Two gallant champions in the gate  
They found, of Lapithaeon spearmen sons  
High-couraged: of Pirithoüs one was born,  
Stout Polypoetes named; Leonteus one,  
In semblance as the war-god, mortals' bane.  
Before the lofty gate those champions twain  
Stood as two oaks upon the mountain stand  
Rearing their heads on high, that through all time

αἴ τ' ἄνεμον μίμνουσι καὶ ὑετὸν ἤματα πάντα,  
 ῥίξῃσιν μεγάλῃσι διηνεκέεσσ' ἀραρυῖαι·

ὥς ἄρα τῷ χεῖρεσσι πεποιθότες ἠδὲ βίηφιν  
 μίμνον ἐπερχόμενον μέγαν Ἄσιον, οὐδὲ φέβοντο.

135

οἳ δ' ἰθὺς πρὸς τεῖχος ἐϋδμητον, βόας αὔας  
 ὑψόσ' ἀνασχόμενοι, ἔκιον μεγάλῳ ἀλαλητῷ

Ἄσιον ἀμφὶ ἄνακτα καὶ Ἰαμενὸν καὶ Ὀρέστην  
 Ἀσιάδην τ' Ἀδάμαντα Θωόνά τε Οἰνόμαόν τε.

140

οἳ δ' ἦ τοι εἴως μὲν ἐϋκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς  
 ὤρνυον ἔνδον ἔοντες ἀμύνεσθαι περὶ νηῶν·

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ τεῖχος ἐπεσσυμένους ἐνόησαν  
 Τρῶας, ἀτὰρ Δαναῶν γένετο ἰαχὴ τε φόβος τε,

ἐκ δὲ τῷ αἰῶντε πυλάων πρόσθε μαχέσθην,  
 ἀγροτέροισι σύεσσι ἐοικότε, τῷ τ' ἐν ὄρεσιν

145

ἀνδρῶν ἠδὲ κυνῶν δέχεται κολοσυρτὸν ἰόντα,  
 δοχμῷ τ' αἵσσοντε περὶ σφίσι ἄγνυτον ὕλην,

πρυμνὴν ἐκτάμνοντες, ὑπαὶ δέ τε κόμπος ὁδόντων  
 γίγνεται, εἰς ὃ κέ τίς τε βαλὼν ἐκ θυμὸν ἔληται.

150

ὥς τῶν κόμπει χαλκὸς ἐπὶ στήθεσσι φαεινὸς  
 ἄντην βαλλομένων· μάλα γὰρ κρατερῶς ἐμάχοντο,  
 λαοῖσιν καθύπερθε πεποιθότες ἠδὲ βίηφιν.

οἳ δ' ἄρα χερμαδίοισιν ἐϋδμήτων ἀπὸ πύργων  
 βάλλον, ἀμυνόμενοι σφῶν τ' αὐτῶν καὶ κλισιάων

155

νηῶν τ' ὠκυπόρων. νιφάδες δ' ὥς πῖπτον ἔραζε,  
 ἅς τ' ἄνεμος ζαῆς, νέφεα σκιδέοντα δονήσας,

ταρφειὰς κατέχευεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ.  
 ἅς τῶν ἐκ χειρῶν βέλεα ῥέον, ἡμὲν Ἀχαιῶν

ἠδὲ καὶ ἐκ Τρώων· κόρυθες δ' ἀμφ' αὖτον αὐτεὺν  
 βαλλόμεναι μυλάκεσσι καὶ ἀσπίδες ὀμφαλόεσσαι.

160

δὴ ῥα τότε ὤμωξεν καὶ ὦ πεπλήγετο μῆρῳ



Bide brunt of wind and rain, by mighty roots  
 Far spreading through the soil full firmly set.  
 So these on hand and strength reliant bode  
 Great Asius as he came, and fled him not.  
 Straight for the well-built rampart came the foes,  
 Their bull's-hide targes hard raised o'er their heads,  
 With mighty shout, round Asius the king,  
 Iamenus, Orestes, Adamas  
 Of Asius son, Thoön, Ænomaüs.

Awhile the twain bidding within had stirred  
 Achaia's well-greaved warriors to defend  
 Their ships; but when they saw the sons of Troy  
 Charge at the wall, and in the Danaan lines  
 Confused cries and panic fear arose,  
 Then forth they rushed and fought before the gates,  
 Like two wild boars, who in their mountain home  
 Await advancing rout of men and dogs;  
 And charging with a side-long rush they break  
 Snapt to the roots the copsewood all around;  
 And of their teeth the gnashing sound is heard,  
 Till to some hunter's stroke they yield their life:  
 So on the heroes' breasts the brazen mail  
 Rang 'neath the downright blows; for they did fight  
 Full stubbornly, reliant on their strength  
 And on the host that crowned the wall above.  
 These from the well-built towers hurled frequent stones,  
 Themselves, their tents, and swiftly-sailing ships  
 Defending. Thick as snow-flakes to the earth  
 Their missiles fell, flakes that a driving wind  
 Whirling the shadowy clouds sheds thick and fast  
 Upon all-nurturing earth: so from their hands,  
 Both Trojan and Achaian, streamed the shower.  
 And all around the helms and bossy shields  
 Beneath the pelting boulders rattled loud.  
 Then Asius son of Hyrtacus brake forth  
 With cry of woe, and both his thighs he smote,

Ἄσιος Ὑρτακίδης, καὶ ἀλαστήσας ἔπος ηὔδα·

“Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἧ ῥά νυ καὶ σὺ φιλοψευδῆς ἐτέτυξο  
πάγχυ μάλ’· οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ γε φάμην ἥρωας Ἀχαιούς 165  
σχῆσειν ἡμέτερόν γε μένος καὶ χεῖρας ἀάπτους.  
οἱ δ’, ὥς τε σφῆκες μέσον αἰόλοι ἢ ἐ μέλισσαι  
οἰκία ποιήσονται ὁδῶ ἔπι παιπαλοέσση,  
οὐδ’ ἀπολείπουσιν κοῖλον δόμον, ἀλλὰ μένοντες  
ἄνδρας θηρητῆρας ἀμύνονται περὶ τέκνων, 170  
ὥς οἷδ’ οὐκ ἐθέλουσι πυλάων καὶ δύ’ ἐόντες  
χάσασθαι πρίν γ’ ἢ ἐ κατακτάμεν ἢ ἐ ἀλῶναι.”

ὥς ἔφατ’, οὐδὲ Διὸς πείθην φρένα ταῦτ’ ἀγορεύων·

Ἔκτορι γάρ οἱ θυμὸς ἐβούλετο κῦδος ὀρέξαι.  
ἄλλοι δ’ ἀμφ’ ἄλλησι μάχην ἐμάχοντο πύλῃσιν· 175  
ἀργαλέον δέ με ταῦτα θεὸν ὥς πάντ’ ἀγορεύσαι·  
πάντῃ γὰρ περὶ τείχος ὀρώρει θεσπιδαῆς πῦρ  
λαῖνον. Ἀργεῖοι δέ, καὶ ἀχνύμενοί περ, ἀνάγκη  
νηῶν ἡμύνοντο. θεοὶ δ’ ἀκαχήατο θυμόν  
πάντες, ὅσοι Δαναοῖσι μάχης ἐπιτάρροθοι ἦσαν. 180

σὺν δ’ ἔβαλον Λαπίθαι πόλεμον καὶ δημοτῆτα.  
ἔνθ’ αὖ Πειριθόου υἱὸς κρατερὸς Πολυποίτης  
δουρὶ βάλεν Δάμασον κυνέης διὰ χαλκοπαρήου·  
οὐδ’ ἄρα χαλκεῖη κόρυς ἔσχεθεν, ἀλλὰ διαπρό  
αἰχμὴ χαλκεῖη ῥῆξ’ ὅστέον, ἐγκέφαλος δέ 185  
ἔνδον ἄπας πεπάλακτο· δάμασσε δέ μιν μεμαῶτα.  
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα Πύλωνα καὶ Ὀρμενον ἐξενάριξεν.  
υἱὸν δ’ Ἀντιμάχοιο Λεοντεὺς ὄζος Ἄρηος  
Ἰππόμαχον βάλε δουρί, κατὰ ζωστήρα τυχῆσας.  
αὗτις δ’ ἐκ κολεοῖο ἐρυσσάμενος ξίφος ὄξυ 190  
Ἀντιφάτην μὲν πρῶτον, ἐπαΐξας δι’ ὀμίλου,  
πληξ’ αὐτοσχεδίν· ὃ δ’ ἄρ’ ὕπτιος οὐδεὶ ἐρείσθη·

And thus in wrath indignant utterance found :  
 "O Father Zeus ! thou too hast surely now  
 Turned thee to love a lie : for I had deemed  
 That these Achaian heroes would not check  
 Our onset bold and hands invincible ;  
 But they, as supple-waisted wasps or bees,  
 Who by a rocky road their homes have made,  
 Nor leave their hollow dwelling, but abide  
 The hunter's coming and defend their young,  
 So from the gates, tho' twain alone they be,  
 They give no ground, but stand to slay or fall."

So spake he ; but won not the mind of Zeus  
 With these his words ; for 'twas the Father's will  
 Glory on none but Hector to bestow.

Others at other gates maintained the fight.  
 But 'twere a toilsome task, needing a god,  
 Should I tell all ; for round the rampart rose  
 On every side a heaven-enkindled fire  
 Of stones ; wherein the Argives, tho' distrest,  
 Stood for their ships perforce ; and sad at heart  
 Were all the gods who helped the Danaan arms.

But here the war and gathering combat led  
 Those Lapithaeon twain. Pirithoüs' son  
 Stout Polypoetes here with flying spear  
 Smote Damasus right through the brazen helm  
 That fenced his cheeks ; nor stayed for brazen casque  
 The brazen point, but through and onwards passed  
 And brake the bone ; and all the brains within  
 Were scattered, and his eager spirit quelled.  
 Then Pylon next he slew, and Ormenus.  
 Meanwhile Leonteus, Ares' scion he,  
 Hippomachus son of Antimachus  
 Smote with a spear that lit upon his belt.  
 Then from the scabbard his keen sword he drew,  
 Rushed through the throng, and, closing with him, struck  
 Antiphates the first, who backward fell.

αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα Μένωνα καὶ Ἰαμενὸν καὶ Ὀρέστην  
πάντας ἐπασσυτέρους πέλασε χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ.

ὄφρ' οὐ τοὺς ἐνάριζον ἀπ' ἔντεα μαρμαίροντα, 195

τόφρ' οὐ Πουλυδάμαντι καὶ Ἑκτορι κοῦροι ἔποντο,  
οὐ πλεῖστοι καὶ ἄριστοι ἔσαν μέμασαν δὲ μάλιστα  
τεῖχος τε ῥήξειν καὶ ἐνιπρήσειν πυρὶ νῆας,  
οἳ ῥ' ἔτι μερμήριζον ἐφ'esταότες παρὰ τάφρῳ.

ὄρνις γάρ σφιν ἐπήλθε περησέμεναι μεμαῶσιν, 200

αἰετὸς ὑψιπέτης ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ λαὸν ἐέργων,  
φοινήμεντα δράκοντα φέρων ὀνύχεσσι πέλωρον  
ζῶον, ἔτ' ἀσπαίροντα· καὶ οὐ πῶ λήθετο χάρμης·  
κόψε γὰρ αὐτὸν ἔχοντα κατὰ στήθος παρὰ δειρήν  
ιδνωθεὶς ὀπίσω. ὃ δ' ἀπὸ ἔθην ἦκε χαμᾶζε 205

ἀλγήσας ὀδύνῃσι, μέσῳ δ' ἐνὶ κάββαλ' ὀμίλῳ,  
αὐτὸς δὲ κλάγξας πέτετο πνοιῆς ἀνέμοιο.

Τρῶες δὲ ῥίγησαν, ὅπως ἴδον αἰόλον ὄφιν  
κείμενον ἐν μέσσοισι, Διὸς τέρας αἰγιόχοιο.

δὴ τότε Πουλυδάμας θρασὺν Ἑκτορα εἶπε παραστάς· 210

“Ἑκτορ, αἰὲν μὲν πῶς μοι ἐπιπλήσσεις ἀγορήσιν  
ἐσθλὰ φραζομένῳ· ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδὲ ἔοικεν  
δῆμον εἶντα παρέξ ἀγορευέμεν, οὔτ' ἐνὶ βουλῇ  
οὔτε ποτ' ἐν πολέμῳ, σὸν δὲ κράτος αἰὲν ἀέξειν·  
νῦν αὖτ' ἐξερέω ὥς μοι δοκεῖ εἶναι ἄριστα. 215

μὴ ἴομεν Δαναοῖσι μαχησόμενοι περὶ νηῶν.

ᾧδε γὰρ ἐκτελέεσθαι ὀτομαι, εἰ ἐτέον γε  
Τρῳσὶν ὅδ' ὄρνις ἦλθε περησέμεναι μεμαῶσιν,  
αἰετὸς ὑψιπέτης ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ λαὸν ἐέργων,  
φοινήμεντα δράκοντα φέρων ὀνύχεσσι πέλωρον 220

Upon the ground : then in succession swift  
Menon, Orestes, and Iamenus,  
Upon the fruitful earth he laid full low.

While they from these their glittering armour stripped,  
Followed with Hector and Polydamas  
Meanwhile a troop of youths, most numerous they  
And bravest, and of all most hotly bent  
To break the rampart down and fire the ships.  
Who standing at the trench were yet in doubt :  
For came to them in eager haste to cross  
A bird, a soaring eagle, toward the left,  
Parting their host midway, bearing a snake  
Trussed in his talons blood-red, huge, alive,  
Still struggling, nor forgetful yet of might.  
For curling back he struck his ravisher,  
Quick darting at his breast, beside his throat,  
Who dropt him to the ground, stung with sharp pain,  
Flinging him in mid throng, then with a scream  
Adown the wafting breezes winged his way.  
Shuddering the Trojans saw the writhing snake  
Lie in their midst, of aegis-bearing Zeus  
The portent dire. Then straight Polydamas  
Spake to bold Hector, by whose side he stood :  
“ Hector, thou alway in assembly chid'st  
My words of wholesome wit : for 'tis unmeet  
(So thinkest thou) for common man to speak  
Beside thy aims, in council or in war ;  
But we must still support thy sovereign might.  
Yet now again what seems me best I say.  
Go we not on to fight the Danaan host  
Who guard their ships : for thus, I ween, will end  
Our venture—if indeed this bird of fate  
Came to the Trojans while in eager haste  
To cross, a soaring eagle, toward the left,  
Parting our host midway, bearing a snake  
Trussed in his talons blood-red, huge, alive ;



ζών· ἄφαρ δ' ἀφέηκε πάρος φίλα οἰκί' ἰκέσθαι,  
οὐδ' ἐτέλεσσε φέρων δόμεναι τεκέεσσι ἐοῖσιν.  
ὥς ἡμεῖς, εἴ πέρ τε πύλας καὶ τείχος Ἀχαιῶν  
ῥηξόμεθα σθένει μεγάλῳ, εἴξωσι δ' Ἀχαιοί,  
οὐ κόσμῳ παρὰ ναῦφιν ἐλευσόμεθ' αὐτὰ κέλευθα· 225  
πολλοὺς γὰρ Τρώων κατάλειςφομεν, οὓς κεν Ἀχαιοί  
χαλκῷ δηώσουσιν, ἀμυνόμενοι περὶ νηῶν.  
ὦδέ χ' ὑποκρίναιτο θεοπρόπος, ὃς σάφα θυμῷ  
εἰδείη τεράων καὶ οἱ πειθοίατο λαοί.”

τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἔκτωρ· 230  
“ Πουλύδαμαν, σὺ μὲν οὐκέτ' ἐμοὶ φίλα ταῦτ' ἀγορεύεις·  
οἶσθα καὶ ἄλλον μῦθον ἀμείνονα τοῦδε νοῆσαι.  
εἰ δ' ἐτεὸν δὴ τοῦτον ἀπὸ σπουδῆς ἀγορεύεις,  
ἐξ ἄρα δὴ τοι ἔπειτα θεοὶ φρένας ὤλεσαν αὐτοί,  
ὃς κέλεαι Ζηνὸς μὲν ἐριγδούποιο λαθέσθαι 235  
βουλέων, ἅς τέ μοι αὐτὸς ὑπέσχετο καὶ κατένευσεν·  
τὴν δ' οἰωνοῖσι τανυπτερύγεσσι κελεύεις  
πείθεσθαι, τῶν οὐ τι μετατρέπομ' οὐδ' ἀλεγίζω,  
εἴ τ' ἐπὶ δεξι' ἴωσι πρὸς ἧῳ τ' ἠέλιόν τε,  
εἴ τ' ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ τοί γε ποτὶ ζόφον ἡρόεντα. 240  
ἡμεῖς δὲ μέγαλοιο Διὸς πειθώμεθα βουλῇ,  
ὅς πᾶσιν θνητοῖσι καὶ ἀθανάτοισι ἀνάσσει.  
εἰς οἰωνὸς ἄριστος ἀμύνεσθαι περὶ πάτρης.  
τίπτε σὺ δειδοικας πόλεμον καὶ δημοτῆτα ;  
εἴ περ γάρ τ' ἄλλοι γε περικτεινώμεθα πάντες 245  
νηυσὶν ἐπ' Ἀργείων, σοὶ δ' οὐ δέος ἔστ' ἀπολέσθαι·  
οὐ γάρ τοι κραδίη μενεδήιος οὐδὲ μαχήμων.  
εἰ δὲ σὺ δημοτῆτος ἀφέξεις, ἥέ τιν' ἄλλον  
παρφάμενος ἐπέεσσιν ἀποτρέψεις πολέμοιο,  
αὐτίκ' ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ τυπεῖς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσεις.” 250  
ὥς ἄρα φωνήσας ἠγήσατο, τοὶ δ' ἅμ' ἔποντο

Which yet he sudden dropt or e'er he came  
To his belovèd nest, nor to the end  
Bare on, nor gave the booty to his brood—  
So we, tho' gates and wall with mighty strength  
We break amain, and tho' Achaïans yield,  
Shall in no seemly wise come from these ships  
The self-same way ; for many a son of Troy  
We there shall leave, whom in their ships' defence  
Achaïa's warriors with the sword shall slay.  
So would a seer interpret, skilled in lore  
Of portents, whom his people would believe."

But plumèd Hector with stern glance replied :  
"Polydamas, I like not now thy words.  
Other and better speech by far than this  
Thou knowest to devise. Or, if indeed  
These be thy earnest words, then of a truth  
The very gods have clean destroyed thy wits :  
Who biddest me forget the will of Zeus  
Loud thundering king—all that himself did pledge  
And by his nod confirm. But thou dost bid  
A blind belief in birds of spreading wing :  
Whom I nor heed nor reck of, fly they east  
Toward the right and seek the morning sun,  
Or towards the left and misty western gloom.  
Obey we now the will of mighty Zeus,  
O'er mortals all and o'er immortals king.  
One bird is best, to fight for fatherland.  
And why at war and conflict tremblest thou?  
For, tho' we others at the Argive ships  
Be all around thee slain, yet fear not thou  
To perish, for no heart to wait the foe  
Or dare the fight is thine. Yet, if thou skulk  
Away from conflict, or by words persuade  
And turn back others from the work of war,  
My spear at once shall strike and reave thy life."

With that he led the way : they followed on

ἡχῇ θεσπεσίῃ. ἐπὶ δὲ Ζεὺς τερπικέραunos  
 ὤρσεν ἀπ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ἀνέμοιο θύελλαν,  
 ἥ ῥ' ἰθὺς νηῶν κονίην φέρεν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιῶν  
 θέλγε νόον, Τρωσὶν δὲ καὶ Ἑκτορι κῦδος ὄπαζεν. 255  
 τοῦ περ δὴ τεράεσσι πεποιθότες ἡδὲ βίηφιν  
 ῥήγνυσθαι μέγα τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν πειρήτιζον.  
 κρόσσας μὲν πύργων ἔρουν, καὶ ἔρειπον ἐπάλξεις,  
 στήλας τε προβλήτας ἐμόχλεον, ἄς ἄρ' Ἀχαιοὶ  
 πρῶτας ἐν γαίῃ θέσαν ἔμμεναι ἔχματα πύργων. 260  
 τὰς οἳ γ' αὔερον, ἔλποντο δὲ τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν  
 ῥήξειν. οὐδέ νύ πω Δαναοὶ χάζοντο κελεύθου,  
 ἀλλ' οἳ γε ῥινοῖσι βοῶν φράξαντες ἐπάλξεις  
 βάλλον ἀπ' αὐτῶν δηίους ὑπὸ τεῖχος ἰόντας.

ἀμφοτέρω δ' Αἴαντε κελευτιόωντ' ἐπὶ πύργων 265  
 πάντοσε φοιτήτην, μένος ὀτρύνοντες Ἀχαιῶν.  
 ἄλλον μελιχίοις ἄλλον στερεοῖς ἐπέεσσιν  
 νεῖκεον, ὃν τινα πάγχυ μάχης μεθιέντα ἴδοιεν·  
 “ὦ φίλοι, Ἀργείων ὅς τ' ἔξοχος ὅς τε μεσήεις  
 ὅς τε χειριότερος, ἐπεὶ οὗ πω πάντες ὁμοῖοι 270  
 ἀνέρες ἐν πολέμῳ, νῦν ἔπλετο ἔργον ἅπασιν·  
 καὶ δ' αὐτοὶ τόδε που γιγνώσκετε. μή τις ὀπίσσω  
 τετράφθω προτὶ νῆας ὁμοκλητῆρος ἀκούσας,  
 ἀλλὰ πρόσσω ἴεσθε καὶ ἀλλήλοισι κέλεσθε,  
 αἶ κε Ζεὺς δώησιν Ὀλύμπιος ἀστεροπητῆς 275  
 νεῖκος ἀπωσαμένους δηίους προτὶ ἄστνυ δῖεσθαι.”

ὥς τῷ γε προβοῶντε μάχην ὤτρυνον Ἀχαιῶν.  
 τῶν δ', ὥς τε νιφάδες χιόνος πίπτωσι θαμεῖαι  
 ἡματι χειμερίῳ, ὅτε τ' ὤρετο μητιέτα Ζεὺς  
 νιφέμεν, ἀνθρώποισι πιφασκόμενος τὰ ἀ κῆλα· 280

With wondrous shout. But Zeus the lightning-lord  
 From Ida's heights a storm-wind roused, that drove  
 Straight for the ships the dust : and thus the sire  
 Made weak the spirit of Achaia's sons,  
 But gave renown to Hector and to Troy.  
 Bold in his portents and their own strong arms  
 These strove to breach Achaia's mighty wall,  
 As at the stony courses of the towers  
 They tugged, and tore the battlements adown,  
 Heaving with levers at the buttresses,  
 Those jutting piles set by Achaian hands  
 In front, and fast in earth, to shore the towers.  
 At these they tugged with hope to breach the wall.  
 Nor did the Danaans yet give ground, but lined  
 The battlements with fence of ox-hide shields,  
 Wherefrom they plied with missile shower their foes  
 As 'neath the wall they came. And on the towers,  
 Urging them on, strode ever to and fro  
 The Ajaces twain and roused Achaian might.  
 Soft words to one they gave, one sternly chid,  
 Whomso all negligent of fight they saw:  
 "O friends, O Argives, rated howsoe'er,  
 Or high, or low, or middle—since in war  
 Never were all men equal—now is work  
 For all alike ; and this, I ween, ye know  
 E'en of yourselves. Disheartening counsellor  
 Let no man hear and backward to the ships  
 Turn him, but press ye forward, and urge on  
 Each one his friend : so may the lightning-lord  
 Olympian Zeus vouchsafe us to repel  
 Assault, and chase our foemen to their town."

Thus they with shout Achaia's battle roused.  
 And as the falling flakes come thick and fast  
 Upon a winter's day, when Zeus all-wise  
 Bestirreth him to snow, his feathered shafts  
 To mortals dealing forth—He lulls the wind

κοιμήσας δ' ἀνέμους χέει ἔμπεδον, ὄφρα καλύψῃ  
 ὑψηλῶν ὀρέων κορυφὰς καὶ πρῶνας ἄκρους  
 καὶ πεδία λωτοῦντα καὶ ἀνδρῶν πίονα ἔργα,  
 καί τ' ἐφ' ἀλὸς πολιῆς κέχυται λιμέσιν τε καὶ ἀκταῖς,  
 κῦμα δέ μιν προσπλάζον ἐρύκεται· ἄλλα δὲ πάντα 285  
 εἰλύαται καθύπερθ', ὅτ' ἐπιβρίσῃ Διὸς ὄμβρος·  
 ὥς τῶν ἀμφοτέρωσε λίθοι πωτῶντο θαμεῖαι,  
 αἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἐς Τρῶας, αἱ δ' ἐκ Τρώων ἐς Ἀχαιοὺς,  
 βαλλομένων· τὸ δὲ τεῖχος ὕπερ πᾶν δούπος ὀρώρει.

οὐδ' ἂν πω τότε γέ Τρῶες καὶ φαίδιμος Ἑκτωρ 290  
 τεῖχεος ἐρρήξαντο πύλας καὶ μακρὸν ὄχῃα,  
 εἰ μὴ ἄρ' υἱὸν ἐὼν Σαρπηδόνα μητιέτα Ζεὺς  
 ὤρσεν ἐπ' Ἀργείοισι, λέονθ' ὥς βουσὶ ἔλιξιν.  
 αὐτίκα δ' ἀσπίδα μὲν πρόσθε σχέτο πάντοσ' εἶσθην  
 καλὴν χαλκείην ἐξήλατον, ἣν ἄρα χαλκεύς 295  
 ἤλασεν, ἔντοσθεν δὲ βοείας ῥάψε θαμείας  
 χρυσεῖης ῥάβδοισι διηνεκέσιν περὶ κύκλον.  
 τὴν ἄρ' ὅ γε πρόσθε σχόμενος, δύο δοῦρε τινάσσων,  
 βῆ ῥ' ἵμεν ὥς τε λέων ὀρεσίτροφος, ὅς τ' ἐπιδευῆς  
 δηρὸν ἔη κρειῶν, κέλεται δέ ἐ θυμὸς ἀγῆνωρ 300  
 μῆλων πειρήσοντα καὶ ἐς πυκινὸν δόμον ἐλθεῖν·  
 εἴ περ γάρ χ' εὖρῃσι παραντόθι βώτορας ἄνδρας  
 σὺν κυσὶ καὶ δούρεσσι φυλάσσοντας περὶ μῆλα,  
 οὐ ῥά τ' ἀπείρητος μέμονε σταθμοῖο δῖεσθαι,  
 ἀλλ' ὅ γ' ἄρ' ἠ ἥρπαξε μετάλμενος ἠὲ καὶ αὐτός 305  
 ἔβλητ' ἐν πρώτοισι θεῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἄκοντι.  
 ὥς ῥα τότε ἀντίθεον Σαρπηδόνα θυμὸς ἀνῆκεν  
 τεῖχος ἐπαῖξαι διὰ τε ῥήξασθαι ἐπάλξεις.  
 αὐτίκα δὲ Γλαῦκον προσέφη, παῖδ' Ἴππολόχοιο·



And ever pours apace, till he enshroud  
The lofty mountain peaks and jutting bluffs  
And clovery meads and fruitful tilth of man,  
And of the hoary sea each bay and beach  
Is overspread, the lapping wave alone  
Checking the snowy fringe, all else in white  
Mantled beneath the Father's heavy storm :  
So thick and fast the double stone-shower flew :  
Stones on the Trojans from Achaian hands,  
Stones from the Trojans : frequent rained the blows,  
And loud o'er all the rampart rose the din.

But glorious Hector and the sons of Troy  
The rampart gates, secured with mighty bar,  
Not yet e'en then had broken ; had not Zeus,  
Wise counsellor, against the Argives roused  
Sarpedon his own son, as lion roused  
'Gainst kine of curling horn. His orbèd shield  
Forthwith he held before him, fair to view,  
Faced by the smith with beaten plates of brass,  
With frequent ox-hide folds within knit close,  
Fast clamped by golden bands that compassed all  
Its ample round. Before him this he held,  
And brandishing two lances took his way :  
Keen as a lion mountain-bred, whom long  
Fasting perforce from flesh his spirit bold  
Now bids invade the flock and scale the walls  
That close the fold—for though he find therein  
Herdsman with dogs and spears who guard the sheep,  
He brooks not without trial from the yard  
Back to be driven ; but either leaping in  
Bears off a prey, or 'mid their foremost ranks  
Is struck by javelin from an active hand—  
So then Sarpedon, godlike wight, was stirred  
To charge upon the wall, and break amain  
The battlements. And straightway thus he spake  
To Glaucus, scion of Hippolochus :

“Γλαῦκε, τίη δὴ νῶϊ τετιμήμεσθα μάλιστα 310  
 ἔδρη τε κρέασίν τε ἰδὲ πλείοις δεπάεσσιν  
 ἐν Λυκίῃ, πάντες δὲ θεοὺς ὥς εἰσορόωσιν,  
 καὶ τέμενος νεμόμεσθα μέγα Ξάνθοιο παρ’ ὄχθας  
 καλὸν φυταλιῆς καὶ ἀρούρης πυροφόροιο;  
 τῷ νῦν χρὴ Λυκίοισι μέτα πρώτοισιν ἔοντας 315  
 ἑστάμεν ἡδὲ μάχης καυστειρῆς ἀντιβολῆσαι,  
 ὄφρα τις ᾧδ’ εἴπῃ Λυκίων πύκα θωρηκτάων·  
 ‘οὐ μὴν ἀκληεῖς Λυκίην κύα κοιρανέουσιν  
 ἡμέτεροι βασιλῆες, ἔδουσί τε πῖονα μῆλα  
 οἶνόν τ’ ἔξαιτον μελιιδέα· ἀλλ’ ἄρα καὶ ἴς 320  
 ἑσθλή, ἐπεὶ Λυκίοισι μέτα πρώτοισι μάχονται.’  
 ᾧ πέπον, εἰ μὲν γὰρ πόλεμον περὶ τόνδε φυγόντες  
 αἰεὶ δὴ μέλλοιμεν ἀγῆρω τ’ ἀθανάτω τε  
 ἔσσεσθ’, οὔτε κεν αὐτὸς ἐνὶ πρώτοισι μαχοίμην  
 οὔτε κε σὲ στέλλοιμι μάχην ἐς κυδιάνειραν· 325  
 νῦν δ’ (ἔμπης γὰρ κῆρες ἐφεστᾶσιν θανάτοιο  
 μυρίαι, ἃς οὐκ ἔστι φυγεῖν βροτὸν οὔδ’ ὑπαλύξαι)  
 ἵομεν, ἡέ τῳ εὖχος ὀρέζομεν ἡέ τις ἡμῖν.”

ὥς ἔφατ’, οὐδὲ Γλαῦκος ἀπετράπετ’ οὔδ’ ἀπίθησεν·  
 τῷ δ’ ἰθὺς βήτην Λυκίων μέγα ἔθνος ἄγοντες. 330  
 τοὺς δὲ ἰδὼν ῥίγησ’ υἱὸς Πετεῶο Μενεσθεύς·  
 τοῦ γὰρ δὴ πρὸς πύργον ἴσαν κακότητα φέροντες.  
 πάπτηνεν δ’ ἀνὰ πύργον Ἀχαιῶν εἴ τιν’ ἴδοιτο  
 ἡγεμόνων, ὅς τις οἱ ἀρὴν ἐτάροισιν ἀμύναι·  
 ἐς δ’ ἐνόησ’ Αἴαντε δύω, πολέμου ἀκορήτω, 335  
 ἑσταότας, Τεῦκρόν τε νέον κλισίηθεν ἰόντα.  
 ἐγγύθεν. ἀλλ’ οὐ πῶς οἱ ἔην βώσαντι γεγωνεῖν·  
 τὸσσος γὰρ κτύπος ἦεν, αὐτὴ δ’ οὐρανὸν ἵκεν,

"O Glaucus, wherefore do we twain receive  
 Especial honours in the Lycian land—  
 High seat, large mess, full cups? Wherefore to us  
 Look all as if to gods? Why own we too  
 By Xanthus' bank a wide domain and fair  
 Of planted vineyard and wheat-laden land?  
 For this 'mid Lycia's foremost now 'tis meet  
 We stand, nor shun to face the burning fight :  
 That of the stout-mailed Lycians each may say :  
 'Not all inglorious rule in Lycia's land  
 Our kings, who eat the fatlings of our flocks  
 And drink the choicest of our honeyed wine.  
 But surely now a goodly strength is theirs :  
 For see, 'mid Lycia's foremost men they fight.'  
 Truly, my sweetest friend, if thou and I,  
 This battle once escaped, could then live on  
 Eternal, never-dying, ever young,  
 Neither myself would 'mid the foremost fight,  
 Nor stir thee to the man-ennobling fray.  
 But now—for fates of death, whate'er we do,  
 Stand threatening near—a multitudinous host  
 That mortal man may not escape or shun—  
 Go we : to other's glory or our own!" )

So spake he : nor did Glaucus turn him back  
 Or disobey. Straight onward strode the twain  
 Leading the mighty host of Lycian men.  
 Whom when Menestheus son of Peteos saw,  
 He shuddered ; for against his tower they came  
 Bearing disaster. Anxious gaze he cast  
 Along the Achaian wall, if he might spy  
 Some chief, to save his comrades from their bane :  
 And soon he marked where stood the Ajaces twain,  
 Insatiate they of war, and from his tent  
 Teucer but now come forth. Not far were they ;  
 Yet could his shout not reach their ear—so loud  
 The crash and rattle ; rose to heaven the noise

βαλλομένων σακέων τε καὶ ἵπποκόμων τρυφαλειῶν  
καὶ πυλέων· πᾶσαι γὰρ ἐπώχατο, τοὶ δὲ κατ' αὐτάς 340  
ιστάμενοι πειρῶντο βίῃ ῥήξαντες ἐσελθεῖν.

αἶψα δ' ἐπ' Αἴαντα προΐη κήρυκα Θωῶτην·  
“ἔρχεο, δῖε Θωῶτα, θέων Αἴαντα κάλεσσον,  
ἀμφοτέρω μὲν μᾶλλον· ὃ γάρ κ' ὄχ' ἄριστον ἀπάντων  
εἶη, ἐπεὶ τάχα τῇδε τετεύχεται αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος· 345  
ὦδε γὰρ ἔβρισαν Λυκίων ἀγοί, οἳ τὸ πάρος περ  
ζαχρηεῖς τελέθουσι κατὰ κρατερὰς ὑσμίνας.  
εἰ δέ σφιν καὶ κεῖθι πόνος καὶ νεῖκος ὄρωρεν,  
ἀλλὰ περ οἷος ἵτω Τελαμώνιος ἄλκιμος Αἴας,  
καὶ οἱ Τεῦκρος ἅμα σπέσθω τόξων εὖ εἰδώς.” 350

ὥς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἄρα οἱ κῆρυξ ἀπίθησεν ἀκούσας,  
βῆ δὲ θέειν παρὰ τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων,  
στῇ δὲ παρ' Αἰάντεσσι κιών, εἶθαρ δὲ προσηύδα·  
“Αἴαντ' Ἀργείων ἡγήτορε χαλκοχιτώνων,  
ἡνώγει Πετεῶο διοτρεφέος φίλος υἱός 355  
κεῖς' ἴμεν, ὄφρα πόνοιο μίνυνθά περ ἀντιάσητον,  
ἀμφοτέρω μὲν μᾶλλον· ὃ γάρ κ' ὄχ' ἄριστον ἀπάντων  
εἶη, ἐπεὶ τάχα κεῖθι τετεύχεται αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος·  
ὦδε γὰρ ἔβρισαν Λυκίων ἀγοί, οἳ τὸ πάρος περ  
ζαχρηεῖς τελέθουσι κατὰ κρατερὰς ὑσμίνας. 360  
εἰ δὲ καὶ ἐνθάδε περ πόλεμος καὶ νεῖκος ὄρωρεν,  
ἀλλὰ περ οἷος ἵτω Τελαμώνιος ἄλκιμος Αἴας,  
καὶ οἱ Τεῦκρος ἅμα σπέσθω τόξων εὖ εἰδώς.”

ὥς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας.  
αὐτίκ' Ὀϊλιάδην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα· 365  
“Αἴαν, σφῶι μὲν αὖθι, σὺ καὶ κρατερὸς Λυκομήδης,  
ἑσταότες Δαναοὺς ὀτρύνετε ἱφί μάχεσθαι·

Of blows upon the shields, upon the helms  
Horse-plumed, upon the gates, which all were shut,  
And foemen at them stood, striving by force  
To break and enter in. To Ajax then  
A herald sent he forth, Thoötes named :  
"Godlike Thoötes, hie thee, run and call  
Ajax, or rather both who bear the name :  
For that were best of all ; since here full soon  
There will be wrought on us destruction dire :  
So heavy here the Lycian leaders press,  
Who alway furious rage in stubborn fight.  
But if they too have toil and battle there,  
Yet let the valiant Ajax come alone,  
The Telamonian, and with him attend  
Teucer, that cunning master of the bow."

He spake : the herald heard the chieftain's word  
Nor disobeyed ; but running passed along  
The rampart of Achaia's mail-clad men,  
And by th' Ajaces stood, and straight address :  
"Ye leaders of the mail-clad Argive host,  
Ajaces twain, thus bids you the dear son  
Of Zeus-born Peteos, that ye thither go  
To bear, awhile at least, a share of toil :  
Both of ye he would have—far better so—  
For there will soon be wrought destruction dire,  
So heavy there the Lycian leaders press,  
Who alway furious rage in stubborn fight.  
But if ye too have strife and battle here,  
Yet let the valiant Ajax come alone,  
The Telamonian, and with him attend  
Teucer, that cunning master of the bow."

He spake : nor did great Ajax disobey,  
The Telamonian ; but Oileus' son  
Straightway with wingèd words he thus address :  
"Ajāx, do thou with Diomēdes stout  
Stand here, and urge ye both the Danaan host



αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ κεῖσ' εἶμι καὶ ἀντιόω πολέμοιο.  
αἶψα δ' ἐλεύσομαι αὐτῖς, ἐπὴν εὖ τοῖς ἐπαμύνω."

ὥς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη Τελαμώνιος Αἴας, 370  
καὶ οἱ Τεῦκρος ἅμ' ἦε κασίγνητος καὶ ὄπατρος·  
τοῖς δ' ἅμα Πανδίων Τεύκρου φέρε καμπύλα τόξα.  
εὖτε Μενεσθῆος μεγαθύμου πύργον ἵκοντο  
τείχεος ἐντὸς ἰόντες· ἐπειγομένοισι δ' ἵκοντο,  
οἱ δ' ἐπ' ἐπάλξεις βαῖνον ἐρεμνῇ λαίλαπι ἴσοι, 375  
ἴφθιμοι Λυκίων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες·  
σὺν δ' ἐβάλοντο μάχεσθαι ἐναντίον, ὦρτο δ' αὐτή.

Αἴας δὲ πρῶτος Τελαμώνιος ἄνδρα κατέκτα,  
Σαρπήδοντος ἐταῖρον Ἐπικλῆα μεγάλθυμον,  
μαρμάρῳ ὀκριόεντι βαλὼν, ὃ ῥα τείχεος ἐντός 380  
κεῖτο μέγας παρ' ἐπαλξιν ὑπέρτατος· οὐδέ κέ μιν ῥέα  
χείρεσσ' ἀμφοτέρης ἔχοι ἀνὴρ, οὐδὲ μάλ' ἠβῶν,  
οἴοι νῦν βροτοὶ εἶσ'. ὃ δ' ἄρ' ὑψόθεν ἔμβαλ' αἰέρας,  
θλάσσε δὲ τετράφαλον κυνέην, ξὺν δ' ὅστέ' ἄραξεν  
πάντ' ἄμυδις κεφαλῆς· ὃ δ' ἄρ' ἀρνευτῆρι ἐοικώς 385  
κάππεσ' ἀφ' ὑψηλοῦ πύργου, λίπε δ' ὀστέα θυμός.  
Τεῦκρος δὲ Γλαῦκον κρατερὸν παῖδ' Ἴππολόχοιο  
ἰῶ ἐπεσσύμενον βάλε τείχεος ὑψηλοῖο,  
ἣ ἴδε γυμνωθέντα βραχίονα, παῦσε δὲ χάρμης.  
ἄψ δ' ἀπὸ τείχεος ἄλτο λαθὼν, ἵνα μὴ τις Ἀχαιῶν 390  
βλήμενον ἀθρήσειε καὶ εὐχετόωτο ἔπεσιν.  
Σαρπήδοντι δ' ἄχος γένετο Γλαύκου ἀπιόντος,  
αὐτίκ' ἐπεὶ τ' ἐνόησεν· ὅμως δ' οὐ λήθετο χάρμης,  
ἀλλ' ὃ γε Θεστορίδην Ἀλκμάονα δουρὶ τυχήσας  
νύξ', ἐκ δὲ σπάσεν ἔγχος· ὃ δὲ σπόμενος πέσε δουρὶ 395

To fight amain. But I will yonder go  
And of the battle meet my share, and quick  
Return when I have borne them saving aid."

So spake great Ajax, son of Telamon,  
And went his way : and with him Teucer went,  
Brother and father's son ; and with the twain  
Pandion, bearing Teucer's curvèd bow.  
Within the wall they past, and when they reached  
High-souled Menestheus' tower—whom with his men  
Sore pressed they found, for 'gainst the battlements  
The stalwart Lycian kings and captains came  
Like a dark-lowering storm-cloud—facing these  
They closed in fight, and loud arose the cry.

There first did Ajax son of Telamon  
A foeman slay : Sarpedon's comrade true  
High-souled Epicles. With a rugged stone  
He struck him—with a stone that lay atop  
Hard by the battlement, within the wall.  
Not lightly, tho' in fullest manhood's prime,  
Would any with both hands sustain such stone,  
As mortals now are born ; but high in air  
Ajax upheaved and threw it, and brake in  
The four-plumed helm, and of the head within  
Crushed all the bones. Like diver down he fell  
From the high tower, and life forsook his bones.  
Then Teucer smote from off the lofty wall  
Glaucus stout scion of Hippolochus  
As on he rushed, with arrow, where he spied  
The arm left bare, and stayed him from the fray.  
He from the wall leapt back unmarked, that none  
Of his Achaian foes might spy his wound  
And speak proud boast. Sad was Sarpedon then  
For Glaucus gone, soon as he marked the loss,  
Yet not forgot the fray ; but thrust with spear  
And pierced Alcmaon Thestor's son, then drew ;  
And following on the lance prone fell the man,

πρηνής, ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ βράχε τεύχεα ποικίλα χαλκῷ.  
 Σαρπηδὼν δ' ἄρ' ἔπαλξιν ἐλὼν χερσὶ στιβαρῆσιν  
 ἔλχ'· ἥ δ' ἔσπετο πᾶσα διαμπερές, αὐτὰρ ὑπερθεν  
 τεῖχος ἐγυμνώθη, πολέεσσι δὲ θῆκε κέλευθον.

τὸν δ' Αἴας καὶ Τεῦκρος ὁμαρτήσανθ' ὃ μὲν ἰὼ 400  
 βεβλήκει τελαμῶνα περὶ στήθεσσι φαεινόν  
 ἀσπίδος ἀμφιβρότης· ἀλλὰ Ζεὺς κῆρας ἄμυνεν  
 παιδὸς ἐοῦ, μὴ νηυσὶν ἔπι πρυμνῆσι δαμείη·  
 Αἴας δ' ἀσπίδα νύξεν ἐπ' ἄλμενος, οὐδὲ διαπρό  
 ἦλυθεν ἐγχείῃ, στυφέλιξε δέ μιν μεμαῶτα. 405  
 χώρησεν δ' ἄρα τυτθὸν ἐπ' ἄλξιος. οὐδ' ὃ γε πᾶμπαν  
 χάζετ', ἐπεὶ οἱ θυμὸς ἐέλπετο κῦδος ἀρέσθαι.  
 κέκλετο δ' ἀντιθέοισι ἐλιξάμενος Λυκίοισιν·  
 “ὦ Λύκιοι, τί τ' ἄρ' ὦδε μεθίετε θούριδος ἀλκῆς;  
 ἀργαλέον δέ μοί ἐστι, καὶ ἰφθίμῳ περ ἔοντι, 410  
 μούνῳ ῥήξαμένῳ θέσθαι παρὰ νηυσὶ κέλευθον.  
 ἀλλ' ἐφομαρτεῖτε· πλεόνων τοι ἔργον ἄμεινον.”

ὥς ἔφαθ', οἱ δὲ ἄνακτος ὑποδδείσαντες ὁμοκλήν  
 μᾶλλον ἐπέβρισαν βουλευφόρον ἀμφὶ ἄνακτα.

Ἄργεῖοι δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐκαρτύναντο φάλαγγας 415  
 τεύχεος ἔντοσθεν. μέγα δέ σφισι φαίνεται ἔργον·  
 οὔτε γὰρ ἰφθιμοὶ Λύκιοι Δαναῶν ἐδύναντο  
 τεῖχος ῥήξάμενοι θέσθαι παρὰ νηυσὶ κέλευθον,  
 οὔτε ποτ' αἰχμηταὶ Δαναοὶ Λυκίους ἐδύναντο  
 τεύχεος ἀψ' ὤσασθαι, ἐπεὶ τὰ πρῶτα πέλασθεν. 420  
 ἀλλ' ὥς τ' ἀμφ' οὔροισι δὺ' ἀνέρε δηριάασθον,  
 μέτρ' ἐν χερσὶν ἔχοντες, ἐπιξύνῳ ἐν ἀρούρῃ,  
 ὦ τ' ὀλίγῳ ἐνὶ χώρῳ ἐρίζητον περὶ ἴσης,  
 ὥς ἄρα τοὺς διέεργον ἐπ' ἄλξιες· οἱ δ' ὑπὲρ αὐτέων  
 δῆουν ἀλλήλων ἀμφὶ στήθεσσι βοείας, 425  
 ἀσπίδας εὐκύκλους λαισιήϊά τε πτερόεντα.

Whose rich-wrought brazen arms around him rang.  
Then with strong hands laid on the battlement  
Sarpedon tugged. Yielding throughout entire  
It came away, and left the wall above  
All bare, an open path for many a foe.

But on Sarpedon twain at once made charge,  
Ajax and Teucer. With an arrow one  
Smote on his breast the shining belt that bare  
His shield the body's ample guard, but Zeus  
From his own son kept off the fates of death,  
Nor suffered then by the ships' sterns to fall.  
But Ajax leapt upon him with the lance  
And dealt a thrust, yet pierced not through his shield,  
But staggered him all eager, that he shrank  
Back from the battlement a little space ;  
But not retired downright : for still his soul  
Hoped to achieve him glory. Round he turned,  
And to the godlike Lycians shouted loud :  
"Lycians, why slack ye thus your furious might?  
Too hard for me the task, how stout soe'er,  
Alone beside these ships to breach a way.  
Nay, follow on : more hands make better work."

He spake : they at his chiding awed pressed round  
Their king and counsellor in heavier throng.  
And on the other side within the wall  
The Argives strengthened well their squares : and great  
The work now seen. For neither Lycians stout  
Could by the ships breach through the Danaan wall  
A way, nor Danaan spearmen from the wall  
Drive back the Lycians, when they once drew near.  
But as two neighbours for their bounds contend,  
With measuring rods in hand, on common ground,  
Who in a narrow plot debate their right,  
So these, with battlements between ; o'er which  
Each on the others' breasts the ox-hide shields  
Full-orbed they hacked, and wicker targets light.

πολλοὶ δ' οὐτάζοντο κατὰ χροά νηλέϊ χαλκῷ,  
 ἡμὲν δ' ὅτέω στρεφθέντι μετὰφρενα γυμνωθεῖη  
 μαρναμένων, πολλοὶ δὲ διαμπερὲς ἀσπίδος αὐτῆς.

πάντῃ δὴ πύργοι καὶ ἐπάλξιες αἵματι φωτῶν 430  
 ἐρράδατ' ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἀπὸ Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν.  
 ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὥς ἐδύναντο φόβον ποιῆσαι Ἀχαιῶν,  
 ἀλλ' ἔχον, ὥς τε τάλαντα γυνὴ χερνῆτις ἀληθῆς,  
 ἢ τε σταθμὸν ἔχουσα καὶ εἴριον ἀμφὶς ἀνέλκει  
 ἰσάζουσ', ἵνα παισὶν αἰκέα μισθὸν ἄρῃται. 435

ὥς μὲν τῶν ἐπὶ ἴσα μάχῃ τέτατο πτόλεμός τε,  
 πρὶν γ' ὅτε δὴ Ζεὺς κῦδος ὑπέρτερον Ἑκτορι δῶκεν  
 Πριαμίδῃ, ὥς πρῶτος ἐσήλατο τείχος Ἀχαιῶν.  
 ἦυσεν δὲ διαπρύσιον, Τρώεσσι γεγωνώς·

“ὄρνυσθ', ἱππόδαμοι Τρῶες, ῥήγνυσθε δὲ τείχος 440  
 Ἀργείων, καὶ νηυσὶν ἐνλίτε θεσπιδαῆς πῦρ.”

ὥς φάτ' ἐποτρύνων, οἳ δ' οὔασι πάντες ἄκουον,  
 ἴθυσαν δ' ἐπὶ τείχος ἀολλέες. οἳ μὲν ἔπειτα  
 κροσσάων ἐπέβαινον ἀκαχμένα δούρατ' ἔχοντες,  
 Ἑκτωρ δ' ἀρπάξας λᾶαν φέρει, ὅς ῥα πυλάων 445  
 ἐστήκει πρόσθεν, πρυμνὸς παχὺς, αὐτὰρ ὑπερθεῖν  
 ὀξὺς ἔην. τὸν δ' οὐ κε δύ' ἀνέρε δῆμου ἀρίστω  
 ῥηιδίως ἐπ' ἄμαξαν ἀπ' οὔδεος ὀχλήσειαν,  
 οἷοι νῦν βροτοὶ εἰς· ὁ δέ μιν ῥέα πάλλε καὶ οἶος.  
 τὸν οἱ ἐλαφρὸν ἔθηκε Κρόνου πάϊς ἀγκυλομήτεω. 450

ὥς δ' ὅτε ποιμὴν ῥεῖα φέρει πόκον ἄρσενος οἷός  
 χειρὶ λαβὼν ἐτέρῃ, ὀλίγον δέ μιν ἄχθος ἐπείγει,  
 ὥς Ἑκτωρ ἰθὺς στανίδων φέρε λᾶαν αἰείρας,  
 οἳ ῥα πύλας εἵρυντο πύκα στιβαρῶς ἀραρυίας,  
 δικλίδας ὑψηλὰς· δοιοὶ δ' ἔντοσθεν ὀχῆες 455



And many bodies by the ruthless blade  
 Were wounded, if a fighter turned him round  
 And bared his back, and many through the shield  
 By downright blow : and everywhere the towers  
 And battlements with blood of either host,  
 Of Troy and of Achaia, reeking streamed.  
 Nor could the stormers turn the Achaian foe :  
 But steady still they stood, as are the scales  
 In woman's hand, some honest working dame,  
 Who holding weight and wool adjusts the twain  
 To hang in equal poise, that she may earn  
 A poor scant hire to feed her little ones.  
 So nicely balanced hung the strife of war :  
 Till Zeus at last superior glory gave  
 To Hector Priam's son, who first leapt in  
 Within the Achaian wall. He now sent forth  
 A thrilling shout to all the sons of Troy :  
 "Rouse ye, steed-taming Trojans ! breach the wall,  
 And set the ships ablaze with fire divine."

He spake to spur them on ; they all gave ear :  
 And at the wall in mass they rushed, then clomb  
 The stony courses, bearing pointed spears.  
 But Hector seized and onward bore a stone  
 That stood before the gates, broad-based below  
 But sharp above—which not two men the best  
 Of all their tribe had without toil upheaved  
 From off the ground to place upon a wain,  
 As mortals now are born—yet he alone  
 Swung it with ease aloft, so light to him  
 By crooked-counselled Cronos' son 'twas made.  
 And as a shepherd lifts and bears with ease  
 A ram's fleece in one hand, and is but pressed  
 By little burden, so bore Hector then  
 The lifted stone straight for the panelled wood  
 That strengthened well the close and firm-framed gates  
 Double and lofty, by two crossing bars

εἶχον ἐπημοιβοί, μία δὲ κληῖς ἐπαρήρει.  
 στῇ δὲ μάλ' ἐγγὺς ἰών, καὶ ἐρεισάμενος βάλε μέσσας,  
 εὖ διαβάς, ἵνα μὴ οἱ ἀφαυρότερον βέλος εἴη,  
 ῥῆξε δ' ἀπ' ἀμφοτέρους θαιρούς. πέσε δὲ λίθος εἴσω  
 βριθοσύνη, μέγα δ' ἀμφὶ πύλαι μύκον, οὐδ' ἄρ' ὀχῆες 460  
 ἐσχεθέτην, σανίδες δὲ διέτμαγεν ἄλλυδις ἄλλη  
 λᾶος ὑπὸ ῥιπῆς. ὃ δ' ἄρ' ἔσθορε φαίδιμος Ἴκτωρ  
 νυκτὶ θοῇ ἀτάλαντος ὑπώπια· λάμπε δὲ χαλκῷ  
 σμερδαλέῳ, τὸν ἔεστο περὶ χροῖ, δοιὰ δὲ χερσὶν  
 δοῦρ' ἔχεν. οὐ κέν τις μιν ἐρύκακεν ἀντιβολήσας 465  
 νόσφι θεῶν, ὅτ' ἔσαλτο πύλας· πυρὶ δ' ὅσσε δεδήει.  
 κέκλετο δὲ Τρώεσσι ἐλιξάμενος καθ' ὄμιλον  
 τεῖχος ὑπερβαίνειν· τοὶ δ' ὀτρύνοντι πίθοντο.  
 αὐτίκα δ' οἱ μὲν τεῖχος ὑπέρβασαν, οἱ δὲ κατ' αὐτάς  
 ποιητὰς ἐσέχυντο πύλας. Δαναοὶ δὲ φόβηθεν 470  
 νῆας ἀνὰ γλαφυράς, ὄμαδος δ' ἀλίαςτος ἐτύχθη.

Within secured, in which one bolt was shot.  
Right near he went, and stood, then planted firm  
At the gates' centre full he hurled, with feet  
Set well apart, lest weak might be his throw.  
Both hinges he brake off; the stone by weight  
Pressed on and fell within; loud groaned the gates  
Around, the bars held not, the panels flew  
Splintered and scattered wide beneath the blow.  
Then in leapt glorious Hector, grim of face  
As swift-descending night; terrific blazed  
The mail that sheathed his limbs; a spear he held  
In either hand. None but a god might meet  
And stay his onset as within the gates  
He bounded. Fiery flame glowed in his eyes;  
And turning to the Trojan throng he cried  
To mount the wall: who straight his hest obeyed.  
At once some clomb the wall, some by the gates,  
A ready way, poured in. Before them fled  
Throughout the hollow ships the Danaan host,  
And never-ceasing rose the battle-din.

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